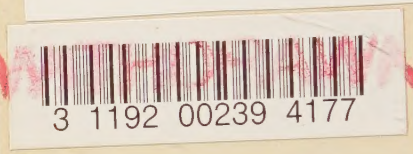

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A HISTORY OF THE FOXES AND OF THEIR DOWNFALL NEAR THE GREAT VILLAGE OF MARAMECH

Original Investigations and Discoveries

BY

JOHN F. STEWARD

ASSISTANT GEOLOGIST OF THE COLORADO RIVER EXPLORING EXPEDITION, 1871; PRESIDENT OF THE MARAMECH HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF KENDALL CO., ILL.; MEMBER OF THE ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SOCIETY; MEMBER OF THE CHICAGO ACADEMY OF SCIENCES

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PREFACE

This book is directed, in the main, to putting together the history of a people which reaches us in fragments only. Some of the fragments were dug from the military archives of France several years ago, but the most important ones, those connected with what may practically be considered the destruction of one of the fiercest people of America, or, at least, taming it by a merciless war, were recently found by Prof. Charles M. Andrist, whom I engaged to make searches in the *Bibliothéque Nationale* and the Archives of the Minister of the Marine, in Paris.

Of the measures planned at Versailles for the destruction of the Fox tribe, the carrying out of none was more fatal than that of 1730, although it is probable that a smaller number of the fated tribe bit the dust than a few years earlier at Butte des Morts, on the Fox river of Wisconsin. Where the affair of 1730 took place had been lost up to my discovery of an ancient earthwork near Plano, Illinois, that had undoubtedly been palisaded; since then I have devoted much time in attempts that, fortunately, have proved successful, to determine what actually took place, and its date.

The descriptions of the lay of the land, found in old records, apply to the site of ancient Maramech so exactly that I have felt warranted in placing a stone on the hill that shall connect the story with

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the place and mark the site of the old fort until the granite crumbles.

The diversity in spelling the names of places has been great and, in putting the fragments in the form of a story, necessarily broken, I have not followed the orthography of the various writers except where it would be improper to do otherwise. Where I have taken fragments that may be found in many places, as in the *Wisconsin Historical Collection*, *New York Colonial Documents*, *Smith's History of Wisconsin*, etc., I have not always taken care to give credit; in other words, where the subject-matter is everywhere accessible to the public, and is a mere copy of some document, I have not taken the trouble to mention the channels through which it came to hand. The best English is not found in some of the translations I have copied, but it has been thought advisable to make no change.

This book has been prepared not to profit the author, but for profit to those who are or may become interested in early western history. Few modern authors are quoted, as I have preferred to go to the original sources of information. In order to become able to do so, I have examined a multitude of old maps and have explored the Quays of Paris, the Antiquarian book stores of the largest English and Scotch cities, as well as those of the United States, with the result that original editions of most of the early French writings are before me. My main dependence has been upon histories and accounts published before the year 1750; the principal authors quoted being La Salle, Tonti, Hennepin, the Jesuits (*Jesuit Relations*), La Hontan, La

Potherie, Perrot, Charlevoix, Margry's Collections, and the collection known as the *New York Colonial Documents*. The last two are compilations merely of original English and French documents bearing upon the early travels and explorations in America. From the many thousand pages constituting these collections of documents, and from the authors above mentioned, I have been able, during the last quarter of a century, to gather scraps of history that, when put in order, tell the story of Maramech as well as of the defeat and destruction of the Fox tribe. Not to books alone must I give credit, however, but also to my spade, my only servant in my years of labor.

I have not dared to attempt to avail myself of the aid of a romantic pen, to smoothly join the gathered fragments, and this must be my apology for the broken narrative.

THE AUTHOR.

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CHAPTER I

We are told that the natives of the New World were savages; as reported by intruders into their country, they appear so to have been. To those who intruded, no doubt, the natives seemed tameless; if tameless meant inability to turn to our domestic ways, more savage in many respects than their own, they were indeed tameless. If it was thought by the invaders that to defend homes and kindred, to drive intruders from the hunting-grounds that constituted their fields of sustenance, rendered them worthy of the name, they were savages. Nevertheless I have experienced every degree of kindness at the hands of a few of these tameless people, whom I know to be savages, according to our acceptation of the term, which, by the way, is only comparative. The Indian mother is not alone a savage because sometimes moved to the fierceness of a tigress, for her pale-face sister, in defending her child, with tooth and nail will tear the flesh of him who would take from her her offspring.

Where sets the sun a few remain—savages still. I have been with them in their homes, have shared with them, and, in turn, have accepted their hospitality. One incident, in the far west, in the

rugged cañon of the Colorado river, I shall not forget. Memory still vividly pictures a rude shelter of willows, cut by my comrades and leaned together—willow branches upon the sand of the shore in the cañons of the Colorado river, my bed. A shout from the cliff announced the nearness of a friend. Signalled to approach, a stalwart Navajo descended. Drawing near he heard the moans of an afflicted man, and his sympathies were aroused. His tongue was untrained to our language, but a few gestures and words of Spanish sufficed to make me understand that, if I thought myself able to ride, he would take me on one of his ponies to the Mormon settlement. Although a savage, he was willing to turn back on his trail and take me where I could be better cared for.

Asking no reward, he offered to travel thither and back, two hundred miles, in my behalf. Agua Grande! How noble he looks to me, through the years! In form and every feature he seemed like one of nature's noblest. His sympathy cheered me as he bent over, and shone in his storm-beaten face as tenderly as in the face of woman.

Savage we say the natives were, because they inflicted pain without a thought of mercy—so the foreign intruders thought. They were, in fact, indifferent to the agonies of their enemies taken in war, when burning them at the stake; so were the bigots of the religious denominations in the Old World, when, with fire and rack, they were torturing those who disputed their dogmas. The natives burned a captive in order to terrify his tribe, their enemy. In so doing they seemed heartless; but were not the

Scalps taken were proofs of bravery.
(*From Schootcraft.*)

British magistrates heartless when burning witches? The natives were considered not to have passed the state of barbarism because they were superstitious; that is, the natives were charged with being superstitious by those who themselves believed in witchcraft, and thought that they were doing God a service by beginning, here on earth, the torments of the hell they so fervently believed in. These bigots were not willing to leave those they condemned wholly to God, and their punishment to Him at the day of judgment. As compared with our ancestors, the natives were indeed unrefined, particularly in methods of inflicting torture. They even tore off the finger nails of captives with their teeth, and did many cruel things in as crude a way. How much more scientifically the operations might have been performed! Pincers of steel would also have been more convenient, had they been furnished by their newly-arrived brothers, who so long had used them in Europe to lacerate the hands of heretics, in efforts to convince them of their error in matters of belief. The children of the forest were taught that, to be a warrior, to be brave, when captured or tortured, was the height to which ambition should aspire, and that to take the scalp of an enemy was the greatest of achievements. He killed for glory. The nearest approach to a law was "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth"; so he slew the murderer of a relative or of a friend. They killed in revenge, but seldom to rob. They rarely slaughtered animals for sport merely. They kept no "game preserves" in which to gratify their savage instincts, as do many of the wealthy up to this, the

third year of the twentieth century. They killed the innocent birds for feathers with which to deck their heads and pipes of peace, but did that necessarily show them to be barbarous? While I write a Christian lady passes my window, her head adorned with a hat on which the wing, the head, and tail feathers of a large, dark-hued bird are stitched. She is dressed in mourning; the life of an innocent bird was taken to add an emphasizing mark to her grief.

Let us cease to cast stones until we are ourselves without sin. Those who have sought acquaintance with the red man at the point of the sword have not learned his better nature. The highway robber does not win our love; trespassers on one's rights do not inspire kind words and smiles. We must not judge of the Indian, as pictured by the whites, for they tell us of him only as he was after his contamination by them. My story is one of wrongs; it is one of woes; it is of wars of extermination, with all that they imply. Could I dip my pen in the blood of the innocent, I might make my story impressive, were it not that our language is, alas, so weak. If to torture marks the savage, then what of the early settlers of Illinois, who, after taking possession of Kaskaskia, committed the following act?

"Illinois, to wit: To Richard Winston, Esq., Sheriff-in-chief of the District of Kaskaskia:

"Negro Manuel, a Slave in your custody, is condemned by the Court of Kaskaskia, after having made honorable Fine at the Door of the Church, to be chained to a post at the Water-Side and there

to be burnt alive and his ashes scattered, as appears to me by the Record. This sentence you are hereby required to put in execution on Tuesday next at 9 o'clock in the morning, and this shall be your warrant. Given under my hand and seal at Kaskaskia, the 13th day of June, in the third year of the Commonwealth."

We have a better nature that sometimes sways us. So had they, but as we know them now they seem to have reached the lowest degradation. By nature they were honest, but we taught them to be thieves; were truthful, but learned to lie from the white man. They were not avaricious, and hence not selfish. They were so hospitable that even an enemy was safe among them while partaking of their hospitality. Before I begin my story let us become acquainted with them as they were when found.

Peter Martyr, Columbus, and others who were first to meet the red man, spoke in praise. La Fiteau said:

"The savages have good intellects, lively imaginations, ready conception, admirable memory. All have at least some traces of an ancient and hereditary religion and a form of government; they reason logically upon their affairs; they reach their end by sure means; they are deliberative, and with a composure which exceeds our patience; by reason of honor, and by grandeur of soul, they never anger, appear always masters of themselves; they never show passions; they are high-minded and proud, and put to the proof, show great courage, intrepid valor, a constancy in the torments which is heroic,

and an equanimity that misfortune and reverses cannot alter. Among themselves they have a degree of politeness of manner which guards them from unkindness, a respect for the aged, a deference for their equals which is really surprising and that one scarcely reconciles with the independence and the freedom of which they appear extremely jealous; they caress but little, and make few demonstrations; but notwithstanding that, they are good and affable and exercise toward the stranger and the unfortunate a hospitality which might well put all of the nations of Europe to blush."

Volumes might be quoted to show the better side of their natures. I am pardonable for not telling of their vices, for every schoolboy has heard and seen the savage pictured since infancy, and blood-curdling stories have fed his imagination to satiety. We prate of our virtues; does it not seem strange that we imparted only our vices to them? The red race is passing away, as by a pestilence, and that by the too ready adoption of the habits and evil ways of the white man. Have we adopted one of the many virtues these people were credited with possessing when our fathers came among them? What one of our vices did we not impart to them? Drink was unknown, but we made them drunkards; and that, too, in order to cheat them more easily. We accepted their one bad habit, only to magnify it and make it more disgusting. How well fitted is the white father to kiss the lips of the loved ones, his own lips stained with the foul-smelling weed, and to caress his babes, his clothing saturated with an odor that stings the olfactory nerves.

Fast-fading, degenerate race! Well may we bow our heads in shame before you! Pity you? Alas! It is too late; but remorse should yet consume us. Too late? No, it is too early; it is too early in the development of the human race for the proper exercise of pity. How can the heart of one who burns a human being at the stake melt with pity? How can the hearts of those who mob a mere *suspect* be wrung in tears? This very night, this very minute, unless this night is an exception, in this busy Christian city, its streets brilliant with electric lights, its spires reaching far heavenward, and their bells calling to evening prayers, a laborer returning to his home with his week's earnings is "held up." Purses are snatched from women's hands. To-morrow morning the police court will be crowded. The shelves of the libraries of the civilized world groan under their loads of books of law, yet in all the so-called enlightened countries enough policemen, and other officers, cannot be maintained to enforce the laws. We lie, we cheat, we murder, and violate every moral law, as we did two hundred years ago; and yet, as we did two hundred years ago, we send missionaries among those who live more moral lives than we. Three hundred years ago few laws were known to the people of America, unless perhaps in Mexico and Peru. The people were without enacted laws, but were not lawless. They had governments; but those governments were founded on the moral law.

Is there another side to their nature? As certain as it is that we, who are said to have been created in the image of God, have a brutish side to our natures. Peter Martyr said:

"It is certain that the land among these people is as common as the sun and water, and that mine and thine, the seed of all misery, have no place with them. They are content with so little that, in such a large country, they have rather a superfluity than a scarceness, so that they live in the golden world without toil, living in the open gardens not intrenched, divided with hedges, or defended with walls. They deal truly, one with another, without laws, without books, without judges. They take him for an evil and mischievous man who taketh pleasure in doing hurt to another; and albeit they delight not in superfluities, yet they make provisions for the increase of such roots whereof they make bread, content with such simple diet, whereof health is preserved and disease is avoided."

Yes, there is another side to their nature. They were bloodthirsty, as we understand the term. The Foxes, whose history I have gathered, possessed all the good as well as all the savage traits. If that fact warranted the wholesale murder of the natives, by the intruding settlers, then what shall we do with the three thousand men of enlightened Kansas, who, suspecting a negro of murder, of which he declared himself innocent, refused to allow the law to take its course, took him from the sheriff's posse by force, threw coal oil over him and set fire to it? I curse these men as brutal. Compared with their act, all the tortures and murders charged to our natives were as acts of kindness.

History told in cold type may be likened to the mossy marble that casts its shadow across a grass-grown battlefield. Pen-pictures may embellish the

tale, but the struggle, the terrors, the death-throes, the tortures of flame and sword, no stone, however wrought, no print, even in colors of blood, can tell. Greater though the pen, palsies the hand that would move it, and languishes the brain before the task of telling, in its fullness, what the sword hath wrought, A nation, the strong hand of fate clutching its throat, its warriors struggling as only the brave can, struggling for its existence, struggling for the loved ones, fire at its front, famine in its ranks and in its homeless families—what pen can tell its story? As with the lash of pestilence, we drove the natives to their doom, from the land of their birth, the home dear to them.

Come to our western prairies when the sun has ripened the year to its fullness, and to the streams along which fruits hang ready for the lips. Though the shade-loving bluebells have dropped their petals, the goldenrod has sought the sun, and in the morning the cheery notes of the birds are music. The mating time is far past, and the broods are found in every covert. When come the shades of eve, the night-hawk swoops down from his high flight with open throat and tells bob-white and whip-poor-will their time of call has come. Stay with me. Do not tire. There are other groves and streams, and other hearts than mine there cling; but it was here I first saw light. 'Twas here that my heartstrings were tuned to Nature's chime. My cradle rocked beneath the boughs where robins sang. In June the locust blossoms showered upon the low shake-roof over my natal bed, and every new year bade me welcome. So, like the natives, a child of

Nature, I love the prairies, their groves and streams.

Did not the dusky children of the wilds, nurtured as close to Nature's bosom as I, love the brookside shades and the fruits, sun-kissed to ripeness for them? Were our love-sighs the first to be echoed by the dove's low call, and was the plush of the soft banks made only for the white maid and lover? The heart of the young roots deeply into the soil that nourishes it, and there it ever clings. Did not the many generations that came and went cling to the homes into which they were cradled? Is it that *we* only, driven by Fate that severs family ties and turns homes to ashes, feel a sting? May not those wedded to this western sod have shrieked when hearts were torn to shreds?

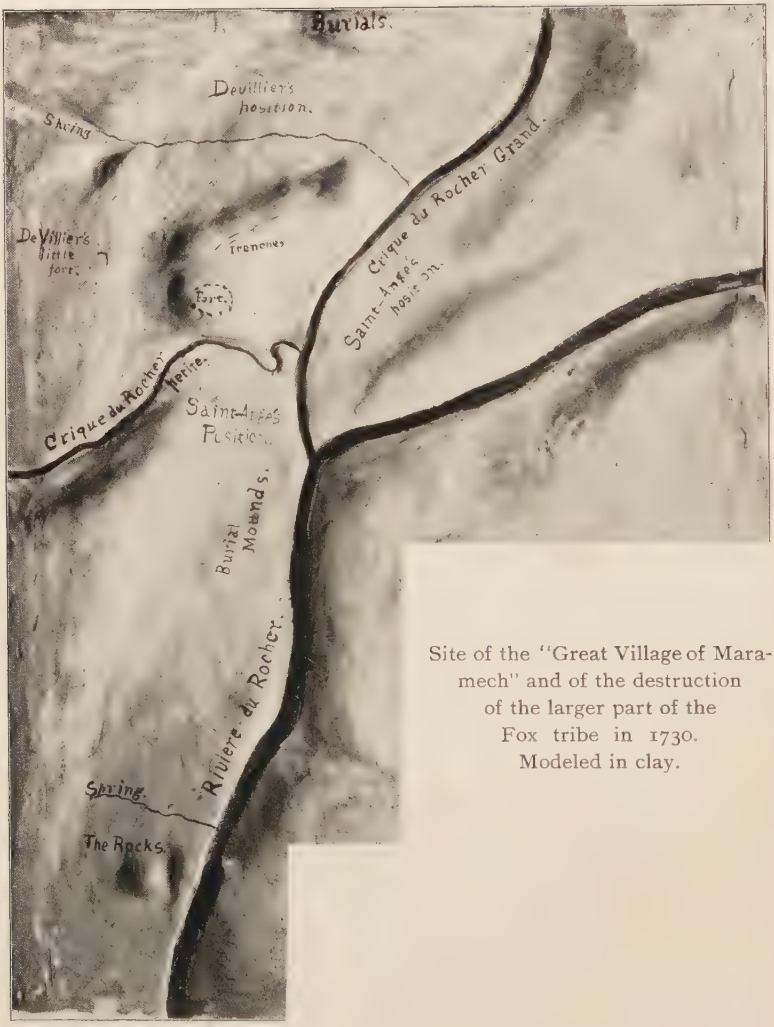
My story of a nearly vanished tribe is also one of devastation, pursuit, and destruction. I find the tale only in tatters, a bit here and there, in musty volumes; follow me and you shall soon know their full meaning.

They tell us of a battle fought, but say not where; they tell us of famine somewhere in this great fertile valley of the middle west, the garden spot of the world, where hunger now seems impossible; but historians have not hitherto found the place.

Of the defeat the victor wrote: "*Voilà une nation humiliée de façon qu'elle ne troublera plus de terre.*"—Ferland II., 439. (Behold a nation humiliated to such an extent that it will no more trouble the earth.) Let us consider, a moment, the people of whom I am writing. The environments of their birthplaces were such as so-called civilization knows

nothing of; their schooling was that of the chase and war; their inherent ambitions were only those urging to greatness as warriors. How can we, of this generation, judge them fairly? Let us not be deceived by the terms applied to these natives. The beasts the explorers found along the St. Lawrence river were wild, and the French called them *sauvage*. The people they found living a life of wild freedom they also called *sauvage*, although many were so mild in manners as to put the French to shame. We have given the French word *sauvage*, that merely means wild, a most savage interpretation.

The European missionaries were not in position to call these people savage, indiscriminately, in the present sense of the term.



Site of the "Great Village of Maramech" and of the destruction of the larger part of the Fox tribe in 1730. Modeled in clay.

CHAPTER II

Call it idle curiosity that incites us unwrap the winding-sheet of the mummy, if you will; say, if you please, that it was curiosity merely that prompted me to dig into musty archives for information, written in a foreign language, with its incongruities of two hundred years ago. Be that as it may, it is hoped that some will scan these pages with the pleasure that the lover of history experiences.

Where lettered man has lived and loved, has fought and died; where romance and strife have been made indelible—there is history. Where letters are not known, tradition alone serves to perpetuate the current of events of a people—but, alas, in a manner so broken!

On the broad prairies of northern Illinois and southern Wisconsin long lived a people of whom my story shall tell, and of whom we long have lived in almost total ignorance. Fortunately for the lovers of historical pursuits many records, scattered though they now are, were made by the early explorers of our country and have been preserved. In the archives of France, from which most of my materials have been dug, more may hereafter be found; and it is hoped that, with the aid of appropriations by the government, all scraps of early history bearing upon our region will be collected. Along the hills and groves of northern Illinois lies the main scene of my story. The echoes of tradi-

tion have died away until only a mere murmur remains; no recent writer before me has seemed to know what there took place nor when.

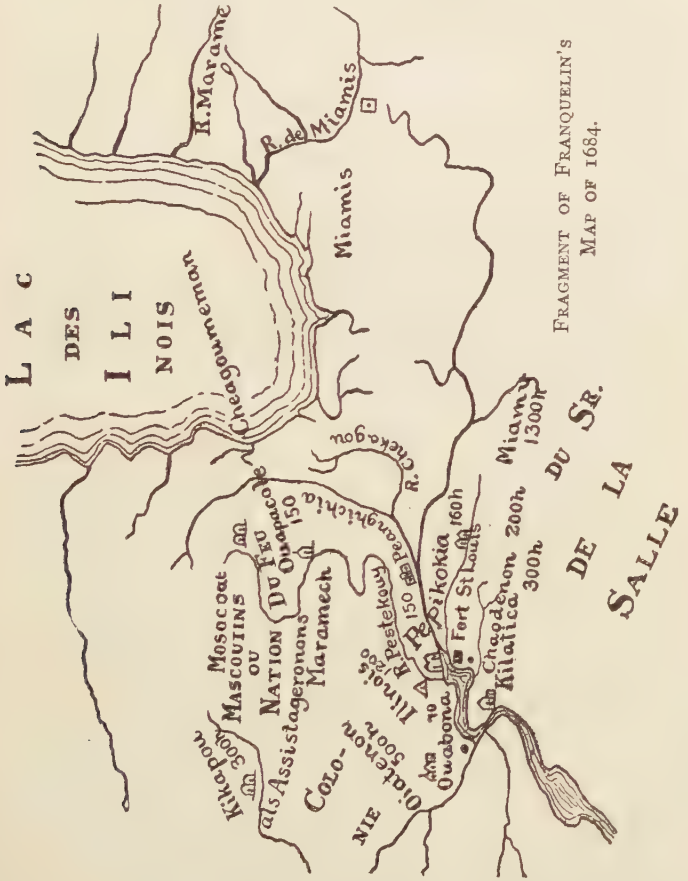
The most interesting and tragic event in the Indian history of Illinois has thus remained to the present time in the obscurity of scattered annals. These I have gathered, and the story is, for the first time, made to some extent complete.

The discovery of a few potsherds and heaps of earth, along the beautiful Fox river (Rivière du Rocher of the early French), in Kendall county, Illinois, near the present busy little city of Plano, spurred me into investigations that have extended over a quarter of a century; and my researches in the archives of France, with those of others, have led to the discovery of early historical facts of great interest.

What and where was Maramech? What tribe of natives was it that lived by the chase on the five prairies that neighbor near the mouth of Big Rock creek, and planted its corn in the rich valley? Who was it that gathered the fruits and nuts in the forest that borders this beautiful creek and the river that, in turn, carries the creek's cool contribution to the Father of Waters? Who lived here in the freedom we so much enjoy when we throw off the harness of restraint and seek the shades of the great trees at Sylvan Spring and pitch our tents for a season of absolute rest? Follow my story, and you shall learn.

Early French maps show that no place in the west was then better known than the northern part of Illinois. When visited by Nicholas Perrot and the French traders, so rich was it in game that it

formed the hunting-ground of many Algonquin tribes; indeed, it supplied the needs of the aborig-



Fragment of Franquelin's Map of 1684.

ines to such an extent that battles were fought for its possession. The Iroquois of the east, sworn ene-

mies of all the Algonquin tribes, sought to rob them of their homes, but succeeded in part only, leaving the deed to be finished by so-called civilized man, who later lusted after the bounties Nature had here showered down.

Of La Salle's first explorations we know but little, for they were carried on in a manner so quiet that only the governor of New France was aware of his whereabouts much of the time during the years preceding the grant, to him, along the St. Lawrence and later in the country of the Illinois. He was a "*Coureur du bois*" of the most energetic type; he knew too well the value of the Mississippi valley to France to make known to the world his belief, or the evidences thereof, that it could be better reached from the Gulf of Mexico than by way of the St. Lawrence, with its many rapids and with that great barrier the falls of Niagara. Of all this he dared not speak, except in a whisper, to the governor. This knowledge, and the immeasurable confidence on the part of the governor, resulted in the permits that enabled La Salle to complete his discoveries.

The silence of the great explorer was the cause of the break in the story of his life which enabled the Jesuits (who wished to appropriate all the honors, and the commercial opportunities as well), to claim that Frontenac and the Abbé de Galinée had drawn upon their imaginations in making the records they left regarding La Salle's explorations, in 1669, on the Ohio and other western rivers. (Margry I., 112.)

He again visited the region in 1680, descended the Illinois river and reached the mouth of the Mississippi. He returned and spent part of the year

1683 and established the Colonie du Str. De La Salle, within what is now La Salle, Will, Kendall, and Cook counties, Illinois, and left his faithful lieutenant, Henri de Tonty, in charge of the fort established by him on what is now known as Starved Rock, in La Salle county. He then passed on to Canada and there gave to Franquelin, the Official Cartographer of Canada, the information necessary to enable him to draw his map of 1684. On the latter the Illinois river, the Des Plaines, Kankakee, Fox river, and others are shown, but all bear their aboriginal names.

At the head of the last-mentioned river is a small body of water that now forms a summer resort much

JOLIET'S MAP.

sought by the weary—Pistakee lake, until recently pronounced *Pes-ta-koo-ee*. Whence that name? The little lake is shown on only one of the old maps, but the river flowing from it is on other maps laid

down and named "Pestekuoy." On Lanman's map, in his history of Michigan, the river, of which the lake is, in fact, but an enlargement, bears the same name. When Joliet, accompanied by the modest Marquette,* in his efforts to carry out the instructions of the governor of Canada, to him, to find the sea of the west, floated down the Wisconsin and Mississippi rivers, and, returning, stemmed the current of the Illinois river to the portage at "Chicagou," he sought to gather such information as, added to that acquired by La Salle and other earlier explorers and traders, would be beneficial to his king and fellow countrymen.

We have his maps and also Marquette's. On a map, said to have been founded on Marquette's published in France in 1681, by Thevenot, a little north of the Illinois river, is drawn the picture of a buffalo, which, in the various Algonquin languages, bore the name given to the river of which I shall often speak, and to the lake above referred to that forms one of its enlargements as well as one of its

*Marquette, in his journal, tells us all about Joliet, appointed by the governor of New France to make the exploration, and the opportunity offered him to accompany the expedition. Yet so great was the desire of John G. Shea that the Catholics be given the credit that, in his *History of the Catholic Missions*, he devotes pages to the voyage, but fails to even mention Joliet's name. Although there were other Frenchmen in the party and some Indian guides, the author says: "Long sailed he on, with no witness to his way but the birds and beasts of the plains." The claims later made for Marquette by the Jesuits were not warranted by anything left in writing, or otherwise, by their hero. He admitted Joliet was the head and front of the exploration.

sources. The maker of Thevenot's map spelled the name of the animal *Pichikiô* (*Peeshikioo*).* In the *Jesuit Relations* the name of the animal is spelled *Pisikiou*. Some cartographers spelled it, as applied to the river, *Pestricoui*, and Tony spelled it *Pestegonky*; each writer made his best effort to represent the unfamiliar sounds that formed the word, by the use of the conventional symbols of the sounds in his mother tongue, so far as his ear, dull to the language new to him, enabled him to do.

In Franquelin's map of 1684, on the west bank of the river Pestekuoy, presumably a little above the confluence of Big Rock creek (which, however, is not on the ancient maps), is placed the town of *Maramech*. In his later map the final two letters are

*In Thevenot's *Collection of Voyages*, we find on page 12: "*Nous appellons les Pisikious Bœuf Sauvages*," and the author goes on to say that they do so because these animals (the buffalo) are very similar to domestic cattle.

omitted. On an early map, corrected by Tillamen (Paris, 1688), it is spelled *Maramea.* In Popples' map, of later date, it is *Maraux*, as also in an

FRANQUELIN'S, 1688, SHOWING MARAMECH DIFFERENTLY SPELLED. FROM WINSOR'S NARRATIVE AND CRITICAL HISTORY.

unnamed and undated "official" French map of 1718, now in the British Museum.

It was ever the custom, among savage tribes, to give descriptive names to places and things. A stream that was characterized by an abundance of

Maramech Hill, from the south.

sturgeon was given the name of that fish, hence *Merrimac* was applied to the river of New England, and *Marame* to the Kalamazoo river of Michigan. A river in Missouri also bears the name. The word is seldom found spelled twice alike by old writers, but it meant the spiny sturgeon.

Come with me to the site of ancient Maramech, the "great village" of the Miamis. The Fox river, as we now know it, always beautiful, in the autumn months has special charms. Great maple and walnut trees overhang its banks; plums, sweeter than any cultivated orchard ever produced, are found wild; pawpaws in September offer their riches, and nuts are the harvest of the squirrels. From the time

FRAGMENT OF POPPLES' MAP. SHOWING THE HILLS OF MARAMECH.

of the May apple and strawberry, in early summer, until the last nut has fallen, everything necessary to sustain life can be found growing spontaneously.

Where once the natives raised their corn we now see great fields planted with but little greater regularity by the machine of to-day; the plow-cultivated

rows show but little improvement over the aboriginal method of placing the hills in rows, a long step

Fragment of an Old French Map in British Museum, Dated 1718.

apart, and ridging them. The way we plant and "tend" was taught us by the people who left the

golden legacy. Upon the hillsides that face the sun, the grapes of the white man grow no more luxuriantly than those whose clambering vines erstwhile reached the very treetops. The wild grape was, to those early people, as great a luxury as it

Lac de Tracy
Lac des Illinois ou Michigami ou Lac Dauphin
Fort des Miamis
Fort de Crevecoeur
Riv. des Illinois ou Seignelay
Fleuve Mississipi

TILLMAN (TILLEMON) 1688

now is to the boys who gather from the few remaining vines the scattered bunches, sweetened by the early frosts. On these sunny hillsides, I am led to believe, they cultivated the large grape indigenous to our southern climates; early explorers speak of a

grape, the principal characteristic of which was its great size. With the passing into dust of the fostering hand, this grape also passed away, smitten by the rigors of our climate.

This river, the river of the buffalo, always warm, born of the lakes that now form the summer resorts, tempts the bather precisely as it did the naked savage whose morning bath was taken in its pools.

Fragment of Coronelli's Map of 1693.

Picnic parties in gay attire are now rowed among the islands and along the shore, where, at the time my story begins, the canoe, hewn from a single log, was moved by arms as strong as those of modern athletes. In the beautiful river of the buffalo the bass, the pike, and other game fish may yet be found. The modern angler with rod and reel, his most precious lines and flies, makes no greater catch than did the man who, with torch at the bow, standing astride of his canoe, threw his spear with uner-

ring aim at the darting pickerel. Where now the sportsman, with dog and modern arms, satisfies his savage thirst for blood, there the native, with bow and arrow, killed only to sustain life. The former kills for the love of it; and the latter, like him to whom the sportsman applies the epithet "pot-hunter," took the life of beasts and of the innocent feathered tribe only to sustain himself.

FRAGMENT OF GIBSON'S MAP, 1763.

Beautiful river of the buffalo! River of the Rock! Fox river! Thy rounded bluffs, thy bordering woods, thy long stretches of bottom land, where the natives raised their corn, now blooming the summer long with Nature's best efforts, and thy graceful elms, where still the robin wakes the morn with

song, I love thee yet as when, in my early days, I read thee as a poem!

Beautiful river! Adorned by the rocky mounds that gave thee thy second name in written history, Rivière du Rocher, thy charms call the people to the roomy "old mill," gray with age! There gather the young for frolic, the summer long!

River of the Rock! How often midst the summer's heat have I cooled my brow along thy shore, sitting beneath the shade trees that found scanty footing, and how often have I plunged from thy banks!

Beautiful valley! Often I have scanned thy face, sitting on those mounds that rise six times my height above the river, and contemplated what the years might tell of all that passed. Here lovers sat and told the old, old story. No well-kept lawn was ever more attractive than thy sod. Up the stream, along the shaded shore, once stretched the cabins of the denizens of Maramech. The hearth-stones that were within those cabins sometimes are laid bare by the melting snows of spring, which cause the stream to overflow its banks. Behind these dwellings were the fields, where melons grew, and from which came the roasting-ears that marked the time of the corn feast.

From this rock, stretching along the river bank, to and on along the creek that adds its ever-cooling flood to the warmer waters of the river, extended the fields and homes. Only primitive art was displayed in the building of these shelters, but they were warm. Constructed of strong frames and covered with bark of the elm, or matting made of rushes, with roofs to match, they were impervious to wind

Specimens of the Ceramic Art, from the site of Maramech.

and rain. In covered places, of which no mark is left, the corn was stored for winter's use, and upon scaffolds in the cabins, beans, dried pumpkins and squashes were kept for time of need.

River of the Rock! Well it is that thy two tributaries, which unite and flow into thy channel, are still known by thy earlier name, now so nearly forgotten; although the names of thy little tributaries linger, tradition does not tell us why so christened. Big Rock Creek! Thy waters, spring born, so cool in summer, yet warm enough to be proof against the winter's cold, are clear as those of the mountain stream. To all, except the geologist, it seems strange that thy waters are always bright, while neighboring streams are mere drains for the fields on the far-reaching prairies. The river that receives thy waters, with its lovely banks and groves, and the five prairies that almost meet, is only exceeded in its beauty by thy shades, where the bluebells of spring, delicate and tender as the eyes of beauty, have sought thy hillsides, where the violets, sweet as the wild rose of the prairies so near, lend their charms. Along thy banks were many of the long-vanished homes of Maramech. The line of cabins reached where stands the old mill whose gable windows blink to the mid-day sun, and, onward still, beyond where stood the older mill (now but a memory) that yielded its grists to the early settlers.

Beautiful creek! Long before the savage instincts of the boy had been smothered, I learned to love thee. In thy pools the pickerel and bass, choosing thy cool waters, came from the warmer river and were tempted by my bait.

Burnt stones and bones, washed from the banks, show that generations of fishermen had already come and gone.

The story of the Little Creek of the Rock is short. Along the bluffs clay, from which the potters of Maramech formed their wares, is found. This little stream that, within my memory, swept the southern foot of Maramech hill, for a time was diverted by the hand of man to turn his wheels. Obedient only for a while it was; then, like the horse long restrained, taking the bit in its teeth and running at will, it burst its bounds and sought again the old channel. But during the years of its restraint, the rainfalls upon the now bare summit of Maramech hill had torn away the ancient passage from fort to creek, of which I shall tell, thrown a gravel-spit across the old channel and forced this stream to a third course. The surrounding swamp that faintly marks the unhealed scar of the little stream of geological times, finds, in part, drainage into Big Rock creek, and in part an outlet into the lesser stream Lately the swamp has been cut by another gravel-spit, so that, at all times, one may ignore the new-cut road at the eastern side and pass to the hill dry-shod.

By common consent, since my studies resulted in the identification of the place, a name has been given this romantic spot. The "Great Village of Maramech" having been near the hill, why not, it was thought, call the latter by that name? May it not have been so in the language now little spoken?*

*At a time not very remote, perhaps not more than ten thousand years ago, the smaller creek ran to the *west* of this

Maramech Hill. The "gentle slope, rising to the west and northwest from a little river."

Before the Galena limestone, on which the great depth of gravel forming the hill rests, was swept bare by glacial action, many forms of animal life existed, differing little from those we know. The great ice-cap crept from the north, and by its slow but mighty forces crushed the rocks whose débris forms these gravel-beds. Its resistless share turned under all forms of life; in the gravel of the hill, to the south, a considerable depth below the surface, a tooth of the great American elephant was recently found. The gravel-beds being so dry, this pre-glacial relic shows for itself that it had been well housed.

Before this hill was laid, these monsters browsed in the forests that ultimately fell with them. Before the river had found its way, these gravels had been sifted and shifted and laid in beds as clean as the sands of the seashore. The region was a lake during a later time, because a barrier of marble whiteness, the St. Peter Sandstone, rose high a few miles southward. The softer strata, the shales of the Cincinnati Group of the Lower Silurian period, for a distance of three miles to the north, had been gouged away and the basin thus formed later became filled with the gravels and sifted sands. The cool

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island-like hill. What is now so isolated from the neighboring bluffs was then a peninsula, long, narrow, and high. It was a long turn the little creek then made to join its larger brother; the high peninsula for a half mile separated them. For centuries the little stream dug at the barrier. Gently it carved when the bordering trees and shrubs were in leaf and bloom; but when the melting snows of spring formed floods it tore at the walls of drift-gravels with greater might until its task was done and the high neck of land could no more obstruct its way. Where so long ran the little stream is now the swamp.

waters of the melting ice of the Glacial Epoch permitted no abundant life in this lake; a few beds of shell-marl show on the hillsides. As the waters of the ice-fields ran away, the barrier of white sandstone became worn low, and the new-born river carved out its valley. Then began the development of life that culminated in the beauties we now see. As if they had turned the edge of the great plowshare, the mounds of rock, almost an old French land league southward from the hill, stand well above the surface of the river valley. One of them drops its sides, a large part of its more than thirty-five feet, almost directly into the river. Beside this, a twin rock rises with rounded sides and summit. The river, diligent and effective as the tooth of time, has cut its way through these hard strata. Before the white man's destructive hand had wrought havoc by taking building material for a dam from the cliff on the eastern shore, a spring flowed from it through a crevice which, for a distance, it had eroded wide and high. To this roomy part, extending fifty feet into the rocky ledge, early settlers gave the name Black Hawk's Cave. Why so called we do not know, but we do know that the early settlers held that great warrior in fear, and that Black Hawk, as we shall see, often trod the trail passing the site of then ancient Maramech, and sometimes camped a little less than a short French league from the cave that continued to exist but little longer than he.

The stone in the massive walls of the old mill and its dam were quarried there, and from this place also has been taken, for two generations, the necessary

One of the twin Rocks, each over an acre in extent, that gave the beautiful river its second name in history, Rivière du Rocher.

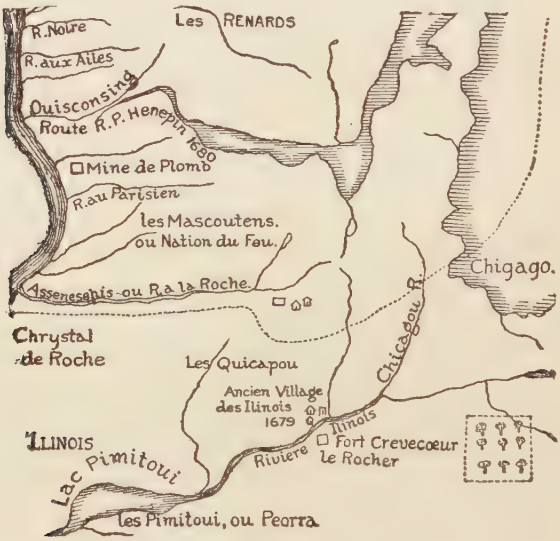
material for lime and other building purposes of the surrounding country and the busy little city near by; enough is left for several cities by no means small. Attractive, because of the beauties of its surroundings and man's love of romance, this mill has been converted into a summer resort; and here gather, for rest or for frolic, the old and the young from the stifling cities. It is but an old story, for here the sun-painted children of many generations played, and lovers sat and sighed beneath the trees upon the mound.

So prominent are these rocks, each more than an acre in extent, that the beautiful Pestekouy lost its name to be called Rivière du Rocher.* From Maramech hill the rock is hidden by a point of bluff, but we can look across the river, up the stream to the east, or down it some distance to the south. The view, in the anniversary month of the great slaughter, becomes lost in either direction in the autumn haze; a rapid here and there, not too strong for a light canoe to stem, is all that breaks the surface of the waters that reflect the turning leaves of the maples on either bank.

Toward the rising sun went, and from the east

*The Fox River enters the Illinois nine full miles above "The Rock" of La Salle's old fort. I have been informed by French scholars in Paris that the name *Rivière du Rocher* could not have been given because of its nearness to the rock upon which La Salle's lieutenant, Tonty, erected his defenses. The name, they told me, bears evidence that it was given because of some characteristic feature along it. After the passing away of the buffalo, from which the river took its first known name, no more noticeable feature characterized it than the rounded rocks at Maramech.

came hunting parties, parties bent on war and, from time to time, messengers bearing the pipe of peace. Over the great trail, mapped in by Thevenot in 1681, and last traveled by the tribe by whose name it was known when came the white man, the Sauk Trail, labored the beasts of burden, urged on by



FRAGMENT OF HENNEPIN'S MAP, 1683. SHOWING THE GREAT TRAIL.

dusky drivers. They came to the trading stations. Such means of transportation we now know little of but in story. Two long poles, connected by thongs to a rude saddle upon horses, their butt ends reaching backward to the ground, and a rude rawhide basket between, formed the only conveyance. Packed with the decrepit and the children or with furs, or

both, these vehicles stirred the soil into dust which the winds blew away. The sodless trails were worn deeper as years passed until abandoned by the natives and those who sought their trade. Later came the whites, and where ran the trails there followed the ox-teams of the first settlers who, turning

THE TRAIL, AS SHOWN BY DE LISLE, 1703.

to the roadside wherever a location of particular charm was reached, erected cabins and made claims, almost always fronting on the trail. Wherever the boundary lines of the early farms do not correspond with the points of the compass followed by later surveys, the course of the trail may now be discovered.

The first stage roads followed the old trails, and some of the public roads that serve the present generation were traveled before America was discovered by Europeans. Where were fording places in the rivers, there centered the many paths, worn deeply by the hoofs of deer and buffalo, so often mentioned by the many explorers.

The great east-and-west trail crossed the Pestekouy at Maramech, while the village existed, and both before and since; and there came also the Kishwaukee Trail, from the swamps of the northwest, over which were brought the furs most sought by the traders. Although I have found but little authority, other than the river courses, I believe that not all of the French goods were brought up the stream to Maramech and the half dozen other towns along the river Pestekouy. Many were brought up from Fort St. Louis, that, from its establishment by La Salle to about 1700, was an entrepôt; but much was carried from the lake near where now is Racine, Wis., to the little lakes where forms the stream.

In St. Cosme's account of his voyage down the Mississippi river, he speaks of the portage between the head of Root river, that adds its mite to Lake Michigan at Racine, Wis., and the head of the Fox river of Illinois, and of the route he would have taken to reach the Mississippi but for the low water in the rivers at that season of the year. This route, that I have before spoken of as the one taken by the French in bringing goods to Maramech, he calls the river *Pistrui*, and tells us that it enters the Illinois about twenty-five or thirty leagues from *Chikagu*. At Maramech many trails met. Over them came

The Kishwaukee trail, worn deep by heavy feet, and feet so light, still scars the Hill. (*Photo by the Author.*)

visiting tribes and roving bands of hunters. Along the larger creek, where now stands the old mill built of wood, gray in its decay as the miller who catered for years to the needs of the hungry settlers, was an extension of the great village of Maramech.

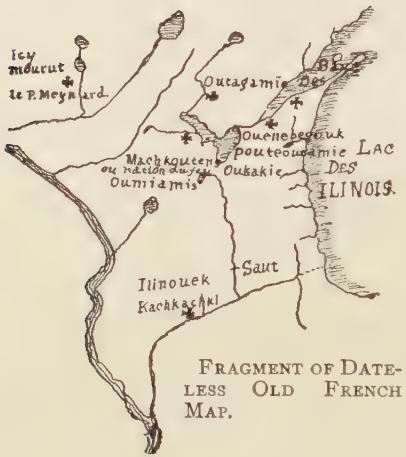
The hill, so fatal to the Foxes a generation after it was deserted by the Miamis, rose between the two parts of the town, and hugged the creek so closely that the way from one to the other could only be made by passing over its narrow summit where it droops to little more than half the height of the peak so near, which peak, in times of danger, served the purpose of a lookout. Deeply worn are still the paths that formed the terminus of the Kishwaukee Trail—doubly worn by denizens of the divided village of Maramech.

Leave the modern road near the mill, turn to the right into the pasture and direct your steps to the lowest place in sight; halt when half way up the path, and where you stand moccasined feet trod for generations. So deeply worn the trail, a hundred years of wash of storm and heaving frost have not defaced it. The few animals pastured there keep the path fresh. How many feet, some weary and others fleet, have passed where now you stand, and rested beneath the trees that shield you from the summer's sun!

With the long-lapsed years in mind we seem to see canoes passing up the river laden with furs, and coming down with trinkets that have been received in exchange for the hunters' harvests. From where the little village of Waukegan dots the shore of Lake Michigan to the headwaters of this river, a

trail was long in use by the hunters and traders who gathered the furs of beaver and the skins of the deer and buffalo.

On an old French map, the author of which is not given, is found laid down the river. At a point nearly due west from where Chicago is situated on Lake Michigan, is placed *Saut*, the French word for rapid. This leads one to believe that that rapid was at the rocky channel where, at and above the mounds that gave the river its second name in history, a dam has been built. Pinart, who copied the map, in 1893, from the original in the Depôt de la Marine, Paris, says that, although no date is given, it does not appear that this map was drawn later than 1680.



FRAGMENT OF DATELESS OLD FRENCH MAP.

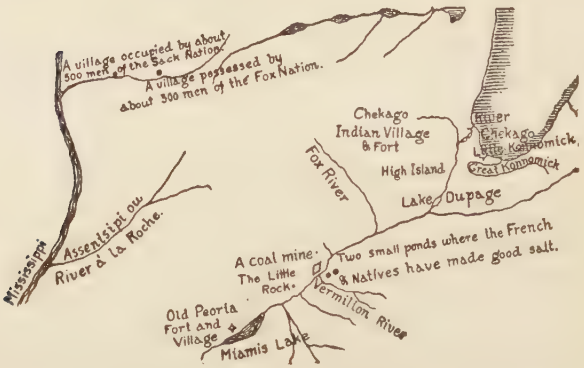
In the Bibliothèque du Depôt de la Marine, at Paris, is the accompanying dateless, nameless map that much interests the seeker after certain historical knowledge. Parkman credits it to the Jesuits. In this no doubt he is partly right, for on it crosses show the location of many of the early missions founded by that order. Its author is unknown, but I believe it to have been drawn from knowledge

gained from Nicolet, Raddison, Grosseilliers, Perrot, and Allouez. Parkman believes that it was made subsequent to Joliet's voyage, because the great river is laid down as "Colbert," the name given it, as claimed, by Joliet. Of a score of early maps in my possession, on only three is Colbert given. Joliet gives it "Baude" on one of his, and "River that discharges into the Gulf of Mexico," on two others. Some of the knowledge upon which this anonymous map was founded was gained as early as 1640, for the place of death of Father Meynard is shown. The Kankakee, traversed by La Salle in 1679, is not laid down. The map may be as early as 1673, but the Chicago portage is properly shown, as it is on Joliet's and Marquette's maps. That it shows the Mississippi river lower than the Arkansas river does not prove that it was drawn later than the true map of Marquette, for he who drew it may have obtained his information from the same source as did Joliet and Marquette, as we find in the latter's journal, in which we read as follows: "We gathered all the knowledge that we were able from savages who had frequented the places, and even traced, from their reports, a map of all the new country; we laid down the rivers we should navigate, the names of the people and the places we should pass, the course of the Great River and the points of the compass [direction] we should take."

Many towns are laid down by Marquette that he never saw. The map he drew before starting on the voyage may have been the very one left us. The information given him by the natives was accessible for many years before 1673.

The fact that the Falls of St. Anthony (merely written *Saut*) are shown on the map under consideration does not prove that the map was made later than the expedition of Michael Acou, the trader, and Hennepin, the priest, who were sent up the Mississippi river by La Salle, because traders had been there before.

Natives had also brought details that enabled


A village occupied by about 300 men of the Sack Nation.
A village possessed by about 300 men of the Fox Nation.
Chekago Indian Village & Fort
Fox River
High Island
Lake Dupage
Great Konnomick
Assenisipi ou River à la Roche.
Mississipi
A coal mine. The Little Rock.
Two small ponds where the French & Natives have made good salt.
Vermilion River
Old Peoria Fort and Village
Miamis Lake

FRAGMENT OF JOHN ANDREW'S MAP OF 1782, ONE OF THE FIRST TO SHOW FOX RIVER AND GIVE ITS PRESENT NAME.

cartographers to lay down rivers far beyond any point where white men had been. I credit the first knowledge we get of the Pestekuoy River (the Fox river of Illinois) to Allouez, and believe him to have also given those who drew some of the other maps, the knowledge which enabled them to lay down the beautiful river which courses the region so abundant in the gifts of Nature. The lake at its head, the *saut*, rapid, (quite likely that where the ruined dam now frets the waters and the old stone

mill frowns), and the junction of the river with the Illinois, all show a fair amount of knowledge gained, possibly, as early as 1669-70, when Allouez visited the various tribes around Green Bay and west and south thereof. The tribe that now most interests us is known to have been at the bend of Wolf river in what is now Sugar Bush township, Outagamie county, Wisconsin; the Mascoutins are placed

Reproduction De Cartes, by M. Shafer, in Lenox Library, Showing the Location of the Outagamy (Fox) Village.

on old maps not far from the present site of Waukon, and the Kickapoos near the head of Rock river.

During the sixty years, or more, that Maramech was known to exist by the French, its center shifted, but at what is now known as Sylvan Springs was probably the main council fire. There, in the heavy timber, the wigwams were best sheltered from the winter blasts. The great trees of those days have

no doubt gone into decay, but the shelter was then as it is now under the newer ones. The tempting shades of the great elm and walnut trees attracted the weary, and the springs along the bluff formed an inexhaustible supply of cool water. Opposite Sylvan Springs, where the corn now grows luxuriantly, were the fields of Maramech. Along the border of the river are a few mounds which mark the last resting-places of the chiefs of an older race that occupied the region long before the Miamis had built the cabins of Maramech. Still down the river, upon the same side, Rob Roy creek adds its mite to the waters of the river. Here, upon a slight elevation, seems to have been, at some time, a nucleus of population, and behind it, upon the slope of the hill, more fragments of pottery have been found than elsewhere, which makes it seem that this, for a time, may have been the "pottery" of the "great village of Maramech." The soil has been turned so many times, during the last thirty years, that potsherds, never too well burned, have crumbled, and where, not many years ago, fragments were quite abundant, few are now found. Where Big Rock creek adds its coolness to the waters of the river, was another congested position. This we know by the cabin sites, indicated by fragments of burnt stones. Behind this is a bit of prairie that was, no doubt, under cultivation for years, and along the foot of the hill were places of burial.

Work of the Potters of Maramech.

CHAPTER III

On the bold bluff, up the river and to the east, a mile or more, sleep many of the denizens of Maramech. Carefully made graves prove the veneration of the savages for their dead. It seems to have been a poetic inspiration that led to the selection of a spot where the beauties of Nature are so bounteous. Sloping to the sun, the river approaches the foot of the hill. Rushes shed their flossy tresses when stirred by the breezes. The goldenrod and autumn daisies, the only intruders in the yet native sod, the open wood and quiet river make a picture that tempts the artist. No lettered stones mark the places and no owl hoots from bell-tower. These people long ago sought the happy hunting-grounds by way of the grave, and Maramech, like them, is no more. Only their bones and a few potsherds tell the place of either.

How do we know that they who there sleep were the people of Maramech? La Salle, who spent months at the great Illinois town near Starved Rock, in La Salle county, was successful in uniting the various tribes of Indians, in order to enable them to make a common defense against the Iroquois. Among these tribes were the Miamis of Maramech, Pepikokias, and Kilatikas. Some were led to settle on Buffalo Rock, a few miles east of Starved Rock, and many had already made their homes along the Pestekouy near by. The branch

of the Miamis that remained at Maramech received from the French traders the goods, useful and ornamental, which they needed. In their graves have been found beautiful fabrics. Among the finest were fragments of a broadcloth robe, thickly beset with silver buckles the size of a dime. Rouge and "cheap-John" articles of various kinds have repaid the efforts of curiosity seekers. A finely wrought bullet-mould cut from a bit of argillaceous shale, gives proof of skillful workmanship. Two parts, with a half sphere worked in each, an opening formed between the two into which the molten lead was poured, and grooves at the ends and sides in which the string binding might lie, served a purpose equal to the best bullet-mould of the gunsmith of to-day.

No stones mark the graves, and the slight depressions visible forty years ago have become filled with sediment so that the exact places of sepulture are only made known when, for pelf, the gravel of this hillside is carted away. The fragments of bark, now nearly dust, show the winding sheet to have been taken from the giant trees then near by. I have before me a fragmentary skull of one of the people of Maramech. If it had a tongue we know it might tell much; that it would tell us of the brighter side of life is evidenced by the

teeth, as little worn and white as those of the dandy of to-day; and there is no evidence that they required the care of a dentist. The wisdom tooth shows maturity and, if of a male, as seems probable, we might hear the story of the first visit of the Frenchmen; of the wars made by the Iroquois, or of the raids, in turn, against the warlike Five Nations. The green stain upon the jaw-bone tells of a cheap necklace, bought of the French traders. This skull, finely formed, speaks of the brain of a man of intelligence. Unlettered though its possessor, he may have swayed the multitude in council. His eloquent tongue and logical reasoning, for which the red man was ever noted, may have equaled that of Tecumseh or Red Jacket. He may, in fact, have been one of the chiefs of the "Great Village of Maramech."

From a cabin, in the shade of the overhanging trees that border the beautiful Pestekouy, we seem to see a bier borne by braves, on which, wrapped in his robes of fur, lies the conquered warrior. Tenderly his clay is laid in the dugout, hewn from a great tree trunk, in which, at bow and stern, kneel the ones whose chosen duty it is to row it o'er the rippling river. In cadence with the dipping paddles are mournful songs and dirges sung. The cortège passes the low island and onward to the green hillside, bared to the sun, where waits the new-made grave.

When the spirit departed on its long journey to the happy hunting-grounds, the erstwhile owner of this fragment was wept. With this fragment was found a piece of the bone of the buffalo which, when covered with flesh, had been placed with the body

to sustain the spirit on its long way. Rude though the coffin, it was of hewn walnut, that wood so prized to-day. No hearse was trundled over pavement stones, but a pageant, bowed with grief, carried the body to its resting-place on an impromptu bier. Loving hands wrapped the remains in the furs and blankets, and there placed the ornaments the spirits of which were expected to adorn the departed soul. We do not know what thoughts prompted the burial of possessions with the body; perhaps it was in accordance with the beliefs of many tribes that animals and material things have souls. The dog was buried with its master to serve him in the new hunting-grounds. A kettle was broken and buried there so that, also being dead, its soul might be valuable to the departed.

If this fragment that formed the brain cavity could talk it might tell us of the war dance, of the corn festival and of the sugar making. It might tell us of the many industries. I seem to hear it speak of the mortar scooped in a log, and of the women, young and fair, pounding corn for the sagamite, while admiring warriors are lounging near. The little *metate** I found near the spring, little more than a brick in size, slightly hollowed upon one side, served to grind the nuts that seasoned the mess of pottage. This shattered skull might tell of the weavers of buffalo wool, busy at the primitive looms, and the potters, their clay tempered with crushed granite, forming the vessels we now find only in pieces.

* A hollowed stone on which, with another stone, corn, nuts and grain were crushed or ground.

In their day-dreams the loved ones, whom the departed had left behind, watched the soul on its way to the happy hunting-grounds. On and on they seemed to see him wander, with faithful dog that mocked his every turn. Where shades of summer trees, clambering vines and carpets of the softest mosses tempted him, he took his frequent rests. The pleasing thoughts of the watching loved ones, inspired by his progress, were dispelled by visions in which dream-clad feet outstripped him and they saw, far before him, the rapid river he must cross or his soul perish. The slender fallen tree, laid by the Great Spirit, reaching from shore to shore and shaken by the rapid waters that swirled around its immersed branches, was yet to test his courage. While in the flesh he had no dread of wars. For years his scalp had been a freely-offered prize to any one of other tribes with courage and of strength to take it; but at last he cowered. Many passed before him, but others failed. The weaker souls fell to be swept into an unconscious eternity. Those left by him on this mortal shore feared, in dreams of night, and hoped in their dreams of waking hours, as love only can, and longed to see him reach the land of sun and everlasting flowers that, bounded by the lisping waters of the quiet western sea, should be to him a place of rest as long as stars should gem the great white river overhead. He reached the swaying bridge and was appalled, but go he must. The beckoning hands on the other shore of eternity, and the words of inspiration, spurred him to his utmost and, with halting steps and snail-like progress, his long journey found its end; so, too, did that

of his faithful pet and slave that, trembling in every limb upon the frail bridge, dogged his steps.

'Tis ever thus with cultured and with savage minds. In their waking dreams was the vision of tireless Love and Lagging Hope, hand in hand, leading the soul of the late departed. When came the visions of the night despair oft cast a spell whose shudder woke the dreamer to again be cheered by Hope.

The central village, in 1684, was estimated to have one hundred and fifty warriors, which meant a population of about seven hundred and fifty; but the town had many near neighbors that were occupied by branches of the Miami nation. Although the various Algonquin tribes were from time to time at war, they were also often at peace, and then they mingled freely. Upon the first visit of the *coureurs du bois* to Green Bay, it may have been, that the Miamis and Illinois met by them came direct from the village of Maramech. We know that these people told the traders of the richness of their country, and we know that Maramech was the most important town near Green Bay, unless "Chicagou" had already become permanently peopled by that tribe.

In imagination we may spend a night in Maramech. The winds of approaching winter are whistling through the maples. The weary hunter has returned from the slough, the haunt of the mallard duck, with the result of his day's efforts, including, perhaps, a wild goose from a belated flock. He heard their clanking cry, "go look," and sought them where he had seen them drop in the rushes for rest after a long southward flight. He enters

Relics of the Miller of Maramech
and his Mill.

his cabin and throws down the game; but few words disturb or welcome him. A mat is spread before the fire, and his good wife brings a bowl of soup to refresh him and then prepares a hearty meal. A duck is dressed, cut into small pieces and partially cooked; then cornmeal is stirred in and, when all is done, the favorite dish of the Indian tribes, sagamite seasoned with meats, is placed before the hungry huntsman. While the meal is being prepared the children are at play, but their noise is hushed, for nothing must disturb the returned master of the cabin, who needs rest. After the repast and his smoke, he then addresses whomsoever he wishes and from that time all are at liberty to speak to him; he has been refreshed, is rested and is again as one of the family. He tells of the adventures of the day; his wife, in turn, tells him of the little incidents that occurred during his absence. She removes her kettles, replenishes the fire, and all the children gather around. The father repeats a stereotyped folk-lore tale for the children and the story that he heard from an Iroquois captive:

"There was once a hermit called The Long-Haired, whose memory is still held in veneration. During his time the village where he was born was attacked by a great mortality that took away the principal men, one dying after another. Every night a bird of ill-omen flew over the cabins, flapping its wings with a great noise and putting forth sad cries that aroused the fears of all. No one doubted this was the Oiaron, or beast that caused the plague; but no one knew from whence the harm came. In this terrible extremity the council of old

men deputized three of the most able ones to pray to The Long-Haired to have pity and aid them; his condition did not permit him to quit his retreat; besides, he never would condescend to come to the village. He gave the deputies permission to come to him, however, to learn his last resolution. They came at the appointed time, and the hermit showed them three arrows he had made in their absence, and without communicating anything of his design he said he only requested them to examine the arrows in order to be able to recognize them. That evening, toward sunset, The Long-Haired went to his ambuscade on a little hill that was near the village. The bird came out of the trunk of a tree at dusk, spread his wings as usual and named distinctly some of the principal men that he had destined to die the next day. When the hermit perceived the bird he advanced slyly, shot him with one of his arrows and retired, sure of having wounded the bird of ill-omen. The day following the news spread in the village that a certain young man, who was alone in a poor cabin with a woman, was very sick. The old men, attentive to all that passed, sent to visit him secretly, as without design, the three deputies who had been to see The Long-Haired. The sick man was too much pressed by his disability to be able to dissimulate. An arrow had entered his side. The arrow of the hermit was recognized. Secret instructions had been given to those who came to treat the afflicted one and, in their efforts ostensibly to pull the arrow from the wound, they directed it in such a way as to pierce the heart of the wounded man. The old

woman, yet more culpable than her son, was ignorant of the source from whence the stroke had come, but perceived well what the old men had done. She, being a woman, had not the humor to belie her sex, and sought vengeance. She resolved to kill the hermit as her first victim; but her crime was not conducted with much secrecy. In spite of her different changes of form, she was discovered. They burned her with all the refinement of cruelty of the Iroquois. She confessed that her son, being irritated, had wished to avenge himself on one who, returning from the hunt, had neglected to include him in the distribution of the game. She sustained the torments of the fire in laughing at and insulting her tormentors. After her death the plague recommenced. The sorcerers being consulted, responded that the unfortunate old woman was the cause; that she had been changed to the marmot which had been her mascot during her life. On seeing that it retired to a den at the foot of a hill where her son had changed his form, and had been wounded, fire was at once applied and smoke having forced it to come out, it was killed. A monument was erected at the entrance of the den to testify to the truth of the story."

The story of Wa-sa-ri was then told:

"Once upon a time, in a stream, there lived a bullhead and his family. The old one said one day: 'Oh, I am so hungry; I must go out and find something to eat; I will go and see what I can find.' He wiggled his way up stream and he saw the tops of the bushes that grew on the bank waving occasionally, and knew what it meant. He

swam to that side of the stream and raised his head out of the water and rested it upon a rock and began to sing in a half-monotonous way and in a piping voice,

[The horns of the elk are utterly useless.]

"This derisive song annoyed the elk and he came to the bank to see who was taunting him. Seeing the bullhead, he said to him: 'You little fool, if you don't stop singing that song I will come in and kick you out of the water and on that bank where you will die.' But the bullhead, smiling, kept on singing until in plunged the elk and repeated his command; but still the bullhead's squeaking voice was heard, 'We-sha-wa-wi-ni kash-kash-kash.' The elk turned to kick, but the bullhead swam clear of his heels; turning on him the elk again kicked, but the bullhead wiggled out of danger. This was repeated until the elk became exhausted. Then the bullhead wiggled his way cautiously and pierced the cord of one of the heels of the elk with one of his spines and in that way disabled that leg, so that one hip went down. The elk floundered, but the bullhead quickly stung the other heel and the hind quarters of the elk sank into the water. The bullhead next stung the front legs and the elk fell helpless. No further danger; the bullhead stung the elk to death. Then the bullhead invited all of his children and friends to the feast, but before beginning

to eat they raised their heads out of the water and with a squeaking voice sang: 'We-sha-wa-wi-ni kash-kash-kash.' "

Then the uncle filled his pipe, puffed awhile, and told the story of the ducks:

"One time Wi-sa-ka was walking along the shore of a lake and, being hungry, wondered where and how he could get something to eat. Soon after he saw his younger brothers, the ducks, that were flapping their wings and quacking. 'Oh! I now know what to do,' he said. 'I am going to catch those fellows over there.' So he pulled some long reeds and, getting a big bundle of them, put them on his shoulders and, as if bent under a heavy load, went walking along the lake within sight of his younger brothers. The ducks soon saw him and said to one another, 'There goes Wi-sa-ka, our elder brother; I wonder what he has on his shoulders.' 'Oh, Wi-sa-ka,' they called, 'stop, wait, we want to see you; where are you going? What is that you have on your shoulders? Tell us what it is.' And thus they called, but Wi-sa-ka paid no attention to them until he came to a good place to sit down; then he turned around and made believe that he had just heard them for the first time. 'Oh, is that you, my young brothers, calling to me?' he said. 'Well, hurry up and tell me what you want, for I have a long journey before me.' 'What is that you have on your shoulders?' they asked. 'Oh, I cannot tell you,' he replied. 'Do tell us,' they said, 'we will do anything you ask us to.' He replied, 'Well, if you must know, they are songs.' They said, 'Let one sing to us.' 'Well, one shall sing if you will dance

for me.' 'All right,' they said, and came waddling along, single file, and took their places before him. 'Now,' he said, 'you must dance hard; I have a lot of songs here but will use but one, for I have a long journey before me. When you dance you must shut both your eyes,' he said, and began to beat time with one of the reeds, and the reed began to sing and Wi-sa-ka sang with it. 'Shut your eyes,' he said, 'and don't open them; the one that opens his eyes will make them turn red. Dance hard, dance hard,' he shouted, and away they danced, their beaks pointed skyward. 'Bunch up! Bunch up! The best part of the song is yet to come!' This he said and kept singing as he untied the string of his bow and made a slip-noose to throw over their heads. Just as he tightened the noose mud-hen ducked, for all the while she had been watching Wi-sa-ka and seeing what he had been doing. 'Fly away, fly away,' she cried, 'he is going to catch us.' As mud-hen ducked her head, Wi-sa-ka pulled tight the noose and caught all of the ducks and ruffled up the top-feathers of mud-hen. Away she flew into the lake, and as she hit the water Wi-sa-ka shouted at her, 'Ho!' her top-feathers still standing up, and as he shouted his forceful breath turned the top-feathers farther forward, and such a head she has had ever since. And the red eyes she has were made so by straining to see what Wi-sa-ka was doing.

"Wi-sa-ka gathered his ducks and went over the hill and there he built a fire. He soon made a big heap of coals and ashes. 'Here is where I am going to cook my ducks,' he said, 'and I will sleep

while they are cooking. When I have had my sleep out, I will get up and eat.' So he covered his ducks in the hot ashes and coals, leaving only their feet sticking out, and then lay down to sleep. By and by some foxes got a smell of the cooking ducks. 'Hello,' they said, 'it is something good; let us follow up and see what it is,' and away they trotted. Coming near the fire they saw something sleeping there, and presently they saw that it was Wi-sa-ka. 'You go there,' said one to the other, 'and find out what there is so good.' 'No, you go,' said one to the other. Finally one plucked up courage and went over, and as he came near the fire Wi-sa-ka rolled over. Away ran the fox as fast as he could go. 'He is awake,' said he. 'No, he is not,' said his friend. Then back the fox went, and when he got there he saw what was in the bed of ashes and coals, and motioned to his friend to come. They pulled out the ducks and bit off their feet and made up the heap of coals and ashes as before, and stuck the ducks' feet back as they had found them. Away they then went with the ducks. By and by Wi-sa-ka awoke and took his time in getting up. 'Now I am going to have something good to eat,' he said. 'My ducks should be well cooked by this time.' He slowly poked the ashes away, but all he found was the feet sticking out. 'Well, I slept too long for this duck; it is all cooked away.' Then he poked the ashes away from another place. Again he only found the feet sticking out. Then he got upon his feet and began to suspect something. By the time he had pulled the ashes away from another place he was sure that something had taken his ducks. He

looked carefully and saw tracks all around in the ashes and then he knew what had become of his ducks. As he started after the thieves he heard what seemed to be a voice overhead saying, 'Neg-ya, Neg-ya' [the word which the sound seemed to imitate meaning *my mother* in the Algonquin tongue]. 'Oh,' he said, 'my mother died long ago.' But the voice kept on saying, 'Neg-ya, Neg-ya,' and as he looked up over his shoulder he saw two branches of a tree rubbing against each other as the wind moved them. He jumped up to pull the branches apart to stop the irritating sounds. At that moment a gust of wind came by and forced the branches apart and then let them come together again, catching Wi-sa-ka's hands between, and there he hung while he beheld the foxes eating his ducks. They taunted him by telling him how good they were. When they had finished the last one they trotted away, and only then came another gust of wind that blew the branches apart enough to release Wi-sa-ka's bruised fingers."

The crimson leaves of the maples made the story of those who chased the bear an appropriate one.

"Three Foxes went hunting, a long time ago. They had a little dog with them. It was the time of the first snowfall. By and by they struck the trail of a bear. The trail went up a hill. They followed the trail, the little dog leading. As they went along they saw the trail leading up to a sumac thicket. At first the tops of the sumac were waving to and fro, and then they became still. Presently the bear stuck his head out and saw the hunters coming. At that he withdrew. The hunter in the

lead ran around to the other side to head him off.* Then another hunter ran around to the north, and the other to the south. Every time the bear ran out there was a hunter there to head him off and drive him back. This kept the hunters running round and round the thicket. By and by they wounded the bear with an arrow, and away he ran, the hunters after him. They flung away their bows

and arrows and, with the arrow in his wound, away the bear ran, the hunters after him. They pulled out their knives to grapple with him and slay him. They were a long time in dispatching the bear. By and by one of the men, the one in the rear, stopped and looked all around him, and saw that he was in

*Evidently the bear was pulling the tops of the bushes down to eat the "bobs." but to stop to explain to the listeners, who are supposed to know things so common, would interrupt the flow of the story, and to interrupt to the extent of asking a question is not allowed.

a strange place. On looking he saw, way down there below, the earth all green, the little lodges and little people, and rivers and their windings. Then he called to the man ahead: 'Ma-ta-pye, hold on! we are going into the sky;' but Ma-ta-pye paid no attention, neither did Wa-pa-na-shi-wa, who was pressing the bear hard. So finding that his companions paid no heed, he continued the chase, and all followed the bear all winter, all the spring, and all the summer, and overtook him in the fall, when they butchered the bear. They placed the meat on sumac leaves and then they began to throw the various parts of the bear away. The head they threw to the south, and there are the stars that lie together.* The backbone they threw to the east, and this is the cluster of stars that one sees early in a winter morning, and thus they did with all other parts of the bear. Wherever the parts were thrown, there was a cluster of stars. But no sooner was this done than the bear was on his feet and in flight, and so the hunters were soon in pursuit again. They followed through winter, spring, and summer, and in the fall they overtook him. There is a time in the fall when the sumac leaves are bright red, and that is the time that these celestial hunters each year overtake the bear. The drops of blood from the bear's meat fall on the sumac leaves and stain them red; and the blood also stains the leaves of other plants and trees. That is why things change their colors in the fall. The hunters and the bear can be seen at night by looking at the northern

*This is what is popularly called the little dipper.

sky—they and their little dog are pursuing the bear.''*

This fairy tale must have originated since the coming of Europeans, as the location of the Bear indicates that, through the Jesuits or educated persons among the traders, the author of the tale places the Bear where ancient astronomers put him.

The winds of late autumn whistled in the maples, but the bark cabins, roofed with rush mats, were proof against all weather. All were now ready for sleep. The little ones first sought their blankets. The dogs, unconsciously fattening for the feast of welcome to the first visitor to come, were curled up by the fire. Wood for the morning was in readiness. Arranging the fire to keep the cabin warm during the night, the wife and mother was last to retire. Few were the cares. Faith in the warrior's bravery, and ability to provide from day to day, permitted all to sleep. The warrior's head lay easy, for he wore not the crown of wealth. No stocks were wavering in the balance; managing no corner in corn and pulling no political wires, he slept only to awaken with the rising sun.

That the town was a metropolis is known by the fact that of the relics some were from distant regions. Tobacco pipes, cut from the red pipestones of Minnesota, have been found; arrow-heads of a variety of flint not known in the region are common. The corn raised along the river bottom was traded to the prairie tribes who lived mainly by

*Keen must have been the eyes of the author of this bit of Indian lore, for the little star at the break of the handle of the great dipper is hardly visible to the unassisted sight.

hunting. The traffic carried on by the French at Fort St. Louis was in part, no doubt, by water along Fox river. Early maps show the river to have but one rapid worth locating and that evidently near where Maramech is placed on later maps. Between Maramech and the Waukegan portage the river Pestekouy, now called Fox river, served as a water way for light canoes. Skins of the buffalo, the bear, and other fur-bearing animals were taken to the lake and thence to Montreal. From Maramech southward the traffic was mostly carried on by canoes hewn from logs; thus the "dugout," as well as the birch-bark canoe, on this stream showed the skill of their makers.

CHAPTER IV

The commerce between Maramech and the other Indian towns not on the Pestekouy was carried on over the trails. The alleged map of Marquette shows many places and things never seen by Joliet and him. In the map copied and published by Thevenot in 1681 (see page 27, of this volume), a trail was laid down from the Mississippi river, near Rock Island, to the great Indian town on the Illinois river. Another trail is laid along the Fox river of Wisconsin and the Wisconsin river, called *Chemin d'Allée*, meaning "route of going." The line from Rock Island to the Illinois river is lettered *Chemin de Retour*, meaning "route of return." This route of return passing, as in fact it did, through Maramech, has since been known as the Sauk and Fox Trail, so called because later passing through the great Sauk and Fox town, Saukenuk, at the mouth of the Rock river, and eastward near Wolf lake and the southern extremity of Lake Michigan, and on to Malden in Canada, at the mouth of Detroit river, where the "British Father" supplied the wants of the Sac and Fox nations, among others; it was traveled by what was known as the "British Band" of Foxes, both before and after the war of 1812. This great trail was worn so deeply that, although the plow for a half century has turned the soil, it is not yet wholly obliterated. That trail connected Lake Michigan with the Mis-

sissippi river at the point of nearest approach, and Maramech was as a half-way house.

From the great Illinois town opposite Starved Rock, in La Salle county, along the north side of the river, ran a trail over one of the great prairies, five of which approach each other at Maramech. From where is now the busy city of Ottawa, along the west side of the river Pestekouy, another trail passed near or through Maramech, and then turned to the Miami town of Chicagou. From Maramech along the east side of the beautiful Pestekouy ran the trail that connected the various villages located along the river.

In July, 1682, La Salle went part way on foot from Peoria Lake to Lake Michigan. He undoubtedly took the trail that passed through Maramech. The other towns along the river were seen by him, or at least were made known to him, for he soon passed on to Montreal and gave to Franquelin the information that enabled him to map in the section of country around Maramech. (Margry, Vol. I., p. 569.) Henri de Tonty, the faithful lieutenant of La Salle, later in the same month passed by land from Fort St. Louis, on Starved Rock, to Chicagou. (Margry, Vol. I., p. 612.) A long day's journey took them to Maramech. In the autumn of 1687 Joutel, Cavalier (La Salle's brother), and others reached Fort St. Louis on their weary journey from the fated colony in Texas, in haste to get to France to urge that aid be sent to the colony last established by La Salle. They struck out for the lake of the Illinois (Michigan), there to embark for Canada, in time to take the vessel bound for France. The

journey was "painful and fruitless," for, having gone to the banks of the lake in very foul weather, after waiting there for five days for the sky to clear, they embarked, notwithstanding the storm, but were obliged to put to shore again at the place of embarkation. They returned, on foot, to Fort St. Louis on the seventh day of October. Twice, then, they passed over the trail between Fort St. Louis and Chicagou, and undoubtedly through the village of Maramech. In December of the same year two Frenchmen arrived at Fort St. Louis and gave notice to Tonty that three canoes, laden with merchandise, powder, ball, and various other things, had arrived at Chicagou; that there being too little water in the Des Plaines river, and what there was being frozen, they could not come nearer. It thus became necessary to send carriers to bring the goods upon their backs. Tonty requested the chief of the Shawnees to furnish him with people for the purpose. That chief accordingly provided forty, men as well as women, who set out with some of the Frenchmen. The honesty of the Shawnees was the reason Tonty had for preferring them over the Illinois, who had the reputation of being thieves. Empty-handed the troop took the trail and spent the first night, it seems probable, at Maramech. Two more days of travel, of twenty-five miles each, brought them to Chicagou. Each heavily laden, the return journey was more slow, and at the end of about the third day the loads were laid aside at Maramech and the hospitality of the Miamis, then at peace with the Shawnees, was partaken of. Of the fatigue of the journey we are not told, but we have often expe-

rienced the winters of this region. The abundance of fuel made the nights endurable, and with the presence of the visitors the wigwams of the natives became scenes of festivities. The dance of welcome, to the music of the flute, accompanied by songs and folk-lore tales, made the night more a season of pleasure than of rest; old friendships were renewed and new acquaintances made.

So important to the French was the region that a representative of the crown was kept at Maramech and in its vicinity in the interest of trade and to keep the tribes united against the Iroquois. The French believed that, should the western country become possessed by the latter tribe, the trade of the west, and largely that of the Great Lakes, would be diverted to the English. Of greatest service was Nicholas Perrot. Of him we read:

"In addition to these officers" (referring to Tonty and others) "who have each their stations fixed, the man named Perrot is to occupy one in the immediate neighborhood of the Miamis, in order to execute whatever will be ordered him. This place is called Malamet, and the great concourse of Indians who repair thither, among whom this man possesses a great amount of credit, induced the Count to select him to be stationed between the Miamis and other tribes who might receive advances from the English."*

The main body of the Miamis was on the river

*A footnote found in the *N. Y. Col. Docs.*, IX., 570, states that by Malamet the Kalamazoo river of Michigan is meant. The location of the "great village of Marameck," has not been known by historians.

St. Joseph, where is now South Bend, Indiana. The "other tribes who might receive advances from the English" were the Foxes, Sacs, Mascoutins, and others of Wisconsin. The English had tried to reach them by way of the Straits and also by way of the Ohio. To have been between the Miamis and these tribes, it is seen, they could not have been on the Kalamazoo.

On no map of the time is there laid down a large town on the Maramea (the Kalamazoo river of Michigan), and there is nothing to indicate that anything more was intended or attempted by travelers than to mark the location of a river, on their maps, and give its name. In what is quoted above we find the words, "This place is called Malamet." I think the compiler of the document, to which he added the footnote, was mistaken, for a river cannot be referred to as a "place" nor as a "station." It is known that at this time the Miamis occupied a great area. La Salle collected many of them in 1683 and he named some of the various branches of the tribe, particularly the Peanghichias (Piankeshaws), Pepikokias, and Kilaticas. On Franquelin's map of 1684, in the "Colony du Sr. de La Salle," between the Pestekouy and the Illinois rivers, the Pepikokias are located. They were also a branch of the Miamis, Perrot tells us. (See map of 1684.)

Can the Governor have meant a river when referring to the "chiefs of the great village" of "Maramek"? When speaking to the Miamis of the *place* he called "Malamet," did he also mean a river? He also speaks of "other" chiefs there. Now, there is no group of towns located on any of the early

maps on the Kalamazoo river of Michigan, but on nearly all, Maramech, on the Pestekouy (the Fox river of Illinois), is laid down; and on that river is a group of towns.

Beckwith, in his *The Illinois and Indiana Indians*, says that the Governor of New France "requested the Miamis of the Pepikokia band, who resided upon the Maramek (Kalamazoo river in Michigan) to remove and join their tribe located on the river St. Joseph of Lake Michigan." In the quotation last above given, it is noticed that the Governor wished them to be nearer to him; but the fact that any point on the Kalamazoo river of Michigan was as near the French seat of power as any point on the river St. Joseph shows that he had some more distant place in mind, and the fact that he sent Perrot to a *place* called "Malamet" *between* the Miamis and the western tribes, and thus prevented the Iroquois from having communication with the western tribes, also shows that the place could not have been on the Kalamazoo river in Michigan, for there were no important towns of western tribes on or near the Kalamazoo; but on the other side of Lake Michigan were all of the tribes of northern Illinois and Wisconsin, including the Sacs, Foxes, Mascoutins, Kickapoos, and Pottawatomies.

Maramech, on the Pestekouy river, was a center of population and, being between the Miamis of St. Joseph and the western tribes, who the Governor feared would be influenced by the Iroquois, it is clear that it was there that the Governor sent Perrot. The French trinkets, bullet-moulds, gun-flints, and finery in the graves on the hills of Maramech lead

to the belief that the village probably was something of a trading-post. Beckwith further states that "Nicholas Perrot had been commissioned to lead the Maramek bands to the river St. Joseph," and that "he would have been burned had it not been for the interference of the Foxes." Now, the Foxes were found all over the country west of Lake Michigan, from time to time, but their home was in the central part of Wisconsin, and their hunting-grounds extended far into the present state of Illinois; they often invaded the hunting-grounds of the Illinois tribes.

A council was held with the western Indians, among whom were Miamis. In one of his addresses to this body, when brought to him, the Governor said: "As for you, Na-nan-gous-sis-ta and Ma-ci-ton-ga, Miamis of Maramek, you are the chiefs of the great village, and I believe that you have visited me only with the consent of all the other chiefs there. I will believe as you say, that you have no other will than mine. Perrot told you that you must remove your fires from Maramek and unite with the rest of the Miamis in a place where you could oppose the enemy, and make war on him. I think only of the repose of my children. . . . I will not believe that the Miamis wish to obey me until they make altogether one and the same fire, either at the river St. Joseph or some other place adjoining." Any place on the Kalamazoo would have practically *adjoined* the river St. Joseph, and if Perrot was at the river Maramek of Michigan, he was out of the natural path of the Foxes; but if it was at Maramech on the Pestekouy, he was very near the Foxes'

hunting-grounds. It seems that Beckwith must have got his information from the *New York Colonial Documents*, where O'Callaghan makes the mistake, found in the footnote, by saying that the "Malamet" referred to was the Maramek river of Michigan.*

On page 61, Vol. X., *Wisconsin Historical Collections*, the same mistake is made, and it seems probable that Professor Butler, the writer of the article, also gathered his information from the *New York Colonial Documents* and located Maramech on the east coast of Lake Michigan, between the Black and Grand rivers. It seems to me a foregone conclusion that Perrot will be found to have been located at Maramech, the village of the maps, "the great village" of Maramech, of which I have written.

In a report of 1694 and 1695, it is said that "Messi-ton-ga," a "Miami of Maramek," in a speech delivered at the great conference, "complained that the Miamis of the river St. Joseph rescued by force from us and spared the lives of the Iroquois prison-

*Charlevoix and his map of 1744 were the authorities most depended upon by historians for many years. His map shows fourteen rivers cutting the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, and but three the western. He did not visit the western shore, to be sure, but a score of earlier maps would have informed him fully in regard to the many rivers, towns, and trails long known. Charlevoix was a Jesuit, and he, like others of that order, ignored the discoveries made by those not in sympathy with the Jesuits. Had he consulted Franquelin's map of sixty years previous, he could have shown the "Colonie du Sr. de La Salle," including the "great village of Maramech." But the discoveries of that region were made by La Salle, who hated the Jesuits, justly it seems, and by his companions who were ministered to only by Recolets, whom the Jesuits gave little credit.

ers we were bringing home." (*N. Y. Col. Doc.*, Vol. IX., p. 621.) If the Miamis of "Maramek" had been on the Kalamazoo river, they would never have *passed by* the Miamis of the village on the St. Joseph, for such a route would have been at least fifty miles longer than one leading direct from the Iroquois country to any point on the Kalamazoo. Again, if the Miamis of "Maramek" had been on the Kalamazoo, the Governor of France would have had little occasion to make such an effort as he did to unite them with the Miamis of St. Joseph, for the fifty miles, in that case, would have made the villages practically within hearing distance in case of war with the Iroquois. In a speech at the same conference, "Perrot presented, on the part of the Pepicoquis, who are also Miamis of Maramek, a robe," etc., thus associating these two branches as Franquelin's map places them.

A veil of mystery long hung about Maramech Hill. Some, not conversant with the facts, thought it might have been here that Black Hawk, in 1832, called Shabbona and Waubansie, the Potawattomie chiefs, to a council; but this was guesswork, for all definite traditions touching this hill, if any there ever were, have been forgotten.

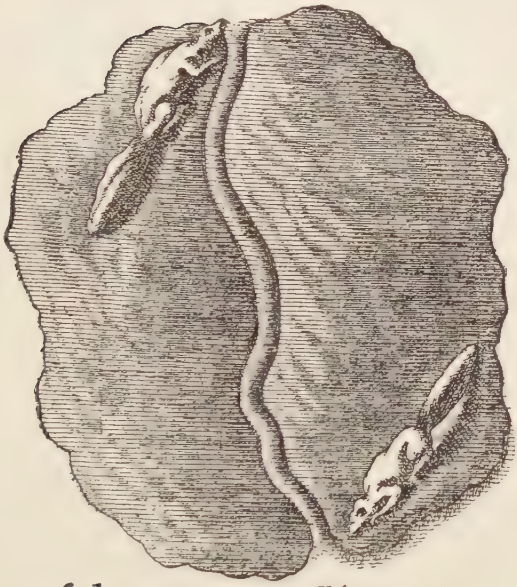
Upon a September day, in 1874, with a friend, I climbed the hill to gain a view of the panorama spread out from its southern summit. My thoughts and what I said to this friend at this, his first visit, proved to be prophetic. I mentioned the many burial mounds on other hills and wondered that the so-called mound-builders had not chosen this beautiful spot as a last resting-place for their dead.

While scanning the surface, as often before, I noticed, for the first time, a depression and a ridge. The ridge and its ditch were easily traced, and, with the curved brow of the hill, they completed a circle enclosing about two acres. Pits also had been dug along the brow. Here had certainly been a defense, and a strategic point it was indeed. Where the ditch met the southern brow of the hill it continued slantwise down; this, I thought, must have been a covered way by which the water of the creek that, but a few years before had run near by, was reached. Indications led me to believe that the ridge had been palisaded. My eyes and thoughts wandered to and along the cool spring-born creek to the east and southeast, from which this hill gently rises; thence on to the river, whose waters, particularly in the summer time, are very warm and not well adapted to quenching thirst, and further on to Sylvan Spring, in the shade of the tall trees a little distance up the river. I said to my friend that trails must have crossed the river not far away, and others have followed the river's course. I also spoke to him of the attractions which this cool creek and the springs must have had to the multitudes who traversed the trails, and of the temptations to the weary coursers of the trails to stop for rest and refreshment. I went further and, pointing to a newly-plowed field, a quarter of a mile away, at the mouth of Big Rock creek, said that we should probably find fragments of pottery and other evidences of a prehistoric occupation. We passed to the fields with hopes of finding proof of the existence of a village, if one had ever existed there and, while

mounting a fence to step into the field, a dozen fragments met my sight in a little gully, where the handiwork of some fair potter of the forest had gone to pieces. For several years since, my spare moments have been spent in walking over the site of this ancient village. I defined its boundaries well, but nothing of its people could be learned until old maps had been consulted.

CHAPTER V

THE FOX TRIBE*



Armes des outagamis apellés renards

TOTEM OF THE FOXES, DRAWN ON A DEERSKIN.

*The Fox tribe called themselves Mesh-kwa-ki-ha-gi. It is thought by Mr. William Jones, a descendant of that tribe, educated at Harvard, that when met by the Frenchmen and asked who they were, they replied: "We are Wa-go-sha-hugi," meaning to say, "We are of the Fox clan." Nearly all writers tell us that Watagamie is the Algonquin name of the fox, but that word may be the name of the fox in some other of the native languages and given to the Foxes by another tribe.

Somewhere south of Lake St. John, in which heads the Saguenay river, a stream in places serene and shadowed by cliffs which are studded by cedar and pine trees, its depths as blue as the sky, there, in a wilderness rich in all its primitive charms, the Fox tribe was first heard of by the French explorers. For our rivers, our mountains and lakes, the native tribes made choice of names significant of some prominent characteristic. It is probable that no braver tribe ever lived on our continent and that no wilder region is known than that from which came the nation called by neighboring natives Musquakees—people of the red earth or banks. What influence this wild region had upon them, we cannot tell. We cannot, with certainty, attribute their dispositions, most ferocious, to their having been nurtured in a cradle where nature is least tame.

As every nation, from time immemorial, has placed upon its banner an emblem, so the wild tribes of America each chose a totem by which to be recognized. The British lion, the American eagle, and the lily of France, relics of barbarism, have no more significance than the fox painted upon the wigwams of the Musquakees. When the French explorers first knew this tribe, they saw the picture of a fox crudely painted upon the shields and wigwams, and at once called them the Renards; but the Algonquin name of the fox was Watagamie, and hence the neighboring tribes so called these people; sometimes, at a later period, however, they were often called Musquaukees. In the French records these names were often used indiscriminately.

Pu-ci-ti-nig-wa, his counselors and the interpreter. Fox Reservation, Tama, Iowa.
(*Photo by Moore, Toledo, Iowa.*)

When Canada and the west came into the possession of the English, the latter called these people the Foxes.

Why they left the wilds north of Montreal, we are not told. Later, we know, they were driven from pillar to post by angered neighbors, and we naturally concluded that they may never have been congenial. The Algonquin stock, of which they were a branch, extended from Cape Race to the Rocky Mountains, both sides of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, and down the Atlantic coast. The Miamis, Sacs, Foxes, Kickapoos and, as well, the Illinois, of whom I shall also say much, spoke the Algonquin language; but among the tribes there existed differences of dialect very noticeable. It will not profit us to waste printer's ink in a discussion of the origin of the American Indians. Whether this continent was peopled from Asia or Asia from this continent we may well leave to ethnologists. That communication by the way of Behring's strait has been constant, since the close of the Glacial Epoch, is as certain as that the Esquimau paddles his kayak hundreds of miles, sometimes far beyond the sight of land. About midway in Behring's strait, which is only thirty-six miles wide, with Asia and America both in sight on any fogless day, one standing on the Diomede islands may see that intercourse between the two continents has not been in the least difficult. The babel of languages found in America is only accounted for by the supposition of an immense period of time and isolation of the various tribes, from time to time.

Our people having the fox as their totem seem to

have been mentioned in the *Jesuit Relations* of 1640. North and west of Montreal, between lakes Nipissing and St. John, the Ouachegami were said to be located; also were there known the Kristinon and other Algonquin tribes. Each of the explorers and missionaries made the best effort possible to him in writing these names, and we find the name of a tribe spelled a dozen ways. That the "Ouachegami" tribe was the "Outagamie" (Watagamie), seems probable. As in the French language the vowel sound before a vowel represented by our *w* has no single symbol, we find in its stead *ou*, and hence we conclude that Ouachegami, as there given, and later Watagamie, as often spelled, no doubt refer to the same tribe.

The name "Watagamie," the Algonquin word for fox, it is said, was chosen by this tribe, and the fox was made its totem; but, if traditions be depended upon, it seems quite likely that the name Musquaukee was given to a branch of the tribe, by its neighbors, after it had passed around the straits and reached the western shores of Lake Michigan, near Green Bay. By some it is thought that they bore the name Musquaukee while yet in Canada, north of Montreal. The legend of the Red Banks tends to lead us to a contrary belief, for the word Musquaukee means "red banks," or "red earth," from *moskwah*, red, and *aki*, banks, or earth. In Vol. II. of the *Wisconsin Historical Collections* is found the legend of the Red Banks, as told by an Indian woman, then living near the Red river, on the eastern shore of Green Bay, by name O-Kee-Wah, or "The Sea." The story had been told her in childhood. She had

dreamed it over, and her imagination led her, no doubt, to magnify the deeds, particularly of the people from whom she believed herself to have descended. The fleet of canoes was magnified; the number of warriors was greatly multiplied, and the number of deaths probably greater than the actual number engaged. The high lands between Lake Michigan and Green Bay present bold cliffs of red clay. They are called the Red Banks. North of the present city of Green Bay, some twelve miles, an ancient earthwork may be traced, evidently a defense. The embankment originally high, was probably supplemented by palisades as many similar defenses were of which we have accounts. A ditch is outside quite likely, as it was the custom of the Indians to plant timbers vertically in the ground and heap the earth against them, thus leaving a depression on one or both sides. Evidences of the existence of three bastions may yet be seen. The embankment formed three sides, and a precipice, about a hundred feet in height, the fourth. It was the custom of the early tribes to select, for their defense, places that Nature had best adapted for the purpose. When I shall have told the story of Maramech Hill, it will be seen that there a similar choice was made. In each case water was reached by a covered passageway leading to the shore. Steps may have been cut in the clay, as was also the probable case at Maramech; a covering of branches of trees hid those descending for water. Palisaded walls about the center of the works at the Red Banks served a purpose that we can only guess—quite likely some structures for

housing the aged and invalids. The promontory, north of this enclosure, may have served as a look-out, or may have been the place of burial of some chief of an older people, the only knowledge of whom is reached by a study of the great mounds of the Mississippi and Ohio valleys. In the far west were tribes that lived on cliffs and mesas, so nearly inaccessible as to render their places of abode practically impregnable. Their fields were in the valleys below. It seems to me probable that the defenses at the Red Banks were likewise the actual village site of the Musquaukee branch of the Foxes, and that the hundred or more acres southward were the fields in which, in times of peace, they raised their corn, watermelons, beans, and a variety of other grains and vegetables, long cultivated by the natives, regarding which we have been only partially informed. The corn ridges are said to have been visible more than a hundred years later than the last occupation.

Listen to the romantic account of the tragedy of the Red Banks: We seem to see O-Kee-Wah sitting at the wigwam fire, with the animation of childhood incident to her advanced years, telling the story as she heard it. The wigwam fire, always small to avoid filling the cabin with smoke, burning spasmodically, lights up and, in turn, hides the wrinkles that tell of age. Her people, she does not tell us how many generations back, were with the attacking party. She seems to feel what these warriors felt during the struggle, the scenes of which she is painting in words. She tells us that the Sacs then lived with the Foxes at the Red Banks. How long

they lived there she does not know, but they were a people much dreaded. Their fields were large and fish were abundant in the bay. Councils were held among the neighboring tribes, and they united with the Menominees, who lived on the western shore, to make an effort to rid the country of the people of the Red Banks. The Chippewas, Pottawatomies, Ottawas, and others formed the attacking party. O-Kee-Wah tells us of the immense number of canoes filled with the bravest warriors, who landed along the beach for a great distance and moved against the Red Banks in the night. It was before the time of firearms or steel arrow-points, and hence the old method of Indian warfare was followed. Canoe after canoe moved to the foot of the steep bluff with braves, while other warriors surrounded the defenses on the land side.

The besiegers, at night, sought their positions undiscovered, except by a woman whose parents lived within the fort. Unwillingly she had been made the wife of one of the Sacs, not far away; and as she ran from his wigwam to her old home she passed the lines of the attacking party. Rushing into the fort, she awakened her family and exclaimed, as was the custom in cases of great danger, "We are all dead!" Her story was not believed until, at dawn, the hour usually chosen by the Indian for attack, the full truth was made known. The siege lasted many days. Both besiegers and the besieged fought bravely. O-Kee-Wah tells us that the blood was ankle deep within the walls; that the water supply was cut off by the warriors in the canoes; that every effort was made to obtain it by

stealth at night, and by dropping blankets, by means of cords, in the daytime. The taunts uttered and the thirst of the braves did prompt some to go down, where they met defeat and death at the hands of the allies. She tells us of the heat of the burning sun and the dreadful sufferings from thirst; she tells of the partial relief by rainfall, and we seem to feel the pangs they felt while watching the beautiful waters of the bay lapping the shores in poetic rhythm—so near and yet so far. She tells us of a dream and of the words of the dreamer. "Listen!" he says. "Last night there stood by me the form of a young man, clothed in white, who said, 'I was alive once, was dead, and now live forever; only trust in me, now and always, and I will deliver you; to-night at midnight I will cast a deep sleep upon your enemies. Then go forth silently.'"

Dreams, mere vagaries as we know them, have often been considered by the savages either as admonitions or commands from the Great Spirit or, at least, warnings from the Spirit Land. They served as an incentive to action, usually greater than the commands of the chief. They were the rule of life. Each young warrior, when nearing the age of manhood, sought solitude and fasted for many days, hunger often driving him near to madness, and in his troubled sleep to dreams of war and of the chase. Whatever the material object he dreamed of, that thing he made his mascot. Whatever that dream was, it influenced him through life.

"The dream of the young man of the legend," she continues, "was believed to be a direct revelation from the Great Spirit and, thus encouraged, all

of the besieged who attempted to make their escape, while the besiegers were wrapped in deep slumber, succeeded. A few doubting ones who remained were massacred when came the following dawn."

That the Sac (the "Osaukies"), the people of the yellow earth, were probably from the same region as the Foxes is made evident by Black Hawk, who tells us that his great-grandfather, Thunder, a Sac, lived in the region north of Montreal. We are told that the Foxes were the first to move westward and that they established themselves near Green Bay, Wis. Whether they fled from belligerent neighbors or were first to believe that to remain in the vicinity of the Iroquois, who were occupying what is now New York, meant extinction, we are not informed. Their brothers, the Sacs, were found, soon after the Foxes are supposed to have come west, at Saginaw Bay, which took its present name from Saukenong, the town of the Sacs. "The Sacs, although few in number, are divided into two factions, of which one is attached to the Watagamies, and the other to the Pottawatomies," says Charlevoix (V., 432).

Fragmentary records speak of Sacs sometimes being allied with the Foxes, and often against them. It is probable that it was the faction of the Sacs which was friendly to the Pottawatomies that many times turned its hand against the Foxes; but it is not credible that either faction was so fickle as to be one day with the Foxes and the next against them. The Foxes would have put an end to such fickleness by effectual means, or have fled the country.

Some time after the Foxes had reached northern Wisconsin, possibly before they were defeated at

the Red Banks, they made common cause with the Sioux against the Ojibwas (Chippewas). At a certain time a large party of Foxes floated down the Ontonagon river in their small canoes. They landed in the night on the island of the Ojibwas, and early in the morning captured four women who had gone to gather wood. The revenge of the Ojibwas was quick and complete. As the Foxes, by their exultant yells, made known to their enemies the course of their flight, hundreds of Ojibwa warriors hastily embarked in their large lake canoes in pursuit. A dense fog covered the lake and, depending upon this for eventual escape and confident in their numbers, the Foxes, intoxicated with their success, kept up a continual yelling and singing. The Ojibwas, thus guided, silently and swiftly pursued them, purposely keeping in their wake until they arrived opposite a steep, rocky coast a mile above the mouth of Montreal river and eight leagues from the "Point," where they fell on the Foxes with great fury. Fighting in large canoes which sat firmly in the water, they almost destroyed the entire party of four hundred Foxes who, being in small canoes, were upset and most of them drowned or dispatched in the water.

Soon after the above occurrence, the tradition informs us, a party of Foxes fell on a camp of Ojibwas while the men were out hunting. They captured two youths, having driven them into boggy ground. One of the prisoners was the son of the principal Ojibwa chief. The father of the young man was one of the hunting party. Upon his return home he heard the heart-rending news and, knowing

that the boy's fate would be the stake, he immediately pursued the retreating captors alone. Following in their trail he arrived at one of their principal villages, where the Foxes were in the act of burning their captive. He stepped boldly into the midst of his enemies and requested that he be allowed to take the place of his son. "My son," said he, "has seen but a few winters; his feet have never trod the warpath; but the hairs of my head are white, and over the graves of my relatives I have hung many scalps that I have taken from the heads of your warriors." The old war chief's offer was accepted by the Foxes; his son was released and himself burned at the stake with all the tortures that savage ingenuity could invent.

The story of Damon and Pythias has often been acted among the savage tribes of America, and the above instance is only one of the hundred that have become matters of history.

The son returned to his people and was afterward known by the name of his father. This act was terribly avenged by the Ojibwa tribe. A large party was collected and sent against the towns of the Foxes, and it did not return until after six villages of their enemy had been laid waste and the inhabitants killed or driven away. The war between these tribes was bloody in the extreme, and was carried on with all the cruelty of savage warfare. Captives were taken and burned. The practice of torturing an enemy existed among the savages before the coming of the white man, and long before the Foxes left the vicinity of Montreal. Notwithstanding this, a tradition exists among the Ojibwas which

purports to be an account of the origin of the custom. (Schoolcraft, Part II., 142.)

"A noted warrior of the Ojibwas was once taken captive by his nephew, the son of his sister, who had been captured and married among the Foxes. The nephew, to show the Foxes, of whom he had practically become one, his utter disregard for any relationship with the Ojibwas, planted a stake in the ground and, taking his captive by the arm, tied his feet and hands to the stake, remarking that he wished to warm his uncle by a good fire. He then built a large fire, and after roasting one side of his captive, turned the other to the blaze. When the naked body had been burnt to a blister he untied his uncle and told him to go home and tell the Ojibwas how the Foxes treat their uncles. The uncle recovered from his fire wounds, and in a future excursion succeeded in capturing his nephew. He took him to the village of the Ojibwas where he tied him to a stake and, taking a fresh elkskin on which a layer of fat had purposely been left, he placed it over a fire until it became an immense blaze; then throwing it over the shoulders of his nephew, remarked, "Nephew, when I was in your village you warmed me before a good fire; now I, in turn, give you a mantle to warm yourself." The elkskin, covered with fat, burned furiously, wrapping the body of his nephew in a dreadful mantle that soon consumed him. This act, the tradition states, was repeated by the Foxes, and death by fire soon became customary with both tribes.

We are told by Schoolcraft, for whose statements we must sometimes make allowances, that the

Foxes were, in a measure, allied with the Iroquois in the wars that annihilated the Hurons. He would have us believe that they formed a part of the so-called "Neutral Nation," north of lakes Erie and Ontario, so often referred to by the priests and explorers. It is not easy to believe that this tribe could remain neutral and thus win that name, if there was a war going on within a few hundred miles of them. However, when first we learn of the Foxes with absolute certainty, they were near the head of Green Bay, where they were making history for themselves with a vengeance. Around Green Bay many small nations had already gathered for mutual protection against the Iroquois. Father Allouez was one of the first to write them up; but we must bear in mind, when reading what he says, that these tribes had for some time been subjected to the contaminating influence of the fur-traders who were, in fact, the true discoverers of all portions of the west, rather than the Jesuit missionaries who followed them and claimed all the honors.

As in the case of Joliet and Marquette, the priests were mainly drones of the various expeditions; they usually had leisure to write while the industrious were at the oars. The hardships they tell of were likely overdrawn.

Of the Sacs, with whom the Foxes were often allied, the father says: "As for the Ousakes, they, above all others, can be called savages; they are very numerous, but wandering and scattered in the forests without any fixed abode."

In an account, Father Allouez, referring to the Foxes, says: "These savages withdrew to these

regions to escape the persecutions of the Iroquois, and settled in an excellent country, the soil of which is black, thus yielding them Indian corn in abundance. They live by the chase during the winter, returning to their cabins toward its close and live there on Indian corn hidden the previous autumn; they season it with fish. In the midst of their clearing they have a fort, where their cabins of heavy bark are well suited for resisting all sorts of attacks. On their journeys they make cabins of mats. They are at war with the Sioux, their neighbors. Canoes are not used by them, and for that reason they do not make war on the Iroquois, although they have been killed by them. They are held in low estimation, and are considered by other nations as stingy, avaricious, choleric, and quarrelsome. They have had a very poor opinion of the French ever since two traders for beaver skins appeared among them. If these men had behaved as they ought, I would have less trouble in giving these poor people other ideas of the whole French nation, which they are beginning to esteem since I explained to them the principle and motive that brought me to their country."

This is one of the many sighs found in the *Jesuit Relations*—sighs over the French immoralities, often uttered between words of praise of the honor and uprightness of the natives. An investigation made by Schoolcraft shows that the Foxes were a very large-brained people. That they were brainy is shown by their activity and success where the odds were not too greatly against them.

Judge James Hall (*History of N. A. Indians*) char-

acterizes the Foxes as "always restless and discontented; Ishmaelites of the lakes; their hand against every man and every man's hand against them." If not thieves by nature, they soon became such by schooling, and the traders were excellent teachers.

Fair specimens. Tama Reservation.

CHAPTER VI

Tradition must be depended upon until the time that the Foxes were found by the first French explorers who left definite accounts of them. They were located near Green Bay. Whether Nicolet, who reached Green Bay in 1639,* found any of them there we are not told. The traders who dealt with these tribes made few records, and it was left to the Jesuit Fathers who, as was their custom, followed the traders into the nooks and corners of the western country, and were thus enabled to prepare the records now known as the *Jesuit Relations*, and to tell us of the natives they met.

Near the Foxes were the less warlike Menominees and the Kickapoos and Mascoutins. The last-mentioned tribes are said by some to have been related to the Foxes, politically or otherwise, which, however, could only have been through intermarriages and treaties. The Kickapoos seem to have been allies of the Sacs and Foxes in many of the wars against the French, English, and Americans; and one or both of these tribes, as well as the Foxes, gained the enmity of the French to such an extent that, at an early date, their destruction was determined upon. (Perrot's Manuscripts.)

The result of all the struggles between them and the French shows that the determination of the

*Davidson, in his *Unnamed Wisconsin*, says 1634.

French to destroy that tribe was followed by years of indifferent success.

That the Iroquois had anything to do with the driving of the Foxes from the vicinity of the St. Lawrence river we are not certain; but early as 1661 the Iroquois rounded the head of Lake Michigan, on their way to attack the Foxes, with what result we are not told, unless La Hontan's story, soon to follow, refers to it; but we are informed that they killed a number of warriors of the Illinois tribes, which act kindled the long war between the Iroquois and the last named. This predatory warfare practically resulted in the breaking up of the Illinois Confederacy in twenty years. The story of the early defeats of the various nations that formed the prey of the Iroquois on the one hand and of the Sioux on the other, was first told to the French explorers at the Falls of St. Mary in 1665, where a grand council of the many tribes inhabiting the region west of Lake Michigan was held.

The Pottawatomies, from the south of Green Bay, Sacs and Foxes from the west, Hurons from the north of the lakes, and the Illinois from far south of the Pottawatomies, all told of their ancient glory and diminished numbers. In addition to their sad stories, they told of the vast prairies, of the abundance of game, the fertility of the soil, and the mildness of the climate of their possessions. Father Allouez was at this council and wrote much regarding it.

Following the traders, the Jesuits founded missions at the villages of many of the tribes, and finally one among the Foxes and the Sacs. These allied

nations mingled with the various other tribes above mentioned, most of whom spoke dialects of the Algonquin language. The differences in speech were largely in the matter of pronunciation, which made it somewhat difficult, even for the various Algonquin tribes, to communicate with each other, and still more difficult on the part of the French to make themselves understood.

Father Allouez prided himself that, after a little labor, he could make them understand sufficiently to enable him to instruct them in matters he believed necessary to their salvation. He says: "The country of the Outagami [Foxes] is to the side of the south, towards the lake of the Illinois. They are a numerous people and have about one thousand men carrying arms; that is, hunters and warriors. They have fields of Indian corn, and dwell in a country having many advantages as far as hunting of the wild cat, deer, buffalo, and beaver is concerned. They do not use the canoe, and ordinarily make their journeys by land, carrying on their shoulders their packages and game.* These people are abandoned to idolatry as much as are the other nations. One day, being in the cabin of an Outagami, I found his father and mother dangerously ill; and having said that bleeding would cure them, the poor man took some tobacco, reduced it to a powder, and threw it on my gown on all sides, saying to me, 'Thou art a spirit; proceed to render health to these sick people; I offer to thee this tobacco in sacrifice.' 'What dost thou, my brother?' I said to him, 'I am nothing. It is He who made all that is

*This will be found to be a mistake.

my Master, and I am only His servant.' 'Well,' he replied, at the same time scattering some tobacco on the ground and raising high his eyes, 'this is then of Thee, who hast created the heavens and earth, that I offer this tobacco; give health to the sick.' These people are not alienated from the recognition of the Creator of the world, for they have already said to me what I have reported, that they recognize, in their country, the Great Spirit who has made the heavens and the earth, and who dwells towards the country of the French. It is said of them and the Ousaki [Sacs] that when they find a man wandering, and it is to their advantage, they kill him if he is a Frenchman, for they cannot bear a man with whiskers. This sort of cruelty renders them less disposed to the Gospel than the Pouteouatami [Pottawatomies]. I have not, however, omitted to proclaim the Gospel to nearly six score of persons who have passed the summer here, but I have not found among them any sufficiently well disposed to receive baptism. I conferred it, nevertheless, on five sick children, who then recovered their health.

"As for the Ousaki, one can well call them savages above all others. They are in great numbers, but are vagrants, wandering in the forest without any permanent abode. I have seen nearly two hundred and have proclaimed the faith and have baptized eighteen of their children."

Father Allouez speaks often of the Foxes. In the *Jesuit Relations* of 1669-71, we read: "On the sixteenth of April I embarked to go and begin the mission to the Outagamis [Foxes], a people of considerable note in all these regions. We slept at

the head of the bay, at the mouth of the river des Puaus, which we have named for Saint Francis. On our way we saw clouds of swans, bustards, and ducks. The savages set snares for them at the head of the bay, where they catch as many as fifty in one night; this game seeking in the autumn the wild oats that the wind has shaken off in the month of September. On the 17th we ascended the river Saint Francis, which is two and sometimes three arpents wide. After proceeding four leagues we found the village of the savages called Sacs, whose people were beginning a work that well deserves to have its place here. From one bank of the river to the other they make a barricade by driving down large stakes in two brasses of water [two arms length], so that there is a kind of bridge over the stream for the fishermen who, with the help of a small weir, easily catch the sturgeon and every other kind of fish which this dam stops, although the water does not cease to flow between the stakes. They call this contrivance *mitikikan*, and it serves them during the spring and a part of the summer.

"On the 20th, which was Sunday, I said mass, after voyaging five or six leagues on the lake, and we came to a river flowing from a lake bordered with wild oats. This stream we followed and found at the end of it the river that leads to the Outagamies in one direction, and to the Maskoutens in the other. We entered this first stream, which flows from a lake; there we saw some turkeys perched on a tree, male and female, resembling perfectly those of France—the same size, the same color, and the same cry. Bustards, ducks, swans, and geese are in

great numbers on all the lakes and rivers; the wild oats, on which they live, attracting them thither. There are large and small stags, bears, and beavers in great abundance.

"On the 24th, after turning and doubling several times in various lakes and rivers, we arrived at the village of the Outagamies. The people came in crowds to meet us, in order to see, as they said, the Manitou who was coming to their country. They accompanied us with respect as far as the door of the cabin which we were made to enter. This nation is renowned for being populous, the men who bear arms numbering more than four hundred; while the number of women and children there is the greater on account of the polygamy which prevails among them, each man having commonly four wives, some having six, and others as many as ten. Six large cabins of these poor people were put to rout this month of March by eighteen Iroquois from Isonnontouan, who, under the guidance of two fugitive Iroquois slaves of the Pottawatomies, made an onslaught and killed all the people except thirty women whom they led away as captives. As the men were away hunting, they met with but little resistance, there being only six warriors left in the cabins, besides the women and children, who numbered a hundred or thereabouts. This carnage was committed two days' journey from the place of our winterquarters at the foot of the lake of the Illinois, which is called Machikiganing [Michigan]. On the 25th I called together the Elders in a large assembly with the purpose of giving them the first acquaintance with our mysteries. I began with the

invocation of the Holy Ghost, to whom we had made our appeal during our journey, to pray for His blessing upon our labors. Then when I had, by means of a present which I thought I ought to make them, dried the tears which the remembrance of the massacre perpetrated by the Iroquois caused them to shed, I explained to them the principal articles of our faith and made known the law and the commandments of God, the rewards promised to those that shall obey Him and the punishments prepared by Him for those who shall not obey Him. They understood me without my having need of an interpreter; but, oh my God, what ideas and ways contrary to the Gospel these poor people have and how much need there is of very powerful grace to conquer their hearts; they accept the unity and sovereignty of God, Creator of all things; for the rest they have not a word to say. An Outagami told me in private that his ancestor had come from Heaven and that he had preached the unity and sovereignty of God who had made all the other gods; that he had assured them that he would go to Heaven after his death, where he should die no more; and that his body would not be found in the place where it had been buried, which was verified, said this Outagami, the body being no longer found where it had been put.

"These are fables which God uses for their salvation, for after the man had finished telling me everything, he added that he was dismissing all of his wives, retaining only one, whom he would not change, and that he was resolved to obey me and pray to God. I hope that God will show him mercy.

"I tried to visit the people in their cabins, which are in very great numbers, sometimes for the purpose of instructing them in private, and at other times to go and carry them some little medicine, or rather something sweet for their little sick children, whom I was baptizing. Toward the end they brought them to me voluntarily in the cabin where I lodged. I spoke their language in the assurance they gave me that they understood me; it is the same as that of the Sacs; but, alas, what difficulty they have in apprehending a law that is so opposed to all their customs. . . .

"On the 26th the Elders came into the cabin where I was lodging to hold counsel there. The assembly having been convened, the captain, after laying at my feet a present of some skins, harangued in the following terms: 'We thank thee for having come to visit and console us in our affliction; and we are the more obliged to thee, inasmuch as no one has hitherto shown us that kindness.' They added that they had nothing further to say to me except that they were too dispirited to speak to me, being all occupied in mourning their dead.

" 'Do thou, black gown, who art not dispirited and who takest pity on people, take pity on us as thou shalt deem best. Thou couldst dwell here near us to protect us from our enemies, and to teach us to speak to the great Manitou, the same as thou teachest the savages of the Sault. Thou couldest cause to be restored to us our wives who were led away prisoners. Thou couldst stay the arms of the Iroquois, and speak to them of peace in our behalf for the future. I have not the intelligence to say

anything to thee; take pity on us in the way thou shalt judge most fitting. When thou seest the Iroquois, tell them that they have taken me for some one else. I do not make war on them. I have not eaten [killed] their people; but my neighbors took them prisoners and made me a present of them; I adopted them, and they are living here as my children.'

"This speech has nothing of the barbarian in it. I told them that, in the treaty of peace which the French had made with the Iroquois, no mention had been made of them; that no Frenchmen had then been here and that they were not known; that, as to other matters, I much approved what their captain had said; that I would not forget it, and that in the following autumn I would render them an answer. Meanwhile, I told them to fortify themselves in their resolution to obey the true God, who alone could procure them what they asked for and infinitely more.

"In the evening four savages of the nation of the Miamis arrived from a place two days' journey hence, bringing three Iroquois scalps and a half-smoked arm, to console the relatives of those whom the Iroquois had killed a short time before. On the 27th we took our departure, commending to the good angels the seeds sown in the hearts of these poor people, who listened to me with respect and attention. There is a glorious and rich harvest for a zealous and patient missionary. We named this mission after Saint Mark, because on his day the Faith was proclaimed there."

Father Allouez later reports to his superiors con-

cerning these people and the mission of St. Mark, at the village of the Outagami. This mission was the first ever established among the Foxes. He says of these people: "They are haughty because of their numbers, their cabins being reckoned as more than two hundred, while in each there are five or six and even as many as ten families." Reckoning each family at five persons, this would give them more than six thousand in a village. He says: "Several other nations swell the size of this one, or rather make a Babylon of it by the disorder which reigns there." He regarded them "light of faith," having yet made no impression on them. "They had formed a plan," he further says, "as they are proud and arrogant, to take vengeance by killing some Frenchmen for the ill-treatment they had themselves received during the past summer."

How mistaken was the father, for the light of faith has not yet made sufficient impression upon the world to suppress the spirit of vengeance! At the present time our laws are not a far departure from those of Moses, and when the spirit of revenge is not suppressed the mob cries out, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth."

The father tells us that the young French explorers did not dare to set foot there for fear of punishment which this father and others, in their reports, showed that they so often deserved; but the vainglorious father informed his superiors that all this did not frighten him. He counted himself happy to expose his life to evident danger in order to bear the Gospel to these poor barbarians, as he had done to all the people of this region. This father was

modest in comparison with some of those who wrote the reports known as the *Relations*. As we look over the field, the hundred years in which they labored in the wilds of America, we find that they were quite safe. A few were killed, and some burned at the stake; but all things considered, they were far from danger compared with the *coureurs du bois*, as the clandestine traders were called. Going over their experiences, as we now find them in cold type, one impression is likely to strike the reader—they prated of their deeds and of desiring to become martyrs, but they showed the usual amount of prudence in their efforts to save their lives; they reported their sufferings, due to ill-treatment and hardships, and spoke of their successes in the wars with the jugglers (medicine men) and Satan. They tell us, by the way, of a custom among the savages that their own boastings remind us of.

When war's excitement sways the savages a chief or leading warrior wishing to recruit a force to go against an enemy, plants a post in the midst of the village. Around this the warriors gather, and each, in turn, recites the brave deeds of his life. He throws his hatchet so that its edge strikes the post and stops there, or brandishing it, he strikes the blow as upon the head of an enemy, dances around the post and boasts of the number of scalps he has taken, and of the prisoners he has captured. In pantomime he draws the bow and sends arrow after arrow at an imaginary foe; he jumps as if to dodge or parry a blow; he leaps upon an imaginary enemy, bears him to the ground, and with a quick movement of his knife, cuts the scalp and tears it from

the head. It sometimes happens, however, that his vainglory exceeds the bounds of reason, when he is immediately humbled by some warrior who, knowing that he is lying, rushes up and throws some dirt into his mouth. The Jesuit Fathers had no such fear to restrain them, for each, alone at his mission, had no one to dispute him when writing his reports, or accuse him of overdrawing.*

*The above facts regarding Allouez's experience are largely gathered from Burrows Brothers' *Jesuit Relations.*

CHAPTER VII

The Foxes, when first visited by the traders, were on a river of Wisconsin flowing from west to east and emptying into Green Bay, to which river the French gave the name that, translated into English, became Fox river. Father Allouez first visited them at their village, where he established the mission of St. Mark in 1671. He traveled many days over ice and snow in the severest part of winter to get there. Reaching the village, "he had no sooner entered it," he tells us, "than he went from cabin to cabin, cheering some with the hope of paradise and frightening others with the fear of hell." He further says that from these haughty natures he was bound to expect nothing but repulse and mockery, with which they at first received the words he bore them, especially in certain cabins whose chiefs had as many as eight wives and into which he could not step without feeling that he was walking into a seraglio. Nevertheless, the father's perseverance won the day and he saw that these people were insensibly softening, and that what they at first received with mockery, they soon after received with fear and respect. "I was preparing myself for death," he says, "meeting at first nothing but insolence and repulses from these barbarians; and lo! they are listening to me with attention and patience beyond what I could have expected even from the best disposed people. I enter all the cabins, making

the sick pray to God, and baptizing the dying. A few days after my arrival, while witnessing the death of a person upon whom I had just conferred baptism, what joy I experienced in seeing a soul take flight to heaven from so wanton a country."

The father's picture of the people, of whom I shall treat, will bear further scrutiny.

"I still have reason to be surprised at the looks of endearment which I received from most of these people, instead of the trouble that I expected, and more yet at the simplicity of a good old man in whose cabin I publicly explained the holy mystery of the incarnation and death of Jesus Christ. As soon as I produced my crucifix to display before these people, this good man, at the sight of it, wished to acknowledge it as his god and to worship it by offering the incense of this country; it consisting of a powdered tobacco, of which he took two or three handfuls and, one by one, scattered it over the crucifix and over me, which is the highest mark of honor they can show toward those they regard as spirits. I could hardly restrain my tears of joy at seeing the crucifix of Jesus Christ worshipped by a savage the very first time he was told about Him."

It does not seem, to one reading these reports, that this sentiment could have taken very deep root so quickly. But did it ever take root? Was not the introduction of so-called civilization the besom that swept this tribe almost entirely from the face of the earth? In their wretched wigwams in the little reservation of Iowa, missionaries still labor

for the salvation of the souls of the decaying tribe. The good father labored on.

"A woman did almost the same thing when, being thoroughly instructed and receiving baptism, and at the point of rendering up her soul, as she afterward did, she repeatedly threw handfuls of tobacco on the crucifix which I offered her; her intention being the same as that of those who kiss it devotedly."

The whole village being fully imbued with the mysteries, by both public and private instruction, the father took his departure after baptizing five children and two adults, and after receiving assurance from the elders that upon his return he should find a chapel there, which they would build themselves, for entering upon the discharge of the functions of Christianity.

"Thus those people are being changed from wolves into lambs, and little by little, but with the exercise of much patience, are being won to Jesus Christ; and hence we hope a Faith will spread to many nations who have intercourse with this one, and to whom we cannot have access without great difficulty.

"The Ilimouec [Illinois] speak the language of the Algonquins, but it differs much from that of the other tribes. I understand them but little, for I have had but little conversation with them. They dwell in this vicinity; their country is more than sixty leagues southward, beyond a large river that discharges, as I conjecture, in the sea near Virginia. These people are hunters and warriors; they use the bow and arrow, rarely the gun, and never the canoe.

This was a numerous nation, distributed in ten villages, but at present reduced to two. The continual wars with the Nadouessi [Sioux] on one side, and the Iroquois on the other, have nearly exterminated them. They recognize several spirits to whom they offer sacrifices. They practice a kind of dance, peculiar to themselves, that they call the dance of the Calumet, in the following manner: They prepare a large pipe that they ornament with plumes and put it in the middle of the place, handling it with a kind of veneration; one of the company raises it, at the same time dancing, and then yields his place to a second, this one to a third, and this to another. One would take this dance as a ballet in pantomime that is made to rhythm with the sound of a drum. He makes war, he prepares his arms, runs, discovers the enemy, retires, then approaches and utters the whoop, then kills the enemy, takes his scalp and returns singing the song of victory,* but doing all this with an unusual promptness and surprising activity.

"After all have danced, one after the other, around the pipe, one takes it and presents it to the most noted of all the assembly to smoke, then to another, and consecutively to all, wishing by this ceremony to signify that which in France is done by several drinking from the same glass. But more: One leaves the pipe in the hands of the most honorable one present as a sacred trust and as

* This last is very similar to that practiced by most other tribes, called "striking the post," and I think that the father's mind was confused and hence he mingled two dances in his account.

a sure pledge of peace and union that shall continue as long as it remains in the hands of this person.

"Among all the spirits to whom they make sacrifices, they honor One particularly that is more prominent than the others because it is this One who has created all things. They have such a desire to see this Spirit that they make long fasts, hoping by this means God will present Himself to them during their troubled sleep; if it happens that they see Him, they deem themselves happy and assured of a long life.

"All of the nations of the south have the same wish to see God, which is without doubt a great advantage for their conversion, for it only remains to instruct them in the manner they should serve to see Him and be happy. I have here published the name of Jesus Christ to eighty persons of this nation, and they have carried and published it to all the country south, with praise, so that I can say that at this mission, where I have least labored, is where my labor has been most effective. Among themselves they honor our Saviour in their fashion, of whom they put the image that I have given them in a place most honored when they make some celebrated feast, and the master of the banquet addresses himself to this image in an honorable tone. It is Him they honor, the Man God, to Him they say: 'We make this feast for Thee. It is to Thee that we present these goods.' I avow it is there where appear the most beautiful fields for the Gospel. If I had the leisure and the accommodations, I would have gone among them to see with my own eyes the good that to me has been recounted. I find those with whom I have had to do affable and humane,

and it is said that when they encounter some stranger they make a cry of joy, caress him, and render to him all the proofs of friendship they can. I have only baptized one child of this nation. The seeds of the Faith that I have sown in their souls will bear fruits when the Master of the vine wishes to gather it.

"Their country is warm, and they sow Indian corn twice a year.* There are rattlesnakes that often cause death, lacking, as they do, an antidote.† They hold medicine in high esteem and present sacrifices to it as to the Great Spirit. They have no great forests, but very large prairies where the buffalo, the deer, the bear, and other animals exist in great numbers."

The father, in a later voyage to Green Bay, found the savages in their winterquarters, which consisted of a single village of Sacs, Pottawatomies, Foxes, and Winnebagoes, in all six hundred people, more or less. Farther on, along the Fox river of Wisconsin, were other villages of the Foxes, and about a day's journey farther still were the Miamis. He had gained a knowledge of all these people at the "Mission of the Holy Spirit," on Lake Superior.

He began giving instructions to the Sacs early in the year 1671. Later he embarked for the mission of the Foxes, and says: "These people came in

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* This is a mistake that is repeated in nearly all accounts left by the French. That these people raised an early and a late variety of corn, in order that the roasting ears might continue for a long time, was as true then as it now is with us.

† Few things are now better known than that a certain plant was used as an antidote and believed to be effective.

flocks to see us; they said they came to see the Manitou who was coming to their country; they accompanied us with respect as far as the doors of a cabin where we were made to enter."

The father then went westward to the village of the Miamis, and thence returned to the Pottawatomies and Winnebagoes.

He visited the tribes in the vicinity of Green Bay on the following year and found the natives highly incensed against the French, who were trading with them.

"They were abusing the French and robbing them of their goods, and subjecting them to insults and indignities. The natives had received ill-treatment from the French, whom they had visited for purposes of trade, and claimed to have suffered much from the hands of the soldiers. In order to avenge themselves these people had chosen forty of their young men, appointed a captain whom they placed over them, and thus formed a company of soldiers for the purpose of treating the Frenchmen who were in the region in the same manner that the soldiers at the French settlements had treated them. A council was held with the same formalities that they had seen at the settlement of the French. The newly-made soldiers took it upon themselves to imitate the ceremonies that had prevailed among the French, but with the manner of savages. When it was time to assemble they came to us with muskets at shoulder arms, and hatchets instead of swords at the belt. During the sitting of the assembly they continued to do mock sentry duty at the cabin door, in as dignified a way as they could, pacing, which

the savages never do, with muskets first on one shoulder, then on the other, striking astonishing attitudes more and more ridiculous the more they tried to act seriously. The father could hardly refrain from laughter, although treating of important matters; viz., the mysteries of religion and what one must do to not burn eternally in hell."

We read much in the *Jesuit Relations* of the efforts of the fathers to save the souls of the savages, and some have told us that when they could not "win them by presenting the beauties of heaven, they frightened them by threats of the torments of hell." The old men once called upon the father and tried to justify themselves concerning the disorders which the young men had been guilty of. As the father had reprimanded them, they explained that their soldiers had not used the French as badly as they themselves had been used at the French settlements; that they had injured none, but bore the marks of broken arms, cut hands, and other wounds that had been inflicted upon them.

The fathers explain, in the *Jesuit Relations*, their methods of reaching the hearts of the savages. Father Allouez, for instance, reviewed the lessons he had given them during the spring, touching upon the sovereignty and unity of God and the incarnation of His Son; enlarged upon "some of the truths more sensible and touching, as, for example, of paradise and hell"; and in order to give a better knowledge of the cause and to enter by means of the eyes far into the hearts of those who came to listen, he showed them a picture of the judgment and took occasion to explain to them some of the

good fortunes of the saints and the torments of the damned.

The *Jesuit Relations* are rich in expressions indicating the tender-heartedness of the fathers, but such illustrations as the above lead us to believe that that reputation was due to the fact that each praised the other. Each lauded the other on the results of his efforts, and they consoled themselves with having secured the eternal salvation of so many, the greater portion if not most of whom were children baptized at the point of death. This baptism in many instances was performed without the knowledge of the parents. The adults were slow in accepting the Christian religion. They could not understand how it could be that people of the Christian nation, France, could misbehave to the extent they did and merit everlasting happiness, while they (savage) lived moral lives. Deprived of the knowledge of Christ, because of some wise purpose of the Creator, they could not believe that they needed the interposition of the "black robes" to save them. It still remains a question with many not lacking in wisdom which should be man's greater guide—the natural or a so-called revealed religion. They were ignorant of the latter, but we are told that in general a day seldom passed with an elderly Indian, or others who were esteemed wise and good, in which a blessing was not asked or thanks returned to the Giver of life; sometimes audibly, but more generally in the devotional language of the heart. (Hunter's *Memoirs*.) We are told of an Indian with whom one Brainard talked, and who asked "why I desired the Indian to become

a Christian, seeing that the Christians were so much worse; that a Christian would lie, steal, and drink worse than the Indian? It was they who first taught the Indians to be drunk and then steal from one another to that degree that their rulers were obliged to hang them for it; but it was not sufficient to deter others from it, and he supposed that if the Indians should become Christians they would then be as bad as these." (Halkitt, *N. A. Indians*, I., p. 245.)

While at the villages Father Allouez learned of the accessibility of the great river that had been known to the traders for many years. Through him and others the Governor received information that Nicolet, as early as 1634-35, had undoubtedly visited it. (Benj. Sulte, *W. H. Col.*, Vol. VIII., p. 188, Notes on Jean Nicolet.) La Salle, possibly, had journeyed on the great river the year previous to the visit made by Joliet and Father Marquette.*

On the same occasion Father Allouez learned of the branch of the Miami tribe whose people were of "the great village of Maramek." All of the tribes adjacent to Green Bay were visited in 1671 by Perrot, who was sent there as a deputy by Governor Courcelles. Perrot was given command of the region and had much to do, in later years, with all the tribes, as we shall see, particularly the Peanguichia branch of the Miamis. (Shea's *Charlevoix*, Vol. III., p. 166.) Father Charlevoix tells us that Perrot visited the Miamis at Chicago, piloted there by two Pottawatomies. Shea, in his translation of Charlevoix's history, says, however, that Perrot

* See Ohio River on various maps left by Joliet, and "Récite d'un ami de l'Abbé de Gallinée" (Margry, Vol. I, p. 345).

went no farther than Green Bay, which he calls the "Bay of the Foxes and Miamis." His reason given for saying this is that, as he claims, the Miamis were not then at Chicago. It is no doubt true, nevertheless, that one of the many branches of this tribe was there. (*N. Y. Col. Docs.*, IX., p. 70.)

The Foxes were one of the tribes that most resented aggressions. They were the only people stirred by the acts of Perrot and four holy fathers and others who, in 1671, in the name of the king, took possession of their country in the presence of fourteen tribes that gathered there. The priests planted a cross, trusting that it would produce the fruits of Christianity. Upon a cedar tree, near by, the French deputies posted the arms of France, shouting three times, in a loud voice, the name of the very high and very powerful monarch Louis XIV., very Christian king of France and Navarre. Thus they took possession of the country adjacent to Sault Ste. Marie, lakes Huron and Superior, and all the country, rivers and lakes tributary thereto, as far as the sea to the south. Each raised high a tuft of grass and shouted "*Vive le Roi!*" and all shouting in unison, in French as well as in the language of the savages, declared the French nation in possession of this great region, thereby making all the nations subject to the laws of that country. The French promised protection to the tribes from invasion of their lands by their enemies, and all that, as reward for acquiescence; but aside from that by Perrot, little effort was ever made by any to live up to the promises. The tribes had had some experience with the French, and we do not

wonder that the Foxes did not trust them and did not take any stock in the good promises made; they looked upon the good resolves as chaff in the wind.

Along the Fox river of Wisconsin, whither various tribes gathered in shelter, on the west side of Lake Michigan, in order to be less accessible to the Iroquois, were the many villages visited by Father Allouez, before referred to. Charlevoix speaks of this visit as follows:

"He did not expect a good reception as some of these Indians had been ill-treated by the Frenchmen at Montreal, and the whole tribe had vowed vengeance. The Foxes were estimated at nearly one thousand families. The Miamis and Mascoutins resorted to every expedient to dissuade the missionary from delivering himself alone to the fury of a provoked tribe, which, moreover, had never appeared well disposed to harken to the tidings of Christianity; but nothing could induce him to change his design, and God blessed his courage. He preached Jesus Christ to the Foxes, who admired his resolution and his patience, and gradually adopted humane ideas toward him. He baptized the dying, and especially the children; many, even on his departure, begged him to return to see them and assured him that if he would take up his abode with them he would find a cabin and a chapel already erected."

Charlevoix, like those of whom he writes, and to whom he gives the greatest credit for western discoveries, was a Jesuit, and his glorification of the zeal of Marquette, the predecessor of Allouez, is only surpassed by the attempts to heap unearned

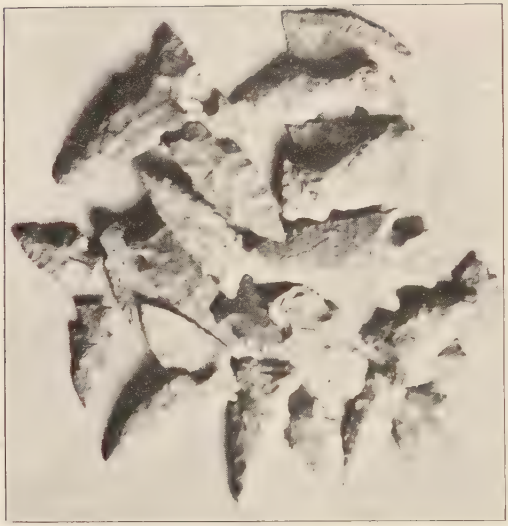
laurels on the father. He says: "Father Marquette, on his part, labored quite usefully among the Miamis at Chicago." This historian certainly departs from the truth; he should have been guided, as others have been since, by Marquette's own story which tells us that his successes consisted in baptizing a dying child, and that not at Chicago. This holy duty, as a matter of fact, was performed at the Illinois town opposite the Rock on which Fort St. Louis was later built, on the first visit. On his second visit he was detained by the severe winter of 1674-5 on the south branch of the Chicago river, where he saw but few people, and hence in his journal he did not claim to have been instrumental in accomplishing anything material in the line of religious duties. When spring approached he proceeded to the Illinois town, where in 1673 he had baptized the dying child, and there called together a multitude of savages. He erected an altar and explained to them the mysteries of his holy religion. The fatal disease that ended his life had made such progress, however, that his stay was but of a few days' duration.

The Miamis, about that time, were neighbors of and friendly to the Illinois, and no doubt Marquette met some of them. A large band of the Miamis was later found on the St. Joseph river, where, on his return from the discovery of the mouth of the Mississippi river, La Salle commenced to establish himself. (*L'Histoir de l'Amerique Septentrionale par La Potherie*, II., p. 131.)

Father Allouez, if we may trust the accounts of his zeal as found in the *Jesuit Relations*, was indeed

indefatigable. During the year 1672-4 he labored among the many people adjacent to Green Bay and learned of many tribes far to the southward. He says: "Farther westward is the Mission of St. Mark, of the Outegamie," and various other nations, among whom and still farther westward are tribes, the unpronounceable names of which he gives. Among them he mentions "Marameg," and near by the village of the "Miamis, whither come the Illinois, the Kaskaskias, Peorias, Weatonons, Pepikokias, Kilatikas," etc.* This is a mixture of the Illinois, Miamis, and other tribes. The Maramegs were a branch of the Chippewas, the home-region of which tribe was around the Falls of St. Mary and that portion of Michigan just south of Lake Superior. They must not be confused with the Miamis of "Maramek." (*N. Y. Col. Docs.*, IX., p. 619.)

* The father erred in this, for all the tribes mentioned were near the Illinois river.



Hundreds of arrow heads turned up by the plow, a mile northeast of the old fort, tell where the last stand was made.

The cemetery, Tama Reservation. The graves are covered by logs to protect those who there sleep from the wolves and curious white men.

CHAPTER VIII

It was during 1672-3 the Jesuits again labored at the Mission of St. Mark of the Outagamies (Foxes). Father Allouez there baptized forty-eight persons, three of whom died shortly after. Some of the Foxes having been compelled to remain in their village, on account of sickness, the father and his party went to see them on their way up the river. The party found, at a little distance from the town opposite a small rapid, a great rock roughly carved into the figure of a man, the face of which had been painted red. It was pronounced an idol, because of the fact that the Indians invoked it for fortunate results of their voyages. It is probable that the father as little understood the meaning of this piece of rock and the alleged worship of it as did the Indians understand him when they looked upon the two bars of wood crossing each other, coupled with the worship of the father. That seemed to them, no doubt, ridiculous mummery over an idol in another form. The father wrote, "We overturned it into the water." He soon reached the cross that had been planted in the village during the previous winter, and went to say holy mass in the bark cabin in the fort. A little farther on, led by smoke in the woods, they found the village of the Foxes. The party claims to have been heartily received by the sick, when the latter learned the object of their arrival, which was only to comfort them and noth-

ing more; "for," adds the father, "I would not allow the French with me to buy corn or anything else." Several of the sick the father had baptized the previous winter had died, and two more lingered near death. He prepared them for their long journey and noticed that one of them, named Joseph, a Fox chief, in his prayers always asked for the present life. The father spoke to him of the life of heaven. The chief told the father that he did not think of death, as he was not yet very old, and that he asked God for the life of the body. The father labored two hours before he could bring the chief to a Christian resignation to the will of God. The chief was touched by the story of the cross, when the father told him of the agony of Christ and of the prayer he offered in the Garden of Olives. The chief yielded then, and in spite of his long sufferings, the father thought he saw a change in him, for the chief took the crucifix and said his prayers like that of our Lord, with perfect submission and Christian indifference to life or death. When confessing a good woman, the father asked her whether she did not sometimes get angry. "How can I get angry?" she replied; "I, who am no longer counted among the living, and only a dead body." Children were brought to the father to be baptized. A young warrior had received an arrow-shot in the thigh. The stone arrowhead had remained in the flesh, producing a bad ulcer, which had reduced him to a mere skeleton. The father baptized him and named him Mark. It does not seem to some that a heathen can be so quickly prepared, and that a drop of water, mumbled words,

and a Christian name can have the effect of insuring him eternal happiness that was before denied him.

Chas. W. Colby says: "No one can read the *Jesuit Relations* and believe that the zeal of the fathers did not lead them to overstate their successes." (*Amer. Historical Review*, Oct., 1901.)

Father Allouez administered the sacrament of extreme unction to some of the dying, but could not remain in the village, as the people were breaking camp to go beaver hunting. Later in the winter of 1673, having learned that the Foxes had returned from their hunt earlier than usual, on account of a Sac having killed one of the Foxes during the hunt, the father again went to the village. The Heavenly Spirit, claimed to have been instilled, did not remain with these people. The Foxes who had just returned from an embassy to the Iroquois, had received a bad impression regarding the Christians, and had communicated that impression to their people. Added to this, the Sioux had killed thirty persons, most of whom had prayed to God before going to war. Because of the impression the father found no encouragement and was obliged to seek shelter from the elements unaided, as best he could. He inveighed the Lord against the superstition, the extraordinary license of having many wives, and against exposing themselves naked. The young men treated him insolently, but they never contradicted him, even in their cabins and assemblies; such silence was the result of good breeding—little practiced among civilized nations. The father declared the chief to be infamous because of his number of wives and because he would not listen

when spoken to in regard to his salvation. Later the chief came to the father with his youngest wife and son, to pray, and he listened willingly when exhorted to be satisfied with one wife and not seek others. A band of young men blackened their faces, entered the cabin of the father in the evening and said that they had come to sleep there so that God might speak to them in their dreams and promise to deliver their enemies to them. The father says, regarding this visit: "I undeceived them and made them pray to God, and they went home quickly." A hundred warriors passed by the chapel door, only one entering, and he one of those baptized only a few days before. The father asked those who favored prayer why they did not enter, and they replied that prayer had caused them to die during the previous summer.

The father said, in his report: "God wills that this church be tried by tribulations." He had grounds for hope, however, for during the previous winter a band of young Foxes defeated eleven canoes of Sioux and attributed their victory to prayer, for all had prayed before starting. Their account of the aid that God had given them induced others to pray. They had done so the previous summer, the father later informs us, and marked a cross on their shields; but of the nineteen, sixteen were captured or killed, while out of another band of thirteen, three were captured or killed. "This does not discourage," he continues, "nor will it ever prevent some of the people from coming to receive instructions." On one occasion the Elders entered the cabin, and of them the father speaks as follows:

"They have some ideas that excite compassion; time and the grace of the Holy Spirit will tame these spirits truly savage. Softness, such as the mercies of God, and the reward of paradise are necessary to change these spirits, for some seem to be barbarous to the last degree. They seem to be resolved to either be burned and eaten by their enemies, or to burn and eat their enemies. Their enemies, after burning them, cut them in pieces, as we do animals or fish, and cook them."

The opportunity to eat the flesh of a brave enemy was eagerly sought; the belief being that the partaking of it inspired bravery. While the father was at the village some Sacs, who came from Green Bay, caused a coldness among the neophytes by telling them that only children prayed to God. Others said: "How can we pray to God? He does not love us; He loves our enemies, for He always delivers us into their hands, and seldom delivers any of them into ours."

A small party was going to war, and the old men entered the cabin and put several questions to the father. God gave the father grace to be able to reply, and they admitted that they had been deceived and that he spoke the truth. They acknowledged that war was largely governed by fate; they did not attribute defeat either to the strength or the bravery of their enemies or to the lack of strategy on the part of their own captains, but to fate, or to the Great Spirit who gave one tribe to be eaten by another when it pleased Him. They fasted in order that the Great Spirit might speak to them, hoping that He would say: "I will give you some of your

enemies to eat; go and seek them." They declared that one of the chiefs would certainly kill some of their enemies, because the Manitou always spoke to him.

The father tells us that he disabused the minds of the savages; but his labors were interrupted by a cold spell which crusted the snow to such an extent that the hunting of the deer and elk became easy, and hence the young men took to the woods, followed by the young women, who dressed the animals and took the skins and flesh to the village. The Foxes ofttimes made preparations for the hunt by a long fast, sometimes protracted to even ten days. They did much more, for while the men were on the hunt, the children were obliged to fast in order that they might dream of the bear which their relatives were seeking, and they imagined that the animals would be caught if seen in a dream even by these children.

The father exultingly claimed to have taken possession of the infidel land in the name of Jesus Christ by erecting a cross within the realm of Satan. Hardly a person was seen in the village who did not make the sign of the cross with deference. "They even have such confidence in it," he tells us, "that some of the young warriors, having formed a company to wage war on the Sioux, appeared before him to learn how they could insure a victory. He related to them the story of Constantine, to encourage them by that example, to have recourse to the cross. They believed, for with their own hands they marked their shields with this adorable sign; every morning and evening they made it on them-

selves without fail; and on meeting the enemy, the first thing they did was to make the sign of the cross, after which they gave battle so confidently that they won the victory and, upon returning home, they celebrated the power of the cross, proclaiming everywhere that they were solely indebted to it for their success."

There is a strange mixture of sentiment and prophecy regarding the discovery of the Mississippi river. "Our Holy Faith," the father tells us in the *Relations*, "is more and more gaining a foothold among these people, and we have great hopes that in a short time we will carry it as far as the famous river named Mississippi, and perhaps even to the South Sea, that the Gospel may extend as far southward as we are about to see it has northward."

This was in 1672, a year before the alleged discovery of the Mississippi river by Marquette, and the fact that it was believed to enter the South Sea late historians have shown very plainly, as seen in the preceding pages. The belief that it entered the Gulf of Mexico was founded not only upon its general course, as far as then known, but also upon the fact that the Spanish maps of an early date showed a great river entering the Gulf of Mexico at a point not far from the actual mouth of the Mississippi, and that De Soto had discovered it. La Salle's discovery of the mouth of the Mississippi was, more than all, that of the commercial and strategic value of the great river, and not merely one of geographical location.

The eagerness of the Jesuit order to claim for its priests the discovery of the Mississippi river was

illustrated by Thevenot in a small book published under date of 1681, which contains a map, stated by him to be a copy of that of Marquette. It is seen that the Mississippi river flows into the Gulf of Mexico, and that adjacent to the gulf is placed the word "Europeans." The river is shown as flowing nearly southward from the mouth of the Arkansas river to the gulf. Marquette *supposed* that the river so flowed, but on his genuine map of the river it is now shown below the mouth of the Arkansas. In Joliet's map, however, it is shown, as may be seen, emptying into the gulf. Thevenot must have borrowed more from Joliet than from Marquette, although he claims to have followed the latter. Another copy of the alleged Marquette map is in the Lenox Library, and on it is the following: "Map of the new discoveries that the Reverend Fathers Jesuits have made in the year of 1672, continued by the Reverend Father Jacques Marquette, accompanied by some French in the year 1673," etc. It will be noticed that the name of Joliet, who was the head and front of the expedition, is unmentioned. Comparing the Thevenot map with Marquette's and Joliet's, it is seen that the resemblance is closer to that of Joliet than to Marquette's. Marquette learned nothing further of the Mississippi on the voyage he made to the Illinois country in 1674, for he went by the return route of the former voyage, and no farther southward than the Illinois town near Starved Rock. He died six years before the publication of Thevenot's book and of the map in the Lenox Library. Again, comparing closely the map copied in Thevenot's book with that

left by Joliet, it is found that the names of towns and the general courses of rivers correspond very nearly with Joliet's. His map is more correct than that left by Marquette, although it was drawn from memory; he having lost his original ones when shipwrecked in the St. Lawrence. If Marquette, before his death, had time to draw the Thevenot map, he must have done so with the Joliet map, and perhaps others, before him. The data for Marquette's original map, as has been shown, was mostly gathered before undertaking the journey. But the map given by Thevenot shows features not known until long after Marquette's death.

The Mission of St. Mark did not long hold its own. Father Allouez visited the nation in 1676, and tells us: "As for the Mission of the Outagamie, where last year we planted a large cross in the middle of their village, we hoped a great deal from their conversion, since we see that our Lord has made them share His cross. Last winter many of them were killed by the Sioux. The summer following their corn was injured by the frosts and they gathered but little, and that little spoiled in the autumn in the places where stored. During the past winter many died from disease, and the Illinois committed acts of hostility upon them and captured many. During some visits I made I baptized seventeen, among whom were ten adults who died after baptism. Of the old Christians who numbered one hundred and forty-four, twenty-seven died, upon whom we had reason to believe God had mercy. The Puants and the Sacs, who have stopped here in our church during all Lent, came assiduously to

listen to our instructions and pray to God. We have baptized seven children."

To Green Bay came the Sioux when they dared. The Iowas, the Illinois, Miamis, and many others also came to trade among themselves and with the French. Pipes from Minnesota are found in various parts of the country, which is one of the indelible records of the fact that trade was carried on over long distances. This stone, catlinite of modern geology, is found only in Pipestone county, Minnesota, and is an argillaceous shale of a beautiful pink color and takes a fine polish. The pipes have been picked up in nearly every state of the Union; a fine little specimen found its way to Maramech.

The honesty of the various tribes, including the Foxes before being contaminated by the whites, was proverbial, but it did not last. Whether the teaching of the fathers, who themselves found it necessary to preach honesty to the French traders, led the natives to know that dishonesty was practiced by the foreigners, we do not know. We do know, however, that they soon lost their regard for the rights of others.

La Salle, in the autumn of 1679, stopped at Green Bay, added to his supplies and turned his canoes southward along the western coast of Lake Michigan. Late in October adverse winds compelled him to land. He went, as usual, into the woods to see what he might discover, where he found "grapes ripe and very good," of which the Recollet Fathers made wine with which to celebrate mass. He also observed fresh foot-prints, which prompted him to rejoin his people to command them to be on their

guard and make no noise. They obeyed him for some time but having perceived a bear and a deer they could not resist the temptation of shooting at them. This noise made them known to one hundred and twenty-five Foxes whose home was near the extremity of Green Bay, but who were then camping near the Frenchmen without any knowledge of such neighbors. La Salle, to whom the presence of these people gave much anxiety, blamed his men for their imprudence and, to prevent surprises, he put a sentinel near the canoes under which his companions had put their cargoes to protect them from the rain. He put another guard near their campfires. These precautions were not sufficient to prevent thirty Foxes, favored by the abundant rain and the negligence of the sentinel, from creeping along the shore where were the arms and supplies. Lying flat they arranged themselves in a line, and the first one taking what he wished passed it on to the nearest, and thus it went from hand to hand to the last one. La Salle awoke and, having raised himself to see if his sentinel was doing his duty, saw something move, which prompted him to require his men to take their arms and occupy an eminence near which the Foxes were obliged to pass. A part of these savages, seeing themselves discovered, called out that they were friends. La Salle responded that the hour was one at which people came only to steal or kill those who were not on their guard. They replied that in truth the gunshots that they had heard made them believe that a party of the hostile Iroquois was near; this they said they believed because the neighboring

savages did not use firearms; that they had advanced thus with the intention of killing these supposed enemies, but having recognized Frenchmen, whom they regarded as brothers, their impatience held them from waiting for daylight. La Salle feigned to accept this reason and bade them approach to the number of five or six only, because their young men were accustomed to steal, and his people were not in the humor to suffer anything of this kind. Four or five men advanced and remained until the approach of day, when he gave them permission to retire. After their departure, he perceived what had been stolen. He knew perfectly the humor of the savages, and he knew that they would undertake to do the same every night if he dissimulated in this case. He caused his people to occupy an eminence that was in the form of a peninsula, and he then went out in search of some savage who had strayed from the others. He had scarcely been gone a half hour before he found the fresh tracks of a hunter. He followed him, pistol in hand, and having immediately overtaken him, brought him to the place where he had left the guard. After having informed him of all the circumstances of the theft, he immediately went with two of his people and halted another savage, evidently a more important personage. He pointed out to him, in the distance, the one he had taken prisoner, and sent him to say to his people that he would kill their comrade if they did not bring back all that had been stolen. This proposition embarrassed the savages, because they had cut some of the clothing to pieces to divide among them, and consequently were not able to

return it entire. As these people have much friendship for each other, they resolved to take their comrade by force. The next morning they advanced, arms in hand, to begin the attack. The peninsula where the French were was separated the distance of a gunshot from the woods where the savages appeared. La Salle noticed that, on the side of the woods, there were several little knolls, the nearest one to him commanding the others. He advanced to occupy it with five men. Carrying their blankets, one-half wrapped around their left arms to cover themselves against the arrows of the savages, they advanced; they had already occupied all of these eminences, but seeing that the French approached to charge them, they abandoned the nearest one, which gave La Salle time to mount the highest point. An act so daring intimidated the savages to such an extent that, immediately after, six of the old men approached, presenting the calumet of peace, and having come near, on the assurance that they could do so without fear, they said that they were carried to this extremity only because of their inability to return what had been taken in the condition that it was when taken, and that they were ready to restore all that remained in good condition. They presented, at the same time, robes of beaver skins to La Salle to conciliate him, excusing themselves as best they could for the little value of their presents. La Salle contented himself with their apology, listened to their promises and pardoned them. The day following was passed in dancing and feasts in which they begged La Salle to remain with them and not try to go to the Illinois,

which would be impossible, for the Illinois were resolved to massacre all the Frenchmen because an Iroquois, whom they had taken and burned, had assured them that the war made on them by his nation had been counselled by the French who hated the Illinois. They added many similar reasons which alarmed La Salle's party, and he felt much uneasiness because of the fact that all savages he had encountered on his route had said very nearly the same thing. He knew this objection was inspired by those who opposed his enterprise and made plausible by the expressed fears of the savages to whom the Illinois were renowned for their valor, and who feared that the Illinois would become still more haughty by receiving, through the French, a knowledge of the use of firearms. He resolved, however, to continue his route and take all the precautions necessary for the protection of himself and party. He thanked the Foxes for the advice they had given, but said that he did not fear the Illinois and that he felt his ability to dispose of them by friendship or by force. La Salle and his party departed the next day for the mouth of the St. Joseph river, and were no more troubled by the Foxes. He established peace among the various tribes of the region forming his "Colonie." (Margry, Vol. I.)

In 1680 a band of Illinois and Miamis, possibly those of Maramech, who were hunting on the St. Joseph river, were attacked by a party of Iroquois, who surprised them, killed thirty or forty and made three hundred prisoners, composed of women and children. (La Hontan, I., 169.) I believe that

this is one version of the attack upon the great Indian town of Kaskaskia, opposite what is now called Starved Rock, or that at least in it two accounts are mixed. After the Iroquois had rested they separated and started on a leisurely return to their country, believing that they would regain their villages before the Illinois and Miamis had time to send runners to their people, then dispersed in various distant places. The fact that the Illinois and Miamis were away from home is made evident by the further fact that the attacked were a party of hunters, and it is probable also that a large portion of the two tribes remained in the vicinity of Kaskaskia and along the Fox river of Illinois, as far north as Maramech, or farther. The Pestekouy, as already shown, was the home of the branches of the Miami tribes.

La Hontan evidently received this story through the French or Indians, which accounts for the variation from Tonty's official report of what may have been the same encounter. The Iroquois deceived themselves, we are told, to such an extent that the Illinois and Miamis had time to rally to the number of four hundred, resolved to die sooner than permit their people to be taken away. As the parties were unequal, the Illinois and Miamis made an effort to find some good expedient and, after having well considered the manner of attack, they concluded to follow the Iroquois until rain might fall. Their project succeeded, as the heavens seemed to favor them. For a day the rain continued from morning until night. They doubled their pace as soon as the rain began to fall, and passing two leagues to

the side of the Iroquois, took a position before the latter and formed an ambuscade in the middle of a prairie that the Iroquois must cross to gain the woods where they intended to make their camp. The Illinois and Miamis lying flat on the ground, in the bushes and ferns, awaited the Iroquois. When the latter were between them they let fly their arrows and attacked so vigorously that the Iroquois, not being able to use their guns, on account of the priming being wet, were forced to throw them away and defend themselves as best they might, resorting to the same kind of arms as those used by the attacking party. The Illinois were more agile than the Iroquois, and the latter were obliged to yield, fighting until darkness, after having lost eighty of their warriors. The battle would have continued into the night if the Illinois and Miamis had not feared that their rescued prisoners, being tied and remaining behind them, were exposed to surprise in the darkness, so, after having rejoined them and taken all the guns of the flying Iroquois, thrown hither and thither, they returned to their country without endeavoring to capture the invaders.

The above is a fair specimen of the method of warfare that was carried on between the eastern and western tribes. La Hontan, in the same volume (page 169), gives an instance of the strategy and bravery that distinguished the Foxes. In 1683 he was preparing for his voyage of discovery up the "Rivière Longue," which river, by the way, evidently had its source, its mouth, and all its length only in his brain. The Fox chiefs gave him guides.

The story of the following encounter may be as imaginary as his alleged discoveries along this "Rivière Longue." Be that as it may, the story runs that a body of one thousand Iroquois came by canoes, at the close of autumn, as far as the Bay of Missisagues on Lake Huron, without being discovered, and there landed. As they were so numerous, they carried with them nets by means of which they expected to catch fish in the little lakes and rivers while awaiting the approach of a freeze-up, which occurred soon after. As soon as the ice was sufficiently strong they continued their route, coasting Lake Huron five or six leagues to the south of Sault Ste. Marie, to which place they dared not go, fearing to find *coureurs du bois* in the fort of the Jesuits. Having traversed The Bay they judged proper to march single file, one in the footsteps of another, in order that, if their tracks were discovered, it should appear that only thirty or forty had passed at most. They marched in this manner until about the middle of February without being perceived, but unfortunately for them four Sauteurs (people of the Sault Ste. Marie, a branch of the Chippewa tribe), having seen them pass in great numbers over a little lake, ran to the hunting-grounds of the Foxes to inform them of the danger, although their own tribes were at war with the Foxes. They bore no love for the Foxes and would have profited by their defeat but for the fact that success of the Iroquois over the smaller tribes would, in the end, mean their own defeat by the conquering tribe.

About this time a thaw interfered with the intentions of the Iroquois, who yet counted on fifteen

days of cold weather as was ordinarily the case during that part of the winter. They quickened their pace, sought the straight paths and those less frequented. The Foxes were much embarrassed as to the course they should pursue. It was true that the warriors would be able to gain their village in all safety, but to do so they would have been forced to abandon their women and children, who had not the strength to run as fast as the men. Finally, after having held council, they resolved to advance as far as a certain passage, a half league in length (about one and two-tenths miles), and of thirty paces breadth, between two little lakes, where they foresaw that the Iroquois were likely to pass. The Foxes numbered four hundred, and judged proper to divide themselves into two bodies, one party of two hundred holding one end of the passage, which they fortified immediately by planting posts across from one lake to the other, and the other two hundred remained within a fourth of a league of the other end of the passage in order that, after having prepared poles, they could run quickly and fortify themselves. As soon as the Foxes discovered that the Iroquois had all passed they ran with all speed, carrying heavy poles to enclose the little strip of land bordered by the two lakes. They had sufficient time to plant the poles and support them by throwing up earth, before the Iroquois, astonished at having found the road closed at the other end, had retraced their steps only to see themselves closed between two barriers. The Iroquois came "with all legs," as the Baron puts it, to force the new barricade, but they fled at the first discharge made by the

Foxes. The Iroquois, seeing themselves thus closed in, were led to believe that the number of the Foxes was great. They questioned how to get out of their prison; whether to throw themselves into the water and cross one of the lakes, to do which would have required much courage, for the distance was long, the water very cold, and the ice not of sufficient strength to sustain them. During this time the Foxes fortified their barricades better and better, and sent their runners to the other sides of the lakes to kill all those who attempted to escape. In spite of these precautions the Iroquois found an expedient, which was to make some rafts of the trees which surrounded them; but the strokes of the hatchets made the Foxes aware of the design that they had in mind, which they believed to be to make some canoes of skins of deer to pass over one of the little lakes during the night. The rafts were made in five or six days, during which time the Iroquois caught fish in quantities, in full view of the Foxes, who could not stop them. It only remained to cross the lakes and fight at the place of landing in case their secret crossing was discovered. In order to succeed better they made an attempt of which success would have been sure had the bottom of the lake not been so muddy that the poles, by which the rafts were moved, sank so deeply in the mud that it was found exceedingly difficult to withdraw them. This caused the Iroquois to move so slowly that the Foxes had time to run to the other side of the lake where they perceived the Iroquois, a musket-shot from the shore. At the time they reached a depth of only three feet the Iroquois threw them-

selves into the water, vigorously endeavoring to charge the Foxes who were no more than three hundred in number because they had left fifty men at each of the barricades. It was a miracle that the Iroquois were not all killed in gaining the shore, for they sank into the mud as far as the knees. As this was during the night, all of the strokes of the Foxes were not effective although there were five hundred Iroquois in the water, the rest having taken land in spite of the resistance of the Foxes. The Iroquois, once landed, attacked the Foxes so vigorously that if the one hundred men left to guard the barricades had not come promptly, upon hearing the gunshots, the Foxes could not have held their ground. They fought until daylight in a disordered way, dispersed here and there in the woods, the people of the same party killing one another without knowing it. The Iroquois who, until that time were so obstinate as not to concede the field of battle, because of their wounded and also because they did not wish the Foxes to take the scalps of their dead, were obliged to fly, but were pursued. They rallied a league distant. Being nearly to the number of three hundred, they were surely stronger than the Foxes, who were enfeebled by having lost one-half of their people in this fierce battle; besides all this, among the two hundred who remained there were thirty wounded. The Foxes, seeing the Iroquois depart, returned to their homes without fear. Arriving at their village, they acknowledged the services of the two Sauteurs, who had informed them of the approach of the Iroquois, proclaimed them great chiefs of war and gave them one-half of the results

of their hunt. After having made all good cheer possible and having heaped all honors of which they were capable upon the Sauteurs, they sent them by canoe to Sault Ste. Marie, by way of Green Bay, with an escort of twenty warriors. The Sauteurs in vain refused the presents brought by the cortège, because the two nations were at war; but the furs they were made to accept, and this led to reconciliation of the two nations within four months. The Foxes were usually successful in their battles, but the risk they sometimes took is well shown by the foregoing.

The dancers, Tama Reservation.

The dog sacrifice, Tama Reservation

CHAPTER IX

The superstitions of the natives of America troubled the traders and explorers as little as the dogmas of many of the denominations trouble the business world to-day; but the fathers sought out the superstitions of the Indians with a view to eradicating them and, I fear, substituting others. Father Hennepin had much to say about the superstitions of the Indians and tells an interesting story of what took place at the Falls of St. Anthony while he and his party were there making the portage. They noticed five or six Sioux who were in advance, one of whom climbed an oak tree opposite the great falls, where he was weeping bitterly. A well-dressed beaver robe, whitened inside and trimmed with porcupine quills, he offered as a sacrifice to the falls. The father heard him say, while shedding copious tears and addressing the Great Creator: "Thou who art a spirit, grant that all the men of our nation may pass here quietly without accident; that we may kill buffalo in abundance, conquer our enemies, and bring our captives here, some of whom we will put to death before Thee. The Foxes have killed our kindred. Grant that we may avenge them." The reflective reader will not say that this prayer differs much, except perhaps in degree, from that of the One Hundred and Ninth Psalm, nor does it differ much from the prayer of the present day, when we ask that our Great Creator turn a cold shoulder to our enemies and aid us.

Peace made with the natives at the falls, the father informs us the day was spent in dancing, feasts, and speeches. A principal chief of these Indians, turning toward the Recollets, said: "See the Gray-Gowns for whom we feel great esteem; they go barefooted like us; they despise the beaver robes which we wish to give them without any hope of return; they have no arms to kill us with; they flatter and caress our little children and give them beads for nothing, and those of our nation who have carried furs to the villages of the French have told us that the Great Chief of the French loves them because they have left everything that the French esteem most to come and visit us and remain with us. You, who are the chief of those who are here, arrange so as to make one of the Gray-Gowns remain with us. We will give him a part of all we have to eat, and we will take him to our villages after we have killed some buffalo, and you who are master arrange so as to also stay here with us. Do not go to the Illinois, for we know that they wish to massacre all the French. It will be impossible for you to resist that numerous nation."

Some parts of Hennepin's story may be bits of romance similar to that found in the second edition of his book, where he claims to have floated down the Mississippi river to its mouth, prior to La Salle's voyage, making the journey from the mouth of the Illinois river and back in an incredibly short time. It is believed by some that Hennepin had nothing to do with this fictitious claim, but that it was inserted by the enterprising publisher of the second edition, to add interest.

The French traders had no sooner become well-established on the great lakes than the people of New England turned envious eyes thitherward. The Foxes, never over-friendly with the French, were instrumental, it is thought, in leading the English on in that direction. During the year 1686 a branch of the Fox tribe was located on the banks of the Detroit river, and the English made every effort to strengthen the friendship between themselves and the Foxes by frequent messages and valuable presents. No permanent settlement was made by the French at Detroit until about fourteen years later. Thus occupied, it was regarded by both the French and English nations as a most important point, commanding, as it did, a broad tract of country even to the Mississippi river, and furnishing a channel of navigation to the whole country bordering the lakes. In view of this fact the establishment of a fortified post at Detroit was eagerly sought for a long time by both.

Every smile of the English upon the tribe brought a scowl to the brows of the French. The Iroquois also claimed the west by right of conquest and, through the latter, the English looked to gain a hold on the western trade. The Foxes and Iroquois were not always warring against each other; they mingled, when at peace. The character of both was such that it is not to be wondered that they were said by General Smith, in his *History of Wisconsin*, to be of the same blood. He says: "The Outagamies or Foxes who resided along the banks of the Detroit river were of Iroquois descent, and agitation of the English cause soon made their

power known and severely felt by the French settlements." No fact is better known, however, than that the origin of the two tribes was as absolutely distinct as the languages they spoke. The Iroquois were Iroquois and the Foxes were Algonquins.

One of the most influential officers sent by the Governor of New France among the western tribes was Nicholas Perrot, before referred to. He was dispatched to the west in 1670 as an agent of the Governor to propose a congress of the western nations at Sault Ste. Marie. (Smith's *History of Wis.*, I., 32.) The invitation was extended to all of the tribes of the western lake regions. It was also carried to the wandering hordes of the remotest north and west, from Green Bay, by Pottawatomies.

The French gradually increased their trade westward, however, where they were welcomed, as much as anything because they brought arms to the tribes by which they could win in the wars against their enemies farther on in the wilds. The Governor of New France chose Perrot to make discoveries and gain information among the natives because with some of them he had become thoroughly acquainted, having learned their languages well.

Soon after Perrot left Montreal on one of his journeys his party met some Ottawas who informed them that the Sauteurs had been destroyed by the Foxes and that they (the Ottawas) were on their way to the Governor to demand arms in exchange for their furs, in order to avenge the Sauteurs.

Although these people had frequent quarrels among themselves, for which others cared little, it was at this time to the interests of the colony to

prevent them from destroying each other. (La Potherie, II., p. 166.) Perrot promptly sent word to the Governor, and the latter wrote to the Jesuit Fathers and to the commandant at Mackinaw, instructing them to prevent the Ottawas from undertaking anything against the Foxes. The Ottawas, to whom the letters had been given for delivery, fearing that the Governor might put some obstacles in their way, burned the letters, with the exception of those addressed to Perrot, because they imagined that, being their friend, he would favor their designs. All that they said to the fathers on their arrival was that the Governor had consented to their making "soup of the Foxes," this being their way of speaking of an enemy whom they expected to attack. The letters delivered to Perrot, however, showed the contrary to be the case, for the Governor expressly forbade them to attack the Foxes and requested that Perrot adjust the differences, which he proceeded to do

A Sauteur chief had a daughter of eighteen years of age who had been in slavery among the Foxes for a year, and he had the apprehension that he would be burned alive if he should go thither for her. The various tribes of The Bay had carried numbers of prisoners to the Foxes to purchase this girl, but nothing could influence them. It was feared, even, that she had already been sacrificed to the shades of the Fox chief whom the Sauteurs had killed. The father found no consolation, wherever he went, because these people said to him that the Frenchmen had no influence among the Foxes, and that his child would never be returned to him.

Perrot undertook to restore the girl but required the father to remain at The Bay for fear that the Foxes would take and burn him, and passed on. When first he arrived at the Fox village they greeted him cordially and recited to him the treason of the Sauteurs and the Sioux; they told him that their great chief had been killed in the wars, with twenty-six of their people, and, although outnumbered, they had put the enemy to flight. These complaints gave him occasion to speak of this daughter and, having made them assemble, he addressed them in strong words: "Old men of the Fox tribe, chiefs and young men, listen to me. I have known that, in order to make peace with the Sauteurs and the Sioux, . . . the first had engaged the Sioux to put you and your families in the kettles. It is the Great Spirit that has given us to know the perilous war you have had. We have prayed Him to have pity on you and He will be able to deliver you from your enemies. . . . He met you on the battlefield; you have made some prisoners, and you have cut off the heads of those whom you have killed, which is proof of the valor of savages; . . . it is the Spirit that has fought for you that you should recognize as your liberator. What wish you to do with this girl that you have held so long? Is she able to quiet the resentment that you have against her nation? She belongs to me, and I demand her. I am her father. That is the sentiment that prompts me to come to you as the first Frenchman who has opened the doors of your cabins. All these children of The Bay, who are my children and your brothers, fear your refusal;

they fear the misfortunes that you menace; swallow your desire for vengeance if you wish to live."

He had his calumet in hand while speaking to them, which he presented to the lips of the brother of the great chief to make him smoke, but it was refused. He presented it to others, who received it. Finally he refilled it and presented it again to the first, three times, but it was rejected as before. This led Perrot to leave in indignation. The tribe was of two extractions, one calling themselves Foxes, and the others Musquakees,—"People of the Red Earth." The one who refused to receive the calumet was chief of the Foxes, having taken the place of his brother. This chief of the People of the Red Earth followed Perrot and brought him into the cabin, where he also assembled all of the old men and the warriors of his nation, saying to them:

"You have heard Metaminens [Perrot], your father, who wishes to give us life, and have heard our brothers, the Foxes, who wish us to accept it. . . . Bring me the kettles—we will feast and I will speak to them. I will test their good-will and determine if they intend to refuse me. I have always sustained them. My dear father and my brothers exposed themselves always for them, having lost many young people in defending them. If they refuse me, I will put out my fires and abandon them to the fury of their enemies."

After they had brought the kettles and some presents, he took his pipe and entered the cabin of this headstrong man, with a company of his lieutenants, and said to him: "My comrade, behold the

pipe of our ancestors who are dead. . . . They presented it to thy people, who have never refused it. I present it to thee, refilled [after a feast from these kettles], and I pray thee to have pity on our children and give this savage woman to Metaminens, who asks her of thee. He has always been our father."

The chief of the Foxes then smoked and required all his relatives to do the same.

The chief of the People of the Red Earth returned to his cabin and said to Perrot that the affair was settled; he should have the Sauteur woman.

There arose, during the night, so great a storm that it seemed as if the world were being destroyed. It rained very hard; the lightnings and thunders made so great a disturbance that the people believed themselves to be lost. As all savages are naturally superstitious, they imagined that the Great Spirit was angered against them. The fright had put them beside themselves; they believed that the Spirit was about to overwhelm them. Onkinumiassan knew no longer where he was. . . . Metaminens had changed his course because he knew well that it was the only means by which he could get the captive quickly. Onkinumiassan prayed the chief of the Red Earths to take her to him; he dared not present himself before Metaminens without the woman. The chief replied: "It is for thee to give her to him; . . . he will not show to thee so much of evil." So superstitious was this chief that he believed Perrot to have brought on the storm as a punishment to him.

The rain continued during the day. They entered

into the cabin of Perrot with the Sauteur woman, beseeching him to stop the rain, which would destroy them, and to prevent the Sauteurs and their allies from any longer making war. He thanked them again by a present of tobacco and a kettle, saying to them that this kettle would serve them for a roof to shield them from the rain,* and that they could smoke peaceably and without fear that the Spirit would punish them. Perrot, not believing himself to be a good prophet, nor to have the ability to make the rain stop, judged well that if he should rest long enough in possession of the prisoner, matters were likely to change. He took leave of them, notwithstanding the bad weather, promising them that it would become pleasant before he arrived at The Bay.

The Foxes treated their prisoners with more humanity than did most other tribes. A Shawnee prisoner, who had been taken by the Iroquois, was rescued by the Sauteurs, and finally sent by the Pottawatomies back to his people, with a supply of goods received from the French traders; this was with a view to inducing his tribe to join them, as La Salle had early planned and partly brought about.

Forty Shawnee warriors by these presents were induced to establish themselves near the Pottawatomies and surprised, during their voyage, some Iroquois who were on their way from having made war on the tribes neighboring Green Bay, of which they

* This metaphor was probably intended to impress upon them the belief that the kindly feeling on the part of the Sauteurs, induced by the giving up of the chief's daughter, was such as to shelter them from attack.

had killed and brought away several. They passed by a village of Miamis, who received them so well they could not refuse to give them the prisoners they had taken from the Iroquois. The Miamis sent the prisoners to the Foxes, to be eaten, in order that the latter might avenge the occupants of the five cabins the Iroquois had taken away a little before. The Foxes, believing this a favorable opportunity to make an exchange of prisoners however, sent an ambassador to the Iroquois nation. When the ambassador had turned the head of Lake Michigan he found eight hundred Iroquois on their way to attack the first village they might reach. The Iroquois were calmed and gave their promise to the ambassador that there should henceforth be a barrier between his nation, including its allies, and theirs, and that the river Chicagon [Chicago] should be the limits of their war courses.

We are shown on early maps the Des Plaines river as the Chicagou, and also, on other maps, the well-known river that parts the great city, as having its present name. Must it not then be that the Iroquois promised this ambassador from the Fox nation that the Chicago river, as we know it, or perhaps the Des Plaines, also called the Chicagou in those days, should be the limit of their aggressions? The indefiniteness of La Potherie leads me to believe that historians have not dared locate many of the tragedies and other events mentioned by him; the fact is that we find no mention of such a river in Nicholas Perrot's manuscript in this connection. The caution I have so far exercised I shall relax somewhat, while dealing in matters dwelt upon by

La Potherie with reference, as I believe, to past events in the neighborhood of our great city of the west, and the ancient "great village of Maramech." I am fully warranted in assuming that by "Chicagon" (evidently one of the many errors in reading the old French manuscripts) is meant "Chicagou." This last was the most common way of spelling the name two centuries ago.

The claims made by the Iroquois to a great area west of the Alleghany mountains were founded on

FRAGMENT OF JEFFREY'S MAP NOT DATED. SHOWING WESTERN BOUNDS OF THE IROQUOIS.

previous conquests; but the line they drew did not always bar their steps. The map on page 33, sketched from Bowen and Gibson's of 1763, shows, by dotted lines drawn along the Illinois river and, in part following the Des Plaines (laid down as "Illinois or Chicagou river"), where the limits of the Iroquois claims were understood to be when the English took possession of the Mississippi valley.

The Iroquois sent the Fox ambassador to his tribe

with one of their principal men and a young warrior, and turned themselves against the Shawnees. This principal man (a chief) passed by the towns of the Miamis, Mascoutins, and Kickapoos, where he was well received and presented with a quantity of beaver skins. These nations deputed two Miamis to accompany him on his return in order to treat for peace. Going to the village of the Foxes they, in turn, gave him proofs of their good-will, and he finally arrived at Green Bay, where the people expressed great joy and received him as a friend. They made presents of furs, and also gave him two large canoes to enable him to carry the presents he had received.

The Iroquois army, deterred from their purpose to attack the northern tribes, divided, sending six hundred against the Shawnees who formed a part of the Illinois confederation, while two hundred followed the Des Plaines river to Chicago,* where they encountered some Illinois who were returning from Mackinaw with some Ottawas, of whom they captured and killed nineteen. The Illinois might have attacked the Iroquois but, instead, sent deputies to Governor Frontenac, and complained that the Iroquois had violated the peace and said that, fearing to displease him, they had not attacked the Iroquois in return; they demanded justice through him.

The Governor sent word by M. de la Forest who, in the absence of Tonty, commanded at the Illinois village 'neath the frowning brow of what is now

*The Indian town and river were variously spelled: *Chigawa*, *Chikagoua*, *Chikagawa*, *Chicagou*, *Chikagou* and many others.

Starved Rock, that they must defend themselves if again attacked, but must not be the aggressors.

Shortly after La Salle's first visit, one branch of the Miamis placed themselves in his "Colonie," sixty leagues distant from the river St. Joseph, because of having had trouble with those who served the Recollets who were brought to the river St Joseph by La Salle. That the new village was at Maramech, west of the boundary defined by the Iroquois, seems probable because the Miamis would there be better shielded from those terrible invaders.

It was "out of the frying-pan into the fire" with the Foxes. The Iroquois had pledged themselves to go no farther westward than the rivers I have mentioned as limiting their boundary, which fact gave the Foxes, now out of one danger, an opportunity to renew the old quarrel with the Sauteurs, which was not a marked success.

The Foxes formed a party of thirty young warriors, who captured twelve Sauteur women and children, and the news was at once carried to the settlements at Green Bay, where the French were asked to go and request the Foxes to send back an Ottawa and a Sokokis girl, but to keep the others until were brought back some of the children of that tribe that they had held several years. A Sauteur chief who was present was shocked by the refusal of the Foxes to return some of the prisoners. The French, in their march, met two of their comrades whom the Iroquois had wished to kill, but who had saved themselves. When the French arrived at the village of the Foxes they called an assembly. One of the Frenchmen spoke:

"Foxes, listen to what I have to say. I have learned that you have a strong desire to eat the flesh of the French, and I have come to satisfy you with these young men whom you see; put us in your kettles and satiate yourselves upon our flesh." Drawing his sword he threw open his garments. "My flesh is salty; I do not believe, if you eat it, it can pass the knot of your neck without causing you to vomit."

The first chief of war responded: "What child would eat his father, from whom he has received life? Thou hast given the day to us when thou to us hast brought the iron [guns] and now thou sayest we would eat thee."

The Frenchman replied: "Thou hast reason to say to me that I have given the day to thee, for when I came in thy village all were miserable as people who had nowhere to dwell and who wandered to the farthest distances in the land. At present you live in repose and enjoy the clear sky that I have procured thee; you enjoy the light that I have procured, and still you wish to trouble the earth, kill the Sauteurs and subdue those that I have adopted before thee—vomit your prey; rend my body which you wish to put in your kettles, but fear the odor that shall from it arise, for you may excite some vapors that shall form angry waves that will sweep over your village which will be in one moment consumed by the fire and lightning that come from them, and that will be followed by a hail that shall fall with such impetuosity upon your families that they cannot be sheltered from it. Do you remember your ancestors and yourselves, who

have been vagabonds to the present time? Are you weary of well doing? Vomit! Believe your father who does not wish to abandon you unless you compel him to do so. Listen to my words and I will reconcile myself to the bad affairs that you have made with the Sauteurs."

In Perrot's manuscript is found a proposed address setting forth his ideas as to how the various western tribes should have been approached in regard to their intertribal relations, more particularly concerning the Foxes:

"Listen, my children," said our Father Onontio; "listen," said he; "I am pained to hear, all these years, what has been told of the carnage that has taken place in your countries, resulting in the destruction of one another; I am horrified because of the blood spilled and that which will be spilled. Unless I put an end to it, I am assured that you will soon destroy yourselves and that I shall have children no more. I love your people and your families, and I wish them to live.

"Thou Ottawa, thou makest war against the Fox, who has given thee life, having taken thy part against the Miami, when thou wentest in the hunt at the headwaters of the Black river, for he [the Miami] would have killed thee but for him [the Fox] and the Kickapous, who were opposed to his [the Miami's] designs.

"Thou Sauteur, in the same time thou hast saved the life of all the nation that was in Mamekagan when Chingounabe invited the Miamis to attend his dog feast. He intended to betray and devour thee, if the Fox that thou regardest as thine enemy had

consented to thy destruction. Thou hast, however, killed him; he had only avenged himself when thou compelled him to do it; but he has restored to thee willingly thy people, and thou hast his people yet.

"Thou Miami, thou knowest that the Fox has never gone to war against thee; he has defended thee and has aided thee to avenge thyself when thou hast been defeated by the Sioux.

"Thou . . . ,* thou art not ignorant that thy chiefs died of sickness when the Fox was [gone] to avenge the Miamis of the Crane, who would have been defeated by the Sioux, if he [the Fox] had not had pity; he has won them by presents and has confirmed the alliance which thou hadst contracted with him [the Sioux], with whom thou hast never been in war, no more than with the Kickapou, who has visited every village with him; whereas the other Miamis have killed the relatives of thy people this winter.

"Thou Illinois, thou never madest war against the Fox, neither against the Kickapou; thou hast, however, attacked him when he was at Detroit; he has defended himself; you have killed one another; thou hast avenged thyself when he was defeated at Detroit, and when he returned to his country; he took one of thy chiefs, whom he has sent back, and thou hast killed his deputy; thou shouldst be satisfied.

"Thou Pottawatomie, thy nation is half Sacs; the Sacs are in part Foxes; thy cousins and thy brothers-in-law are Foxes and Sacs. Pirimon and Ouene-

* Illegible in the manuscript. Mascoutins are thought to be the people referred to.

mek, who are thy chiefs, and who mourn the murders which have been committed in thy families, —they are Sacs. I love you all, says your father Onontio. I will extinguish the fires of war, which are so brilliant that, besides all of you who have been consumed by them, they will not fail to consume, from all quarters, the remainder, if I do not extinguish them.

"Thou Huron, be content; thou hast lost thy people, but thou shouldst be avenged [be satisfied with what vengeance thou hast already had]. Thou art too cruel; remember what thou hast done against me and against my children, thy allies, since I have taken up for thee against all, and since I have protected thee, and if I had not protected thee, thou wouldst be no more. Thou hast wished to betray me on many occasions; and I have pardoned thee, in order to gain thy gratitude.

"Thou Ottawa, thou hast killed the Miamis at Detroit, who were under my protection; thou hast assassinated some Frenchmen there at the same time, and elsewhere.

"Thou Sauteur, thou hast, in like manner, killed some Frenchmen; thou also hast killed some Missisakis. I have grieved for my dead, but I have not chastened thee; and thou Miami, also; I have pardoned all.

"And very far from avenging myself, I have defended thee against the Iroquois, who was one of my faithful children that thou hast killed, and who has never caused trouble since the last peace which I succeeded in making between you, without which he would have destroyed you all For he was capa-

ble of destroying all, without asking from me anything but my will and consent; on the contrary, to defend you, I have not only furnished you with arms but, more, with my young men, who have been entirely destroyed by you. I have even defended you against the Fox, who has never killed any of my people.

"I wish, my children, that this war might be ended, and if any one does not obey me, I declare myself against him and for the Fox.

"All the nations would have consented to peace. This is why we ought not to fear to reproach them for their vices any more than for [to reproach them on account of] the services that we have rendered them; for the character of the savage is not to forget the good that has been done him [and we have aided them] as opportunities have occurred.

"These, Your Highness, are my humble opinions, which would have led to success if I had accompanied M. De Louvigney.

"As to the Foxes, I would welcome the end of them."

Joseph Tisson, the interpreter, and child.
Tama Reservation.

CHAPTER X

While De Nonville was Governor of New France, in his attempts to defeat the Iroquois he allied the western tribes. A body of the Miamis was stationed at Chicago, and somewhere near the French had a fort and trading-post. At one time three men were heard approaching the post crying that the Miamis were all dead; that the Iroquois had defeated them at Chicagon (Chicago). They were requested to enter the fort and, given an opportunity to smoke and rest, they gradually regained their composure. After they had eaten they were questioned as to the news and said: "When you made presents this autumn to Apichagan, chief of the Miamis, he departed the next day to inform all the Miamis and our people of what you had said; he made them consent to follow you. Two Frenchmen sent some presents to the Miamis to say to them that Onontio* wished that they establish themselves at Chicago. Apichagan opposed this and said that his people had all been killed at the river of St. Joseph, when La Salle established them at that place. The French sent some of their people, who declared to Apichagan, on the part of Onontio, that he would abandon

*When Montmagne, one of the early Governors, reached Canada, his name was explained to the natives as meaning Great Mountain, and hence after that time each Governor was known as Onontio, that being the native word for such a physical characteristic.

them if they did not obey him. He requested them to follow Perrot, who had given them life and had prevented the slaughter of many of their families at Chicago. The Miamis having arrived at Chicago, the French requested them to hunt there and return to the fort of the French to supply their needs. Some of the Miamis who had not arrived at Chicago were surprised by the Iroquois. A chief was taken who, in his song of death, demanded of his enemies that they spare his life; he assured them that he would deliver his village to them if they would permit him to live.* Some hunters, members of these families who had been to Chicago, returning to their homes perceived afar a great encampment, and they judged that their people had been defeated and had fled to the fort to carry the news to the French. The Miamis who were there consulted whether they should make an assault or take flight. A Sokoki who was among them warned them not to trust the French, for they were friends of the Iroquois. The Miamis believed him and fled in all directions. The Iroquois came, conducted by the Miami chief who had offered to betray his village, but found only four Frenchmen who had just arrived from the Illinois, and attacked them. The Iroquois pursued those who had fled from the village and captured all the women and children.

The news of the defeat of the Miamis at Chicago spread among the tribes, and a hundred Miami, Mascoutin, Pottawatomie, and Fox warriors pursued the Iroquois and attacked them, tomahawk in

* Such cowardice was so uncommon among the Indians that what is charged seems incredible.

hand, with such fury that they killed a hundred of them, retook half of their people and scattered the Iroquois, who would have been defeated if the pursuit had continued. (This is possibly the affair mentioned by La Hontan, II., 167.)

The commandant in the west (La Potherie tells us), presumably Perrot, came from his trading-post among the Sioux and sent a tomahawk to each of the various tribes, requesting them to join and strike the Iroquois. On his way from his fort he saw smoke which he believed was from an army of the allies going against the Sioux. He met the Mascoutin chief, who was on his way to find him, and was informed that the Foxes, Kickapoos, and other people of The Bay had come to pillage his supplies in order to get arms to aid them in their attacks on the Sioux.

They had resolved to force the fort and kill all the French if they made the least resistance. Three spies were sent, who made the pretext of trade, and reported, upon returning, that they had seen only six Frenchmen, the commandant not being there. Two more spies came the next day, ostensibly for the purpose of trade. The French had taken the precaution to put some loaded guns near the doors of their cabins. In order that the savages might be deceived as to the number of people, and to make the deception more nearly complete, the French changed their clothes occasionally. The savages asked how many Frenchmen there were, and were answered that there were forty, and that they were, at that moment, awaiting others from the buffalo hunt across the river. Seeing all the arms in readi-

ness, the savages were led to reflect. The Frenchmen told them that they were always ready in case the savages came to attack them and, being on a great trail, they always held themselves in readiness, knowing the savages to be very inconstant, and told them to bring the chiefs of each nation, as they had something to say to them, but that if they approached the fort in large numbers they would be fired upon. Six of these chiefs came, who cast away their bows and arrows at the doors, and were permitted to enter. Seeing all the arms in readiness they asked the commandant if he feared his children. He replied that he was not embarrassed, as he knew how to slay others. He told them that the Great Spirit had informed him of their designs, saying that they wished to carry away his effects in order to go against the Sioux, and intended to put him in the kettle. They admitted this was true and hoped, as he was a father to them, that he would be indulgent.

Next morning the army of savages approached and claimed they wished to trade, but the Frenchmen required one of the chiefs to mount the door of the fort and tell them not to advance or they would be killed; that the Spirit had informed Metaminens [Perrot] of their resolution.

This trouble over, Perrot was then free to undertake to assemble recruits to go against the Iroquois, some of whom were Foxes, some were Miamis of Maramech, and some Pepikokias, then living near the mouth of the Pestekouy (the Fox river of Illinois), some Mangokekis, west of the same river, some Piankeshaws, east of the river, and some Kila-

taks, from the south side of the Illinois river. Some of the latter would have perished of hunger had not others had a sufficient supply to aid them.

It required many presents, however, to turn these people against the dreaded Iroquois, the common enemy. Very far from keeping their promise, they amused themselves at buffalo hunts for a whole month; the Foxes and Mascoutins were at war with the Sioux, hoping to terrify the latter so that they would not dare approach their villages while they were making war on the Iroquois.

Perrot was made a prisoner by Mascoutins, who were of one of the nations that had been particularly benefited by him in matters of trade. They had sent to him asking that he come and trade at their village. He complied, accompanied by a Pottawatomie chief and six Frenchmen. No sooner were they there than the Mascoutins seized his merchandise. It was the custom among the savages to feed well the prisoners who were to be burned, in order that they might have strength to endure the tortures of fire longer. One of the chiefs chided, saying that they should care better for him. They wished to sacrifice him to the shades of a number of their people who had been killed on several occasions, they said, for he had been the author of the deaths. A warrior informed him that he was to be burned at the rising of the sun, on the prairies; that he was a sorcerer and had been the cause of the death of fifty of their people to satisfy the shades of two Frenchmen whom the Mascoutins had killed at Chicago. He was told that if the French had merely avenged themselves, nothing would have been said, for

"blow should be paid for blow"; but that he had been too cruel.

He awaited his fate calmly, but the Pottawatomie chief, fearing for himself, sang his death song. Perrot was taken from the village the next day with the other Frenchmen, they complaining bitterly of their fate. While this was taking place the Mascoutins busied themselves dividing Perrot's merchandise.

It resulted, however, that Perrot was not burned, but made his escape; how has not been told us except by Tailhan, who says that he was rescued by the Foxes.

A Miami who had a Mascoutin wife saw the warriors leaving with Perrot, and immediately gave information to his nation that the Frenchman had been pillaged and burned by the Mascoutins. The chief of the Miamis was then engaged in war with the Iroquois, but his tribe did not wait a moment, after his arrival, to avenge the supposed death of Perrot. The nations at The Bay were also informed, and they wished to raise the tomahawk and chastise the Mascoutins.

This being, however, the time of the troubles with the Iroquois, Perrot turned their warlike spirit to account in that direction.

The Miamis of Maramech captured eight Loups, to whom the English had given many presents. They gave four of these prisoners to the commandant of the branch of the Miami tribe living on the river St. Joseph, and destined the others for the French, their friends, who had rendered them several services. De Louvigney sent thirty-eight men

in quest of these people, with an order for them to put the prisoners "in the kettle" (a figure of speech meaning to kill, and sometimes, as well, to eat), if they were not able to get them to Mackinac; but the Miamis of the St. Joseph river had taken them away. The Frenchmen presented the Miamis of Maramech with fifty pounds of powder to engage them in their interests. These Miamis marched to the number of two hundred, but separated into four parties after having divided the powder among them.

The Miamis who remained at the village of Maramech made a solemn feast next day by order of the great chief, to obtain from the Great Spirit a fortunate return of the warriors. They dressed an altar, on which they put some bearskins, of which they daubed the heads with green earth. As they passed before the altar they bowed and knelt. All of the people were obliged to assist in this ceremony. Jugglers and the medicine-men, and those who called themselves sorcerers, formed the first rank; they held in hand their medicine-bags and their implements of jugglery; they threw a spell over those they wished to have die, who feigned to fall dead; but the medicine-men put drugs between their lips and resuscitated them by shaking them rudely. The one that could make the most grotesque figure drew the most admiration. They danced to the sound of the drum and gourd rattles; they formed into two parties, as enemies, and attacked and defeated in turn. They had some skins of water-adders and otters which, they said, produced death to those on whom was thrown this spell, and they

brought to life all that they wished. The master of the ceremony, accompanied by two old men and two women at his side, marched with gravity while going to announce, at the doors of all the cabins of the village, that the ceremony would immediately commence. They laid hands upon all they met, who thanked them by dropping to the knee and embracing their legs. One saw nothing but dancing, and heard nothing but the howls of the dogs that were killed for the sacrificial feast. The bones of those they had eaten were then burned, as at a holocaust. The persons who were killed and resuscitated danced separately, while some remained as if dead. Men, women, and girls, and young persons of the age of twelve years, fell dead and were resuscitated. The jugglers, the medicine-men and the sorcerers were each fitted out with their finest ornaments. Some thrust sticks a foot and a half in length, and the size of the thumb, down their throats and simulated death; but medicine was given them that brought them to life and set them dancing again. Others swallowed the feathers of swans and eagles, which they withdrew and then fell as dead and, in turn, were resuscitated also. One recognized in their movements nothing more than artifices most diabolical. The wealth of all the people was divided among the jugglers.

The ceremonies continued day and night for five days. They sought the cabins at night and the public places during the day, marching always in procession. It was represented to them that what they did was criminal before God. They responded that, on the contrary, this was the proper means to influ-

ence the Great Spirit to deliver the enemy to their young people, who would perish in war if this solemnity were not observed.

It resulted that one of the parties returned, at the end of thirty days, and had killed several Iroquois without having lost one of their people. They asked the French: "Believe you that the Great Spirit has listened to our prayers?" The other parties returned somewhat later with several prisoners and the Loups that the Miamis of St. Joseph had held.

Does it seem possible that where now, on summer nights, laughter echoes midst the maples and the whip-poor-wills mock the music at the campfires, where Sylvan Spring, like a well-filled goblet, pours Nature's nectar o'er its brim, where now to sigh is madness, and where, within the hearing of the dullest ears, the bells and choirs call to lesser superstitious practices, all this took place?

The Mascoutins at last wished to draw Perrot to them, and one of the tribe arrived at Maramech and assured him that they would satisfy him for the loss of his merchandise. The Miamis, who knew that the Mascoutins wished only to capture him, brusquely demanded of them if they believed he was a dog that one could chase away when he troubled them, and make return by a caress.

The Mascoutins had learned that all of the people of The Bay, the Miamis and others, had wished to avenge the insult they had offered, and sent two deputies to pray Perrot not to depart from Mara-

mech, where they wished to speak to him. Their chief came, with several warriors, and entered the cabin of the Miamis, where they assembled many of the principal men of the nation and some Kickapoos; the latter had brought a slave and three children, whom they made sit before Perrot. The Mascoutins said that they had only borrowed the guns, at the same time presenting the slave. They made various other presents, accompanied by remarks to the effect that they had only taken the merchandise on credit.

Perrot did not succeed in getting the Miamis of Maramech nor the small branch of the Miami tribe that had established itself on the west side of the Mississippi river, near the lead mines, to join those located on the St. Joseph river. They did not feel safe where they were, for they did not take any stock in the promise made by the Iroquois that their westward excursions should be limited by the Chicago river. (La Potherie, II., 316.)

The ambition of the Iroquois was still ultimately to destroy the Illinois, as they had long sought to do, and hence, in order to allay the fears of those who would otherwise ally themselves with the Illinois, they declared the limit of their claims of possession to be as later shown on Jeffrey's map of 1777, by a dotted line. On Gibson's map is this legend: "The pecked line extending by the Illinois through Quadaghe cross the Lakes, Illinois and Hurons, shows the bounds of the territories of the Six Nations, which by deed of sale they surrendered to the Crown of Great Britain in 1701, and renewed in 1726 and 1744."

An envoy was sent to tell the people of the Miami village on the other side of the Mississippi river, that the Governor of New France had something important to tell them. They were informed that they were useless to the Governor in the place where they were; that they were not provided with munitions of war and would not be able to get any, if the Iroquois should turn their tomahawks against them; and that they ought to understand that the Sioux might easily fall upon them also, should the Sioux wish to avenge their dead against the Mascoutins.

The people of this village "promised to place their fires at Maramech." They would have placed them on the river St. Joseph, at the solicitation of the chief of that region, but he refused to give them powder and ball. He certainly did stand in his own light, as they declared, and it is probable that this branch of the Miamis believed themselves safer at Maramech, on the Fox river of Illinois, beyond the line limiting the claims of the Iroquois.

The Mascoutins had failed in their stroke against the Sioux, with whom they were at that time at war, and fear that the branch of Miamis on the Mississippi might ally themselves with the Sioux against them induced the Mascoutins to send one of their chiefs to Maramech to sound carefully the Miamis of *that* region as to any possible intentions against them.

The affairs among the tribes were decidedly mixed. The Foxes had received some Iroquois prisoners from the Miamis of Chicago. Policy prevented them from burning these captives, for they

hoped that, in case the Sioux came against them, they could throw themselves, with their families, on the Iroquois and, with these prisoners, pave the way to a peaceful union.

In their efforts to get the Miamis of Maramech to abandon their fires, the Governor finally commanded that they be given powder in order that their families might subsist during the journey to the St. Joseph, and to kill any Iroquois whom they might encounter.

Returning to the Foxes, La Potherie tells us that at one time they built a new village of more than six hundred cabins and invited the Sacs, then near them on the Wisconsin river, to share it with them. The Sacs sent deputies, accompanied by some Frenchmen, to investigate and consider the propriety of accepting the invitation. They found the people destitute. The Foxes had only about five or six hatchets, all without edges, which served each family, in turn, to cut wood; scarcely had they an awl or knife to each cabin. They cut their meat with the flints of their arrows, and scaled fish with clam shells. The misery of the people was great enough to excite compassion among the French. They were so thin that whenever they had eaten their fill they appeared malformed; in feature they were disagreeable, of voice brutal, and of visage bad. They acted as though they thought the French should give up to them all they had; the fact was that they had but few beaver skins with which they found it possible to buy anything. Such was often the impoverished condition reached by these people. (La Potherie, II., 98.)

The custom among the western tribes to heal wounds, as they termed it, by means of presents, is well shown in the case of a Sac at this Fox village, who was bathing in the river, when a Frenchman came and bantered the Sac to let him shoot one of his arrows. The Sac, having a bit of cloth, held it as a target, but the Frenchman's aim was not good and, as the Sac was not quick enough to dodge, the arrow struck his shoulder and he yelled that the Frenchman had killed him. Perrot ran to him, pulled out the arrow and made him a present of a knife, a little vermilion, with which to beautify his face, and a piece of tobacco. The presents were sufficient to appease him, but his comrades prepared to avenge the injury and sought the Frenchman, but were dissuaded by the Sac, who shouted: "Where are you going? I am cured. Metaminens has healed me by this ointment that you see on the wound, and I am no longer suffering any injury."

With these people the name given by the parent to a child was usually ignored as the individual advanced in years, and special names given, often prompted by fancy. Once accepted the name remained, for a time at least, by common consent. So it was that Perrot, the friend of all northern tribes, was known as Metaminens, the word meaning "Little Corn." May not the title have been chosen because, of all the French who came among them, he best suited their needs and fancies, and to him they gave the name of that variety of the pride of their fields which, when parched, served best their needs when on long war excursions?

Trade had given the Hurons advantages that were

soon sought by other tribes, some of whom had been driven west of the Mississippi by the Iroquois. The Miamis, Mascoutins, Kickapoos, and fifty families of Illinois also chose to be near the French post at Green Bay, because they needed knives and hatchets, such as they had seen in the hands of the Hurons. They chose to make their fields about seventy miles south of one of the villages of the Foxes. This probably placed them some distance below the head waters of the river then known as Pestekouy. The Illinois and Miamis had long made their fields and hunted over the surrounding prairies and had run the woods that bordered the beautiful river, and the bones of their fathers called them back to their old homes on its shores. To them eventually came the French, led by Perrot, accompanied by some Mascoutins. A Miami among them, owning a gun, was sent before to announce the coming, which he did by firing within earshot of the village. They were welcomed by an old man and woman, who carried an earthen pot of newly-prepared succotash; it was in the season of the withering of the silks of the corn and when the beans were most tender. How the French must have relished the luxury brought from the native cornfields and gardens that, mixed and boiled, we know to be so toothsome! We well may thank those crude people who taught our mothers to prepare the primitive dish, one of the most enjoyable served to the hungry.

The old man bore a calumet cut out of the red stone brought from the pipestone quarries of Minnesota, its long stem ornamented with the heads of the

brilliant woodpeckers and, at its middle, a bunch of red feathers. When he saw Perrot, the leader of the French, he presented the calumet. Holding it to the sun he uttered words seemingly addressed to all of the many spirits adored by his people. As if addressing the god of day, in his course, he held it first to the east and then to the reddening west. Many evolutions followed, all seemingly accompanied by words of prayer and seeming praise that the French had been permitted to come among them. A buffalo-robe, "its hair soft as silk," was spread on the grass and Perrot and his companion requested to sit. The old man failing, on account of the dampness, to get fire to light the calumet by rubbing two pieces of wood together, Perrot astonished them all with his steel, flint, and punk. To them the steel seemed to be a spirit—a new one to be added to their already too long list. All then smoked and a feast of soup was prepared, made from dried meats, and followed by a dessert of the juice of stalks of ripening corn.

Passing on, frequent halts were made until finally they reached a hill, on the slope of which was a great village composed of various tribes. The chief of the Miamis met them at the shore, at the head of three thousand men, calumet in hand. A chief of war raised Perrot on his shoulders and, accompanied by the musicians, carried him to the village. This village must have been one of the many that were located in the "Colonie du Sr. de La Salle," the principal one of which was Maramech. The Mascoutins who had brought him turned him over to the Miamis to be cared for, but the latter were

loth to deprive them of the company of the Frenchman. Perrot was given fifty guards to prevent annoyance by the crowds of curious people. A feast was given, served on wooden dishes that looked more like troughs than plates. The foods were soaked with buffalo fat. Particular attention was paid to Perrot by the attendants who, presumably, expected ample rewards. The Frenchman presented a gun and kettle, and in an address praised the people, particularly in regard to their physical characteristics. Finally he cast more than a dozen awls and knives, saying: "Leave your awls of bone; those of the French will serve you better, and these knives will be more useful to you in dressing your beavers and cutting your meats than are your own made of stone." The Miamis apologized, regretting that they had not beavers upon which they might feast the Frenchmen.

An alliance of all these tribes was brought about by the interposition of Perrot, and at the end of eight days a feast was made to thank the sun for lighting his way to their village. In his cabin the great chief of the Miamis had erected an altar, upon which he had caused to be put his medicine-bag in which his charms were carried. Perrot, not approving the ceremonies, said that he worshipped a God who forbade him to eat anything sacrificed to evil spirits. They were greatly surprised by this refusal and requested him, after removing their charms, to then eat of what had been prepared. The chief also prayed Perrot to promise the true God that henceforth he would give Him preference because his own god had not taught them to make hatchets and ket-

tles and all things of the kinds brought by the French; and that he would hope, in worshipping Him, to obtain all the knowledge that the French had.

All of these tribes deliberated in council whether, having few furs and being short of provisions for their families, they should go with the French to Montreal. Deciding to go, they made great preparations, beginning with a solemn feast. The evening before their departure they fired volleys of musketry in the village. Three men also sang all the night without ceasing, invoking, from time to time, different gods. They sang to Michapous, the great hare, their most influential god, then to the god of the lakes, of the rivers and of the forests, praying the winds, the thunder, the storms, and the tempests to be favorable to them during their voyage.

In the morning the village crier called the men to the cabins where the feast was to be served. There came the singers of the night before, the first one stationed at the door of the cabin, the second at the center, and the third at the extreme end, armed with quivers, bows, and arrows, the face and all the body of each blackened with coals from the fires, and each performed his part. They sang their songs, each in turn. Twenty nude and painted young men entered, decorated with crow feathers and belts of otter skins. Vigorous dancing followed; so vigorous, in fact, as to frighten the women and children. Sixty volunteered to go with the Frenchmen, and later seventy more joined them at Sault Ste. Marie.

While these were passing the portage at the head of the Ottawa river, on their way to Montreal, they were requested by the Nipissings to pay toll; in fact, a large part of their furs were required to gain permission to pass. This incident shows that the Foxes along the Wisconsin river were not alone in exacting toll.

Perrot repaired, on another mission of friendship, to the Miamis at Chicago. We learn from early accounts that the Miamis had a village on the river of that name, and it is probable, several of them. This tribe was also, in part, located near the Illinois town of Kaskaskia, opposite Fort St. Louis, and Maramech was on the great trail that passed directly from the Miami and the Illinois villages to Chicago.

Perrot visited Maramech, as previously stated, as a representative of the Governor of New France in all matters pertaining to the tribes that were allied to the French. During the years that Perrot represented the government in the west he visited the various Miami tribes, in 1692-3 was at "Malamet" (Maramech) on the river Pestekouy (now the Fox river of Illinois) and not on the Kalamazoo, as supposed by O'Callaghan, who is followed by Margry, in *Chain of Posts.** Neither the birch-bark canoes nor dugouts were sufficiently seaworthy to cross the lake, and Perrot, to be in the "way" between the Iroquois and the Algonquin nations, could not have been at the Kalamazoo, but plainly on the Pestekouy, as is seen by Franquelin's maps of 1684, 1687, and 1688, and a score of other old maps. That

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* For a discussion of this subject see ante pages 70-75.

great concourses of Indians repaired to the actual "Maramech" is evident by relics there found, suggesting a trading station, and by the great area covered by that and possibly both earlier and later towns. In 1694 Nicholas Perrot arrived at Montreal from the west with the Ottawas and farthest nations, with ten or twelve canoes of Pottawatomies, Sacs, Folles-Avoines (Winnebagoes), Foxes, and "Miamis of Maramek." Every one of these tribes was from the west side of Lake Michigan, and the "Miamis of Maramek" were that branch of the tribe that often warred against the Foxes and Sioux, and that often joined one or the other. The chief Messitonga, a "Miami of Maramek," said: "When the Sioux kills me, I bow my head and recollect my father has forbidden me to turn my tomahawk against him." The fact that Messitonga spoke of being killed by the Sioux shows clearly that the great barrier, Lake Michigan, was not between him and the Sioux; that the Illinois, the Miamis of Chicago, the Pottawatomies and Menominees, the Ottawas, Sacs, and Foxes, Kickapoos, and Mascoutins, most of whom were from time to time at war with the Sioux, were not *on the way* (route) between him and the English, if he was on the Kalamazoo. At a great council held in 1694, where the various western tribes were represented, Perrot spoke for the "*Pepicoquis*, who also are Miamis of Maramek." The Pepicokias, near neighbors of the Miamis of Maramek, were far from the Kalamazoo, which is across the lake from the Maramech of Franquelin's map; they fished and hunted along the beautiful Pestekouy and there chased the buffalo

on all of the five prairies that approached Maramech and the river it adorned, which prairies formed a great range that was the typical locality of the wild ox of America; the river being called the Pestekouy by the Algonquins, the name also being that of the buffalo.

CHAPTER XI

In 1672 Allouez met the "Machkoutench, Marameg, Kikaboua, Illinoie, Pepikoukia, Kilatika," and others, all later mapped in the so-called "Colonie du Sr. de La Salle." He says (*Relations*, 1672): "They were deeper in the woods" (from the Mission of St. Francis Xavier); but he errs by later saying that they were to the "westward," for they were, in fact, on the "Pestekouy" river, which heads within a few leagues of the site of his ancient mission at Green Bay. They were not the Maramegs of the Chippewa tribe, north of Lake Superior, nor were they people of the river "Maramec" of Michigan, for unquestionably they were in the very midst of the tribes he mentions, where La Salle later found them. They were of the "Great Village of Maramek" referred to in the reports of 1695 (*N. Y. Col. Docs.*, IX., 621-624), where we read: "Sieur Perrot presented a robe on the part of the Pepicoquis, who also are Miamis of Maramek."

It is believed that the Foxes got more than their share of blame for the depredations along the Wisconsin river, from the fact that the Mascoutins, their near neighbors, often outdid them in acts of barbarity. While Perrot was commandant at Maramech these tribes united in an attack on the Sioux. Perrot had a fort and trading post on the west side of the Mississippi, "opposite the lead mines," where the Iowas and Sioux came to trade. The Mascoutins and

Foxes, being at war with the Sioux, claimed that the traders were supplying arms to their enemy, and planned to rob Perrot. They prepared an ambush, but the dogs of the Frenchmen found them out and their plans were defeated.

The Miamis, almost always bitterly against the Iroquois, once raised a band of three hundred warriors and were ready for the warpath. Some Frenchmen who were in the vicinity, considering only their own immediate interests, made them believe that Onontio wished them to hunt the beaver during the winter in order to trade the furs for ammunition to become better able to go against the common enemy during the coming spring; but the counsel did not delay them, and they went and captured twelve Iroquois and broke their heads. Finding themselves pursued, they killed sixteen on another occasion.

The Sacs and their allies were wise enough to prove their fidelity to Onontio. There were only the Foxes and Mascoutins who violated their promises; they were infuriated against the Sioux, notwithstanding an alliance of peace, and found themselves in embarrassments from which they were finally only able to extricate themselves by the mediation of the French. They were never able to efface from their hearts the passion for revenge that dominated them. They moved in a body and provoked a combat with the Sioux, taking over four hundred prisoners and cutting to pieces all who resisted. They practiced some unheard-of cruelties on their prisoners, seemingly to avenge the loss of fifteen warriors, in the action, and burned two hundred women and children. Six Frenchmen went to liberate some of the

prisoners and, on the way, passed some of the lately killed. The Miamis (the branch on the Mississippi near the lead mines) were sensibly touched by the depredations and, fearing that the Sioux would lay violent hands on them, they being the neighbors of the Foxes and Mascoutins, they engaged Perrot to go to the Sioux and assure them that the Miamis had taken no hand in the murders, and to say that they would take their part. He went with a party of Sioux who came from a reconnoiter against the Mascoutins, and who said that they had found, about twenty miles above, sixty of their people who formed the advance guard, to see if their enemy was likely to return the attack. He had no sooner approached the Sioux than they bathed him with their tears, making cries capable of touching the hearts of the most insensible. After having wept a half hour they raised him on a bearskin and carried him to the top of a hill, upon which they camped. He requested them to make his arrival known at the French fort.

Several days after he departed with six Sioux. He passed by the village, entirely ruined, where he saw the sad remains of the fury of their enemies. The lamentations of those who had escaped from the cruelties were heard on all sides.

There chanced to be there at that time a Frenchman who called himself a great captain. In exposing some pieces of cloth for sale he made the people believe that the fabrics would develop an evil spirit that would cause the death of those who had devoured their families. This trifling enabled him to dispose of his merchandise. When the Sioux

learned of the arrival of Perrot they conducted him to his fort. He took a favorable opportunity to present to them the pipe of peace on the part of the Miamis, and said to them:

"Chiefs, I weep the death of your children; the Foxes and Mascoutins, in deceiving me, have ravished you. Heaven has witnessed their cruelty, for which it will punish them. The blood of your dead is yet too fresh to warrant you in undertaking to avenge them; Heaven wishes that you weep to appease it. It has declared against you and will not assist if you put yourself in march this summer. I have learned that you have assembled to search your enemies; they are entrenched in a good fort; the Foxes have the greater part of the prisoners taken from you and will undoubtedly massacre them if your warriors appear. I cover your dead* by casting to them two kettles; but do not bury the kettles with them. I will shelter your dead from the storms until Onontio shall have learned of your loss; he will determine what he can do for you. I shall go to him and do my best to learn from him what he can do to restore your children. He can only be influenced by compassion. The Miamis, who are his children, have obeyed him when, through me, he has bidden them to cease making war against you; they have learned of your affliction and lament your disaster. Behold the pipe of peace, which they send you with the word that they disapprove of the course taken by the Foxes and Mascoutins, and pray you to remember the alliance

* By this idiom is meant, I soothe your feelings for the loss of your dead by casting to their spirits, etc.

existing between them and you; if you make up parties to go to find the bones of your dead, do not mistake and peril their families."

This speech was followed by very bitter lamentations; there were heard only cries and dirges. They took brands from the fire with which they burned their bodies, without wincing, saying several times this word of despair: "*Kabato! Kabato!*"

Perrot, having yielded the time they gave to these natural impulses, gave them presents of several lengths of tobacco and said: "Smoke, chiefs! Smoke, warriors! Smoke peaceably in the hope that will return to you some of your wives and children; that I will take them from the jaws of your enemies. Place again all your confidence in Onontio [Governor Frontenac], who is master of the land, from whom you will receive satisfaction."

Perrot, pausing, cast to them some packages of knives and continued: "These knives are to dress the beavers and not to scalp men; use them until you have news from Onontio."

The Frenchmen who had stopped them to trade in furs, were compelled to come to the fort to dispose of their merchandise. The one they had regarded as a great captain having arrived, they sought him and said that since the cloths he had sold them had caused the deaths of the Foxes and Mascoutins, they wished to sing to him and Perrot some of the dirges of the calumet, to lead them to aid in their undertakings. "We have resolved," said they, "not to leave our dead until we have taken a village, the people of which we wish to sacrifice to the shades of our dead. We recognize the

Miamis as our brothers, and we are going to send deputies to make peace with them. We have little against the Foxes for taking away our women, for they have spared their lives; they have not followed them when they have escaped. Ten have returned who have said that the Foxes are kindhearted and that the latter censured the Mascoutins for having eaten all of their captives."* It was reported that for one Mascoutin who had been killed in the encounter they had burned and put to death twenty of the Sioux women and children, and that they lived only on the flesh of the prisoners, in the retreat.

The trader said that he was ready to receive the pipe if Perrot would do so. The Sioux assembled in the cabin of the war chief, where they performed the ceremony of the pipe of war, in which they asked the two Frenchmen to smoke. Putting the ashes of the tobacco on the ground, they invoked the Great Spirit, the sun, the stars, and all the lesser spirits. Perrot refused the pipe, saying that as he was only a child he could do nothing without the participation of his father, Onontio; that he had come to lament their dead and to bring the pipe of peace from the Miamis who had not participated in the barbarities of their enemies; that if they wished to give him a pipe to reply to the Miamis, he would carry it to them, but that he was not in position to declare against the Mascoutins, who would distrust him for that reason; that they would not fail to learn that one had sung to him the dirge; that he had great

* To "eat the captives" did not always mean to use them as food, but it was often a general term signifying to make way with them.

reason to complain of their ingratitude because he had run great risks of being himself burned among them, but that it would be necessary to lay all such matters before Onontio. The Sioux admitted that he was right and were made to believe that they had sufficient reason to hang up the tomahawk until Onontio should know all that had passed.

The Foxes much wished that the Frenchmen would bring some of the Sioux to treat for peace, as they were much embarrassed by their prisoners; they were not ignorant of the fact that their conduct was an invasion of the rights of those people. The Sioux judged it not judicious to expose their deputies alone, and so departed, thirty in number, to go to the Miami village that was located on the west bank of the Mississippi river, opposite the lead mine. The Miamis were informed of the coming of the deputies, and forty went to meet them. The interview between these people passed with offers of services on the part of one and of lamentations on the part of the other. The Sioux shed many tears, as was their custom on such occasions, on the heads of the Miamis. The Miamis presented the Sioux with one of the girls and a little boy that they had taken from the Mascoutins, and covered the dead Sioux by giving eight kettles, assuring the Sioux of their friendship and asking the chiefs to smoke, promising to bring back as many of their women and children as they could.

The Miamis and Sioux had (unknown to the Frenchmen) some secret meetings during one night, when the Miamis vowed the entire destruction of the Mascoutins.

The Miamis last referred to were informed that Onontio wished to communicate with them and they came, to the number of twenty-five. They were told that they were useless where they were to aid in sustaining Onontio in the war against the Iroquois; that they would not be given munitions of war if they did not also turn their tomahawks against the common enemy; that they ought to assure themselves that the Sioux would not fall upon them when they should go to take vengeance for their dead against the Mascoutins. They promised to "place their fires at Maramek." They would have gone to the river St. Joseph, where was a large branch of the Miami tribe, at the solicitation of the chief there, but for the refusal of powder and balls, which gave them the bad opinion they had of him.

The Mascoutins learned of the meeting of the Sioux and Miamis, by the interposition of Perrot, and they conjectured that Perrot's act was only the result of the recollection of the insults they had committed against him. They admitted his loss and flattered themselves that, in taking his goods and those of the Frenchmen who were with him, they had means to enable them to withdraw more easily to the Iroquois if they should fall under the fire of the nations that had vowed vengeance against them. They resolved to surprise Perrot one night, but some dogs that had a great antipathy for the savages who eat them, caused them to be discovered. This obliged Perrot to put himself on the defensive. The Mascoutins, who had failed, withdrew without undertaking anything further. The fear they had that the Frenchmen and Miamis would unite with

the Sioux against them, inclined them to send one of their chiefs to Maramech to skillfully sound the Miamis of that village, as previously stated. He there chanced to meet Perrot, with whom he had a conference. The savages were commonly politic and compliant in their conduct. He said, "Thou rememberest," at the same time smiling, "what I have done to thee; thou seekest to avenge thyself." The controversy continued for some time, but Perrot contented himself with reproaching the Mascoutins for all their unfaithfulnesses, both in regard to the French and the Sioux.

Some young Mascoutin warriors arrived at the cabin while this was taking place, who reported that the chief was wanted at the village, as his people had discovered the army of the Sioux at the lead mine.

The messengers had no trouble to make themselves heard, and the chief of the village ran about calling the scattered people to proceed quickly to build a fort.

When this took place (1694) Na-nan-gous-sis-ta and Mac-i-ton-ga were the chiefs of Maramech, one of them, no doubt, the war-chief, and it was he who commanded the people of Maramech to hasten to protect themselves. It seems probable that the denizens of the scattered village hastened to the hill, found by me to be historic, and there began the fort that, thirty years afterward, when finished by the Foxes, made a temporary shelter. We shall never know to what extent history was made on Maramech hill. It is probable that at the eastern side, where the ditch is deepest, the Miamis began

the work. Fragments of three events only are known. Perrot was chosen to command at Maramech in 1692, and it seems possible that the fort had already been commenced at the time his responsibilities at the village began.

Soon after the fears of the approach of the Sioux had subsided the Frenchmen departed for Green Bay and were escorted by many people of the village. Before debarking at The Bay the Frenchmen employed themselves in successful attempts to influence the Foxes to deliver the Sioux prisoners. The Foxes were presented two Iroquois by the Miamis of Chicagou; policy prevented them from applying the torch because they hoped that in case the Sioux attacked their village they could throw themselves with their families upon the Iroquois, who had long wished them to join in a war against the French. The Foxes had long known that all the neighboring nations wished their entire destruction. The Sauteurs had been pillaged, the French brutalized, and all the allies insulted. The Foxes sent a chief with the two prisoners, whom they freed, to ask that the Iroquois meet them on the river St. Joseph; they wished the Mascoutins to join them, in which case they would have been able to raise a body of nine hundred warriors to march against the Miamis and Illinois. A son of the Fox chief, however, was friendly to the French, and insisted upon going with the many delegates from the western tribes to Montreal to confer with the Governor of New France. The return of the son of the Fox chief from Montreal made a great impression upon the tribes, however, very favorable to the French.

The Foxes seem sometimes to have been driven to drastic measures and arguments most convincing. At one time, while a party of French traders were in the Sioux country, some Foxes brought some hatchets to The Bay for repair. They forced a Jesuit brother to put them in order. The chief held a naked saber ready to kill him should he object. The brother, remonstrating against the act, was injured to such an extent that he was laid up for a time. With weapons thus in order the chief formed an ambuscade and awaited the return of the French who had gone to the Sioux. "It is true that all of the people of The Bay have reason to complain that one carries all sorts of munitions of war to their enemies." (La Potherie, II., 245.)

The French considered the Foxes mere footpads when, as a matter of fact, they were only exacting toll for the right to pass through their lands and across the portage. This tribe early became the Ishmaelites of the west. They interrupted the western tribes that brought furs to Green Bay, and the legitimate traders, as well as the clandestine ones, the *coureurs du bois*. Complaints were early made of the Foxes by the traders when passing through their country and, as the mild remedies applied by the French for many years had failed to cure the evil, arms were soon resorted to. The trade with the Sioux was profitable to the French, but the great highway was watched by the Foxes and Mascoutins, neighbors as well as sometimes brothers in iniquity, as the French rightly believed. They plundered the French under the pretense that the latter were carrying ammunition to the Sioux,

then, as often before, their enemies That the French carried ammunition to the Sioux is made evident by the very fact that the Sioux got ammunition, for they could not have procured it in any other way. The Spanish could not have approached within a thousand miles of their hunting-grounds, and the English were effectually shut out. As early as these troubles, more than one of the western tribes believed it desirable to leave the country and unite with the Iroquois, on account of the fact that the Sioux had become armed to such an extent that they constituted a greater terror than the Iroquois had ever been, even to the Hurons. The remnants of the Hurons were long in league with the Iroquois, only as a matter of policy, and it became a question, even with the Ottawas, what had best be done. The Foxes and Mascoutins, mustering twelve hundred warriors at that time, had never made a general war upon the French; but as they received no aid from the latter, they were contemplating joining the Iroquois and settling near them as a matter of protection from the Sioux, who had made war upon them.* The opinion then held by the French is found in *Chain of Posts*, p. 121: "The Foxes are so called because theirs is a nation deceitful and malicious. They are situated on a very beautiful river and in a very good country for all purposes. This nation is powerful, and this is why it has become so insolent. I think that if we had not had the war with the Iroquois on hand, we would have taken measures to humiliate them; they have already insulted and pillaged the French several

* Despatches from Canada, *N. Y. C. Doc.*, IX, 633.

times, and otherwise treated them indignantly. They do not make war upon the Iroquois, but on the contrary, there is some alliance between them. It is due to the policy of this enemy of all nations of the New World that they have been able to hold in neutrality one nation, amidst all the others, that would have been able to disturb it much, if it had declared war. When affairs go badly, the Foxes interfere by undertaking negotiations, and often succeed so well that the Iroquois take breath in the interval, because there is no nation that estimates itself happy that does not pride itself on being sought by an enemy that makes all tremble so that one does not refuse the peace when demanded. The Foxes are slovenly and great thieves, and one must watch their feet as well as their hands, for they are very adroit with them. They are at war with the Sioux, the Saulteux [a branch of the Ojibwas], and make telling strokes on their enemies."

"Chicagou" (Chicago) had become an important trading post at the time Cadillac was given command at Detroit. He tells us that the word signifies "river of the onion," because those vegetables grow without care in great quantities. (*Chain of Posts*, 123.) It is readily believed by the dwellers in the now great city that such was the origin, for wherever the native sod of the suburbs is found, adjacent to the stream of that name, the wild onion is still exceedingly abundant. Along the river was a Miami village. Its people were bold, good warriors, and extremely alert. Cadillac tells us that they were true bloodhounds, and that they were feared by the Iroquois. The nation was numerous,

but divided into several villages because of jealousy of the leading men who could not agree and, as they were haughty and warlike, they were inclined to make war against each other. Because of this division, their enemies destroyed them often; by being disunited they risked destruction. Where the branches of this tribe were, Cadillac does not say, but we know that some were near the great Illinois village and others were at "Malamek" [Maramech]. (*Chain of Posts*, p. 72.) It was with these people, the Foxes, the Hurons, and others that the Iroquois, in 1694, demanded, through the French, a treaty of peace. (*Chain of Posts*, P. LIII.)

Perrot succeeded in taking representatives of the various western tribes to hold council with the Governor of New France, where the chief of the Foxes had but few words to offer. "What shall I say to my father? I have come all naked [in poverty] to see him. I can give him no assurance. The Sioux tied my arms and I killed him because he began. Father, be not angry with me for so doing. I am come here only to hear you and execute your will." In reply to this the Governor said: "Fox, I now speak to you; your young men have no sense; you have a bad heart, but mine was beginning to be worse disposed than yours, had you not come to hear my word and do my will. I was resolved to send Mr. de Lamotte with a party of my young men on a visit to your village. That would have been unfortunate, for no doubt your women and children would have been frightened by them. I hope you have sense now, and that you will smoke in peace out of the same calumet as the French who are

about to go and see you." (*N. Y. Col. Doc.*, IX., 679.)

The Governor, to conciliate the Foxes, after the distribution of presents among them, said: "No more powder and iron [guns] will be conveyed to the Sioux, and if my young men carry any thither, I will chastise them severely." In 1701 peace was again made between the Foxes and all other nations, including the Miamis. The pipe of peace was smoked, and the deputies from the various tribes partook of the feasts prepared by the French. The Miamis presented the pipe of peace, and the Governor then said that it should serve thereafter, that all who came there willing to maintain peace might smoke it. After the speech of the Governor a representative of each nation spoke in reply. Chichicatato, one of the chiefs of the Miamis, said: "Father, I have obeyed you by bringing you back eight Iroquois prisoners, to do with as you please; had I canoes I would have brought more, although I do not see here any of my people in the hands of the Iroquois present. I will bring you those that remain, if you wish it, or I shall open the door to them that they may return." Miskeounas, chief of the Foxes, said: "I have no prisoners to surrender to you, father, but I thank you for the clear sky [the new peace] you give the whole world. For myself I will never lose this light."

We shall soon see how well this declaration of peace with the Foxes was kept by the French. The peace established among these tribes, by the influence of the Governor, was none too soon. The Piankeshaws, a branch of the Miamis, having been

defeated by the Sioux and the Iowas, had united with the Kickapoos, Mascoutins, Foxes, and others, a year or two previous, with the intention of avenging the injuries committed by the Sioux. Following this, some or all of the Foxes united with the Sacs, Pottawatomies, and others, and, passing up the Mississippi river, encountered five Canadians, whom they wounded, robbed, and left destitute with the exception of a poor gun and five or six charges of powder. The Canadians were on their way to trade with the tribes at the mouth of the Illinois river. If there was any pillaging of the French, or interference of trade, on any of the routes leading from Canada to Louisiana, the Foxes usually took a hand. Their depredations became worse after about the year 1700. Le Sueur, who established a trading post among the Sioux and was getting his supplies by the way of the Great Lakes, received attentions from the Foxes and others along the Fox river of Wisconsin. About 1703 a merchant of Montreal despatched an expedition to the country of the Sioux to join Le Sueur. The value of the supplies was very great, and it was pillaged by the Foxes.

Heading near the Wisconsin river, and wandering through a rich level country, is the Fox river. The lips of tradition are silent as to the people who had already left tumuli along the bank when Europeans first visited the region. The great area of small lakes and ponds invited waterfowl and fur-bearing animals, and the rich grasses of the broad prairies made the region the home of the deer and buffalo. Man had long before been there; a superior race, or

a superior branch of some of the western tribes, had raised a mound on the north bank of the river, near Winnebago lake, known as "Great Butte des Morts" (hill of the dead). Tradition's echo tells that it was a burial-place, as in fact the presence of human bones shows. One tradition informs us that "the earth has not only covered the bodies of warriors slain in battle, but it has been raised up as a record of events disastrous to the Fox tribe of Indians, whose principal village, at an early period, was near this place on the Fox river. This mound is nevertheless to be considered as a modern structure, because the time of its erection, or at least the event which it commemorates, can be referred to, if not in correct history, at least as traditionary accounts. Here, it is said, the Foxes had their stronghold, and from this point not only were depredatory excursions made against the neighboring tribes, but the early French traders were compelled to submit to exactions from these Indians on their voyages along the Fox river.

"It thus became necessary for the French to inflict such a punishment on the Fox tribe as should be the means of deterring them, in the future, from their depredations on the traders. Accordingly, in 1703, an expedition under Captain Morand was sent from Mackinaw against them, and in the attack upon them by surprise, at this, their stronghold, more than one thousand of their warriors perished; and the great 'hill of the dead' was raised over their bones by the survivors who, in a few years, left this part of the country and removed farther to the west. Other accounts differ in regard to the

time when the great battle was fought, which nearly destroyed the tribe and caused their removal; but all agree that the mound raised received its significant name from such an event." (Smith's *Hist. Wis.*, III., 362.)

I have found nothing definite in regard to this battle, and it is quite probable that the account may be a mixture of early and later events, for we are told of a similar battle that occurred in 1714.

CHAPTER XII

The siege of Detroit has been told by several whose accounts vary but little. The only official account at hand was that of Du Buisson, the French commandant, sent to the Marquis de Vaudreuil, which follows (Smith's *Hist. Wis.*, III., 315):

"As I thought it was of great consequence to inform you of the state of this post by express canoe, I have requested M. de Vincennes to make the voyage, having assured him that this arrangement would be pleasing to you, persuaded, as I am, that you are very solicitous about what passes here. The fatigue I undergo day and night in consequence of the public and private councils that I hold with the Indians preventing me from rendering you a detailed account of all the circumstances.

"The destruction of the Mascoutin and Fox villages is one of the principal reasons which induces me to send this express canoe. [By "village" is here meant "branches of the tribes."] It is God who has suffered these two audacious nations to perish. They have received many presents and some belts [treaty belts of wampum] from the English, to destroy the post of Fort Pontchartrain [Detroit], and then to cut our throats and those of our allies, particularly the Hurons and Ottawas, residing upon the Detroit river, and after that these wretches intended to settle among the English and devote themselves to their services. . . ."

Certain of the tribes had gone to the Iroquois and established a village, and it was thought by the commandant that the Foxes would be likely to do the same; in fact, as we shall see, a branch of the Foxes attempted to carry this out eighteen years later. Three canoes of Foxes that had been defeated by the Chippewas, some distance above Detroit, gave this information to Du Buisson, he claims. The account states that "the band of the Great Chief Lamina and that of the Great Chief Pemoussa came early in the spring and encamped, in spite of my opposition, at about fifty paces from my fort, never willing to listen to me, speaking always with much insolence and calling themselves the owners of all this country. It was necessary for me to be very mild, having as you know, sir, but thirty Frenchmen with me, and wishing to restrain eight Miamis who were with De Vincennes, and also to sow our grain and pasture our cattle; and, besides, the Ottawas and Hurons had not come in from their winter hunt. I was thus exposed every day to a thousand insults. The fowls, pigeons, and other animals belonging to the French were killed without their daring to say a word, and, for myself, I was in no condition to openly declare my intentions. One of their parties entered my fort in order to kill one of the inhabitants named Lagmenesse and a daughter of Roy, another inhabitant. I could then no longer restrain myself, but took arms to prevent their accomplishing their object. I compelled them to retire immediately from the vicinity of the fort in order to not give them time to strengthen their party, as they expected the Kickapoos, their allies, that they

might together execute their nefarious project; hoping to be strong enough to retire without loss among the English and Iroquois, they wanted but a favorable moment to set fire to the fort.

"But they were alarmed when they learned that the party of Mascoutins, who had wintered upon the head of the St. Joseph, had been cut off to the number of a hundred and fifty men, women, and children, by Saguina, a war-chief of the Ottawas, and Pottawatomies. They immediately determined to set fire to an Ottawa cabin, which was close by the gate of my fort. I was informed of their intention by an Outagamie [Fox] Indian named Joseph, who long since left his people and came to reside among us. It was from him I learned all that passed in the Outagamie and Mascoutin village. He had the honor to be presented to you, sir, last year, at Montreal. He informed me of the intention to set fire to my fort, and I immediately sent an express canoe to the hunting-grounds of the Ottawas and Hurons, to request them to join me as soon as possible. I sent also another canoe to the other side of the lake to invite the Chippeways and Mississaugas to join us.

"The church and the house of Mr. Mullet were outside of the fort, and all our wheat was stored there. The contrary winds prevented our allies from arriving, which troubled me much. As the circumstances were now pressing, I prevailed on the few Frenchmen who were with me immediately to bring the wheat into the fort. And it was well I did so, for two days later it would have been pillaged. We had to fire upon the enemy to secure it,

and as it was, they stole a considerable portion of it. But the principal object was to pull down, as quickly as possible, the church, the storehouse, and some other houses which were near my fort, and so close that the Indians, at any time, by setting fire to them, might have burnt our works. And, besides, it was important, in order to defend ourselves in case of an attack, which very soon took place. It became us to render thanks to the Lord for His mercies. We should have been lost if I had not formed this determination. I put on the best countenance I could, encouraging the French who were in consternation, believing themselves lost. The apprehension I entertained that some accident might happen to the French who had not yet arrived, and the necessity of sowing our grain and pasturing our cattle, prevented me from refusing them [the hostile Indians] permission to enter the fort to trade, for fear they should suspect I was aware of their object. The only thing I could do was to tell them that I apprehended the Miamis would attack me because I permitted them to remain so near, and therefore I was about to repair my fort. They did not appear to give much credit to my assertions. Our men were obliged to draw some posts, of which the Indians had taken possession, in order to repair the fort as soon as possible, and I succeeded perfectly well in effecting the repairs with material taken from some of the houses. They wished to preserve a pigeon-house, from which they might have assailed us, but I deceived them and took possession of it. I placed it immediately opposite their fort, and pierced it with loopholes. I

mounted two swivels upon logs of wood, to serve as cannon in case of necessity.

"The thirteenth day of May, while I was impatiently awaiting the arrival of my allies, who were the only aid I could expect, Mr. de Vincennes arrived from the Miami country with seven or eight Frenchmen. He brought me no news of the Indians, which gave me much trouble, and I did not know on what saint to call. But heaven watched over our preservation, and when I least expected it, there came a Huron, all breathless, who said to me: 'My father, I wish to speak to you in secret. I am sent to you by our peace chiefs.' There were then in their villages but seven or eight men. It seems that our deliverance was miraculous, for all others arrived two hours after, and the Ottawas also. The messenger said, 'God has pity on you; He has decreed that your enemies and ours should perish. I bring you information that four men have just arrived at our fort, not daring to enter yours on account of the Outagamies and Mascoutins who surround you. Makisabie, war-chief of the Pottawatomies, and his brother, Tchamasimon, are at their head and desire to counsel with you.'

"I requested Mr. de Vincennes to meet them, and he recognized at once the four Indians. He returned an hour after, to render me an account of the interview and told me, on the part of Makisabie, that six hundred men would soon arrive to aid me, and to eat those miserable nations who had troubled all the country; that it was necessary to keep myself on my guard against the Outagamies and Mascoutins, who might learn of the expected arrival of assistance.

"I requested Mr. de Vincennes to return to the Huron fort and ascertain from Makisabie if it would not be satisfactory to his people to content themselves with driving away the Mascoutins and the Outagamies and compel them to return to their former villages, which, sir, was your intention. But this could not be done, for the Hurons were too much irritated. This great affair had been too well concerted during the whole autumn and winter, with all the nations. Mr. de Vincennes, perceiving it would only irritate the Hurons to speak of accommodation, dropped the subject and the more readily as they said these wicked men never kept their word. Nothing else was done but to be silent and put the best face on the affair, while we fought with them against our enemies. The Hurons even reproached us with being tired of living, as we knew the bad intentions of the Outagamies and Mascoutins. They said it was absolutely necessary to destroy them and to extinguish their fire, and it was your intention they should perish. They added that they knew your views on this subject at Montreal.

"Mr. de Vincennes returned and told me it was useless to speak of any accommodation. And in truth I well knew there was great danger in having so many nations around us of whose good intentions we were not certain. I then closed the gates of the fort and divided my Frenchmen into four brigades, each having its brigadier. I inspected their arms and ammunition and assigned them their stations on the bastions. I put four of them into the redoubt I had just constructed. I placed some of

them at the two curtains which were most exposed, and armed them with spears. My two cannon were all ready, with slugs of iron prepared to load them with, which had been made by the blacksmith. Our reverend father held himself ready to give general absolution in case of necessity, and to assist the wounded if there should be any. He communicated also the Sacred Host.

"Every arrangement being made, and while we were waiting with impatience, I was informed that there were many people in sight. I immediately ascended a bastion, and casting my eyes toward the woods I saw the army of the nations of the south issuing from it. They were the Illinois, the Missouris, the Osages, and other nations yet more remote. There were also with them the Ottawa chief Saguina, and also the Pottawatomies, the Sacs, and some Menomenies. Detroit never saw such a collection of people. It is surprising how much all these nations are irritated against the Mascoutins and the Outagamies. This army marched in good order, with as many flags as there were different nations, and it proceeded directly to the fort of the Hurons. These Indians said to the head chief of the army, 'You must not encamp. Affairs are too pressing. We must enter immediately into our father's fort and fight for him. As he has always had pity on us, and as he loves us, we ought to die for him. And don't you see that smoke also? They are the women of your village, Saguina, who are burning there, and your wife is among them.' Not another word was necessary. There arose a great cry, and at the same time they all began to run, having the Hurons

and the Ottawas at their head. The Outagamies and the Mascoutins raised also their war cry, and about forty of them issued from their fort, all naked and well armed, running to meet our Indians and to brave them, in order to make them believe they were not afraid. They were obliged, however, to retreat immediately, and to return to their village. Our Indians requested permission to enter my fort, which I granted, seeing they were much excited. It was my design they should encamp near the woods, that they might not be troublesome to us. All the Indian chiefs assembled upon the parade ground of my fort and spoke to me as follows: 'My father, I speak to you on the part of all the nations, your children, who are before you. What you did last year in drawing their flesh from the fire, which the Outagamies were about to roast and eat, well merits that we should bring you our bodies. So make you the master of them, they to do all you wish. We do not fear death, whenever it is necessary to die for you. We have only to request that you pray the father of all nations to have pity on our women and our children in case we lose our lives with you. We beg you to throw a blade of grass upon our bones to protect them from the flies. You see, my father, that we have abandoned our villages, our women, and our children, to hasten as soon as possible to join you. We hope that you will have pity on us and that you will give us something to eat and a little tobacco to smoke. We have come from a distance and are destitute of everything; we hope you will give us powder and balls to fight with you. We don't make a great

speech. We perceive that we fatigue you and your people by the ardor which you show for the fight.'

"I immediately answered them, and briefly: 'I thank you, my children; the determination that you have taken to offer to die with us is very agreeable to me and causes me much pleasure. I recognize you as the true children of the Governor-General, and I shall not fail to render him account of all that you have done for me to-day. You need not doubt that when any question respecting your interest arises, he will regard it favorably. I receive orders from him every day to watch continually for the preservation of his children. With regard to your necessities, I know you want everything. The fire which has just taken place is unlucky for you as well as for me. I will do all I can to provide you with what you want. I beg you to live in peace, union, and good intelligence together, as well among your different nations as with the French people. This will be the best means of enabling us to defeat our common enemies. Take courage, then; inspect and repair your war clubs, your bows and arrows, and especially your guns. I shall supply you with powder and balls immediately, and then will attack our enemies. This is all I have to say to you.'

"All the Indians uttered a cry of joy and of thanks and said: 'Our enemies are dead from the present moment. The heavens begin to grow clear, and the Master of Life has pity on us.'

"All the old men made harangues through the fort to encourage the warriors, telling them to listen to my words and strictly obey all my orders. I dis-

tributed among them immediately a quantity of balls and powder, and then we all raised the war cry. The very earth trembled. The enemy, who were not more than a pistol-shot distant, raised also their war cry at the same time. The guns were immediately discharged on both sides, and the balls flew like hail.

"We had to do as our Indians did in order to encourage them. The powder and balls that you had the goodness to send us, sir, the past autumn, did not last long. I was obliged to have recourse to three barrels that Mr. de Lamothe left with a certain Roy to sell, not leaving me a single grain when he went away for the defense of the fort in case of an attack. All mine was exhausted, as well as a quantity which I had been obliged to purchase of some of the French people.

"I held the Outagamies and the Mascoutins in a state of siege during nineteen days, wearing them out by a continual fire night and day. In order to avoid our fires they were obliged to dig holes four or five feet deep in the ground to shelter themselves. I had erected two high scaffolds, twenty feet high, the better to fire into their village. They could not go out for water, and they were exhausted by hunger and thirst. I had from four to five hundred men, who blockaded their village night and day, so that no one could issue to seek assistance. All our Indians went and hid themselves at the edge of the woods, whence they continually returned with prisoners, who came to join their people, not knowing they were besieged. Their sport was to shoot them or to fire arrows at them and then burn them.

"The enemy that I had kept besieged, thinking to intimidate me and by this means to have the field left open to them, covered their palisades with scarlet blankets and then hallooed to me that they wished the earth was all colored with blood; these red blankets were the mark of it. They hoisted twelve red blankets as standards in twelve different places of their village. I well knew that these signals were English and that they fought for the English. This, indeed, they told us, for we could speak from one fort to the other. They said they had no father but the English, and told all the nations, our allies, that they would do much better to quit our side and join theirs.

"The great war chief of the Pottawatomies, after having requested my advice and permission, mounted one of my scaffolds and spoke to our enemies in the name of all our nations in these words: 'Wicked nations that you are, you hope to frighten us by all that red color which you exhibit in your village. Learn that if the earth is covered with blood, it will be yours. You speak to us of the English; they are the cause of your destruction, because you have listened to their bad counsel. They are enemies of prayer, and it is for that reason that the Master of Life chastises them as well as you, wicked men that you are; don't you know as well as we do, that the father of all the nations, who is at Montreal, sends continually parties of his young men against the English to make war, and who took so many prisoners that they do not know what to do with them? The English, who are cowards, only defend themselves by secretly killing

men by that wicked strong drink, which has caused so many men to die immediately after drinking it. Thus we shall see what will happen to you for having listened to them.'

"I was obliged to stop this conversation, perceiving that the enemy had requested to speak merely to attract our attention while they went for water. I ordered our great fire to recommence, which was so violent that we killed more than twenty men and some women who had secretly gone out for water. I lost that day twelve men who were killed in my fort. The enemy, in spite of my opposition, had taken possession of a house, where they had erected a scaffold behind the gable end, which was of earth. Our balls could not penetrate this defense, and thus every day many of our people were killed. This obliged me to raise one of my scaffolds, the two large logs upon which were mounted our swivels. I loaded them with slugs and caused them to be fired upon the scaffold which troubled me so much. They were so well aimed that at the first two discharges we heard the scaffolds fall, and some of the enemy were killed. They were so frightened that we heard them utter cries and frightful groans, and toward evening they called out to know if I would allow them to come and speak to me. I assembled immediately the chiefs of all the nations who were with me to ascertain their opinion, and we agreed it was best to listen to them in order, by some strategy, to withdraw from them three of our women whom they had made prisoners some days before the siege, and one of whom was the wife of the great war chief Saguina. I told them, through my interpreter, that

they might come in safety to speak to me, as I was willing they should have that satisfaction before dying.

"They did not fail, the next morning, to make me a visit. We were very much surprised not to see the red flag in their village, but only a white flag. It was the great chief Pemoussa who was at the head of this first embassy. He came out of his village with two other Indians, carrying a white flag in his hand. I sent my interpreter to meet him and conduct him to me, and to protect him from the insults of some of the young warriors. He entered my fort; I placed him in the midst of the parade-ground, and then I assembled all the chiefs of the nations who were with me to hear our ambassador, who spoke in these words (presenting a belt of wampum and two slaves). 'My father, I am dead; I see very well that the heaven is clear and beautiful for you only, and that for me it is altogether dark. When I left my village I hoped that you would willingly listen to me. I demand of you, my father, by this belt, which I lay at your feet, that you have pity on your children and that you do not refuse them the two days that they ask you in which there shall be no firing on either side, that our old men may hold council to find the means of turning away your wrath.

" 'It is to you that I now speak, you other children, listening to the advice of our father; this belt is to pray you to recollect that you are our kindred. If you shed our blood, recollect that it is your own; endeavor, then, to soften the heart of our father, whom we have so often offended.

" 'These two slaves are to replace a little blood that you have lost. I do not speak many words until our old men can counsel together, if you grant us those two days that I have asked of you.'

"I answered him thus: 'If your hearts were properly moved and if you truly considered the Governor at Montreal as your father, you would have begun by bringing with you the three women whom you hold as prisoners; not having done so, I believe your hearts are yet bad. If you expect me to listen to you, begin by bringing them here. This is all I have to say.'

"All the chiefs who were with me exclaimed with a high voice: 'My father, after what you have just said, we have nothing to answer to this ambassador. Let him obey you if he wishes to live.'

"The ambassador answered: 'I am only a child. I shall return to my village to render an account of what you have said to our old men.'

"Thus finished the council. I gave him three or four Frenchmen to reconduct him, assuring him that we would not fire upon his village during the day, on condition, however, that no one should leave it to seek water, and that if they did so the truce should be at an end and we should fire upon them.

"Two hours after, three chiefs, two of the Mascoutins, and the third an Outagamie, came bearing a flag and bringing with them the three women. I made them enter into the same place where the others were stationed and where all our chiefs were again assembled. The three messengers spoke as follows: 'My father, here are these three pieces of flesh that you ask of us. We would not eat them,

thinking you would call us to an account for it. Do what you please with them. You are the master. Now, we Mascoutins and Outagamies request that you cause all the nations who are with you to retire in order that we may freely seek provisions for our women and our children. Many die every day of hunger. All our village regrets that we have displeased you. If you are as good a father as all your children who are around you say you are, you will not refuse the favor we ask of you.'

"As I had now the three women whom I sought, I did not care any longer to keep fair with them, and I therefore answered: 'If you had eaten my flesh which you have now brought to me, you would not have been living at this moment. You would have felt such terrible coils that they would have covered you so deep in the ground that no one would any longer speak of you, so true is it that I love the father of all the nations. With regard to the liberty that you demand, I leave it to my children to answer you. Therefore, I shall not say any more.'

"The head chief of the Illinois, whose name is Makouandeby, was appointed by the chiefs of the other nations to speak in these words: 'My father, we all thank you for your kindness to us; we thank you for it, and since you give us permission to speak we shall do so.'

"And then, addressing the hostile chiefs, he said: 'Now, listen to me, ye nations who have troubled all the earth. We perceive clearly, by your words, that you seek only to surprise our father and to deceive him again in demanding that we should retire. We should no sooner do that than you

would again torment our father and you would infallibly shed his blood. You are dogs who have always bitten him. You have never been sensible of the favors you have received from all the French. You have thought, wretches that you are, that we did not know all the speeches you have received from the English, telling you to cut the throats of our father and of his children and then to lead the English into this country. Go away, then. For us, we will not stir a step from you; we are determined to die with our father; we should disobey him; because we know your bad hearts and we would not leave him alone with you. We shall see from this moment who will be master, you or us; you have now only to retire and as soon as you shall reënter your fort we shall fire upon you.'

"I sent an escort to conduct the ambassadors to their fort, and we began to fire again as usual. We were three or four days without any intercourse, firing briskly on both sides. The enemy discharged their arrows so rapidly that more than three or four hundred were flying at the same time,* and at their ends were lighted fuses; the object being to burn us, as they had threatened to do. I found myself very much embarrassed; the arrows fell upon all our quarters, which were covered with straw, so that the fire easily caught many of them, which frightened the French so much that they thought everything was lost. I reassured them, telling them that this was nothing and that we must find a remedy

* This statement shows that Du Buisson was something of a romancer, and it may well caution us to take many of the other statements as possible exaggerations.

as soon as possible. 'Come, then,' said I, 'take courage; let us take off the thatch from the houses and let us cover them with bearskins and deerskins; our Indians will help us.' I then directed them to bring in two large wooden pirogues, which I filled with water and provided badrouilles at the ends of rods to extinguish the fire when it should break out anywhere, and hooks to pull out the arrows. There were four or five Frenchmen who were wounded. I fell into another embarrassment much greater than this; my Indians became discouraged and wished to go away, a part of them saying that we should never conquer those nations; that they knew them well, and that they were braver than any other people; and besides, I could no longer furnish them with provisions.

"This inconstancy ought to teach us how dangerous it is to leave a post so distant as this without troops. I then saw myself on the point of being abandoned and left a prey to our enemies, who would not have granted us any quarter, and the English would have triumphed.

"The French were so frightened that they told me they saw clearly it was necessary we should retire as quickly as possible to Michilimacinac. I said to them: 'What are you thinking of? Is it possible you can entertain such sentiments? What! abandon a post in such a cowardly manner? Dismiss such thoughts, my friends, from your minds. Do things appear so bad? You ought to know that if you should abandon me the Governor-General would follow you everywhere to punish you for your cowardice. What the Indians have just said ought

not to frighten you. I am going to speak to all the chiefs in private and inspire them with new courage. Therefore, change your views and let me act, and you will see that everything will go well.' They answered me that they did not think of retiring without my consent nor without me at their head, believing that we could not hold the place if our Indians should abandon us. They begged me to pardon them and assured me they would do all I wished. And, truly, I was afterward very well contented with them. They did their duty like brave people.

"I was four days and four nights without taking any repose and without eating and drinking, striving all the time to secure to my interest all the young war chiefs in order to keep the warriors firm, and to encourage them so that they would not quit us until our enemies were defeated. To succeed in this object I stripped myself of all I had, making presents to one and another. You know, sir, that with the Indians one must not be mean. I flatter myself that you will have the goodness to approve all expenditures, which for me are immense, and for the King of no consequence; for otherwise I should be very much to be pitied, having a large family, which occasions me a great expense at Quebec.

"Having gained all the Indians in private, I held a general council, to which I called all the nations, and said to them: 'What, my children, when you are just on the point of destroying these wicked nations, do you think of retreating shamefully after having so well begun? Could you lift up your heads

again? You would be overwhelmed with confusion. All the other nations would say, Are these the brave warriors who fled so ignominiously after having abandoned the French? Be not troubled; take courage; we will endeavor yet to find a few provisions. The Hurons and the Ottawas, your brothers, offer you some. I will do all I can to comfort you and to aid you. Don't you see that our enemies can hardly preserve their position? Hunger and thirst overpower them. We shall quickly render ourselves masters of their bodies. Will it not be pleasant, after such a result, when you visit Montreal, to receive there the thanks and friendship of the father of all nations, who will thank you for having risked your lives with me? For you cannot doubt that in the report I shall make to him I shall render justice to each of you for all you will have done. You must also be aware that to defeat these two nations is to give that life and peace to your women and children which they have not yet enjoyed.'

"The young war chiefs whom I had gained did not give me time to finish, but said to me: 'My father, allow us to interrupt you; we believe there is some liar who has told you falsehoods. We assure you that we all love you too much to abandon you, and we are not such cowards as is reported. We are resolved, even if we are much more pressed with hunger, not to quit you till your enemies are utterly destroyed.' All the old men approved of these sentiments and said: 'Come on, come on, let us hasten to arm ourselves and prove that those are liars who have reported evil of us to our father.'

They then raised a great cry and sung the war song, and danced the war dance, and a large party went to fight.

"Every day some Sacs, who had lived some time with the Outagamies, left their fort and came to join their people who were with me, and who received them with much pleasure. They made known to us the condition of our enemies, assuring us that they were reduced to the last extremity; that from sixty to eighty women and children had died from hunger and thirst, and that their bodies and the bodies of those who were killed every day caused an infection in their camp, as they could not inter their dead in consequence of the heavy fire that we continually kept up.

"Under these circumstances, they demanded permission to speak to us, which was granted. Their messengers were their two great chiefs, one of peace, the other of war; the first named Allamima and the other Pemoussa. With them were two great Mascoutin chiefs, one Kuit and the other Onabimaniton. Pemoussa was at the head of the three others, having a crown of wampum upon his head and many belts of wampum on his body, and hung over his shoulders. He was painted with green earth, and supported by seven female slaves, who were also painted and covered with wampum. The three other chiefs had each a Chichory in their hands. All of them marched in order, singing and shouting with all their might, to the song of the Chichories, calling all the devils to their assistance, and to have pity on them. They had even figures of little devils hanging on their girdles. They

entered my fort in this manner and, when being placed in the midst of the nations, our allies, they spoke as follows: 'My father, I speak to you, and to all the nations who are before you. I come to you to demand life. It is no longer ours. You are the masters of it. All the nations have abandoned us. I bring you my flesh in the seven slaves, whom I put at your feet. But do not believe I am afraid to die. It is the life of our women and our children that I ask of you. I beg you to allow the sun to shine; let the sky be clear, that we can see the day, and that, hereafter, our affairs may be prosperous. Here are six belts that we give you, which bind us to you like your slaves. Untie them, we beg you, to show that you give us life. Recollect, ye nations, that you are our great nephews; tell us something, I pray you, which can give pleasure on our return to our village.'

"I left it to our Indians to answer these ambassadors. They were, however, so much enraged against them that they would not give them any answer. Eight or ten of them asked permission to speak to me in private.

" 'My father, we come to ask liberty of you to break the heads of these four great chiefs. They are the men who prevent our enemies from surrendering at discretion. When these shall be no longer at their head they will find themselves much embarrassed and will surrender.'

"I told them they must be drunk to make me such a proposition. 'Recollect that they came here upon our word, and you have given me yours. We must act with good faith, and if such a thing be done

how could you trust one another? Besides, if I acquiesced in this proposition the Governor-General would never pardon me. Dismiss it, therefore, from your thoughts. They must return peaceably. You see clearly that they cannot avoid us, since you resolved not to give them quarter.'

"They confessed I was right and that they were foolish. We dismissed the ambassadors in all safety without, however, giving them any further answer. These poor wretches well knew there was no longer any hope for them.

"I confess, sir, that I was touched with compassion at their misfortunes; but as war and pity do not well agree together and particularly as I understood they were paid by the English for our destruction, I abandoned them to their unfortunate fate; indeed, I hastened to have this tragedy finished in order that the example might strike terror to the English and to themselves.

"The great fire recommenced, more and more violently; the enemy being in despair, beaten in their village and out of it; and when they wished to go for water or to gather a few herbs, to appease their hunger, had no other recourse but an obscure night with rain in order to effect their escape. They awaited it with much impatience, and it came on the nineteenth day of the siege. They did not fail to make use of it, decamping about midnight, and we did not know of their escape until daylight. I encouraged our people and they pursued them very vigorously. Mr. de Vincennes joined in the pursuit, with some Frenchmen, and this gave much pleasure to the Indians.

"The enemy, not doubting but that they would be pursued, stopped at the Presq'isle, which is opposite Hog island, near Lake St. Clair, four leagues from the fort.

"Our people, not perceiving their entrenchment, pushed into it, and lost there twenty killed and wounded. It was necessary to form a second siege, and also an encampment. The camp was regularly laid out; there were a hundred canoes every day, as well Ottawas, Hurons, and Chippeways, as Mississagas to carry provisions there. The chiefs sent to me for two cannon and all the axes and mattocks that I had, to cut timber, and to place it so as to approach the hostile entrenchment, together with powder and ball. As for the Indian corn, tobacco, and seasoning, they were supplied as usual, without counting all the kettles of the French, which are now lost and that I had to pay for.

"The enemy held their position for four days, fighting with much courage, and finally, not being able to do anything more, surrendered at discretion to our people, who gave them no quarter. All were killed except the women and children, whose lives were spared, and one hundred men, who had been tied but escaped.

"All our allies returned to our fort with their slaves, having avoided it before, as they thought it was infective. Their amusement was to shoot four or five of them every day. The Hurons did not spare a single one of theirs.

"In this manner came to an end, sire, these two wicked nations, who so badly afflicted and troubled all the country. Our reverend father chanted a

grand mass to render thanks to God for having preserved us from the enemy.

"The Outagamies and Mascoutins had constructed a very good fort which, as I said, was within pistol shot of mine. Our people did not dare to undertake to storm it, notwithstanding all I could say. The works were defended by three hundred men, and our loss would have been great had we assaulted it; but the siege would not have been so long. Our Indians lost sixty men killed and wounded, thirty of whom were killed in the fort, and a Frenchman named Germain, and five or six others were wounded with arrows. The enemy lost a thousand souls, men, women, and children.

"I ought not to forget, sir, to state that there were about twenty-five Iroquois who had joined themselves to the Hurons of Fond du Lac in this war. These two nations distinguished themselves above all the others and, therefore, their loss had been proportionately greater. They received the thanks of all the Indians and more particularly of the Pottawatomies, to whom they made satisfaction for an old quarrel by presents of slaves and pipes. I brought about this accommodation. I dare venture to assure you, sir, that the general assembly of all the nations has put them at peace with one another and renewed their ancient alliance. They calculate upon receiving many presents which they say, sir, you promised them.

"I have determined, with the consent of his nation, to send to you the grand chief of the Illinois Rock village. His name is Chachagonache. He is a good man and has much authority, and I trust,

sir, that you will induce him to make a peace with the Miamis.

"This affair is of very great consequence, the Miamis having sent me word that they should abandon their village and build another on the Oyou, at the end of Lake Erie. It is precisely where the English are about to erect a fort, according to the belts they have sent to the different nations. They also said that they would be contented if you sent them, sir, a garrison and a reverend father, a Jesuit, and some presents that they say you promised them.

"Makisabie, the Pottawatomie chief, has much influence over the mind of this Illinois chief. He goes with him. Joseph, who accompanies them, deserves your kindness. I have had much trouble to save his life.

"I venture, sir, to request that you take care that the Indians who are with Mr. de Vincennes return contented; their visit secures this post.

"Saguina has complained to me that Mr. Destiettes would not wait for him last spring, believing it was through contempt.

"Poor Otchipouac died this winter. It is a great loss to us, for he had much firmness and was well disposed toward the French. We have another difficult affair which threatens to give us much trouble. The Kickapoos, who live at the mouth of the Maumee river, are about to make war upon us now that our allies have left us; about thirty Mascoutins have joined them. A canoe of Kickapoos who came here to speak to the three villages has been defeated by the Hurons and Ottawas. Among them was a principal chief, whose head was brought

to me, with the heads of three others. This was done out of resentment, because last winter they had taken prisoners some of the Hurons and the Iroquois; besides, they considered him a true Outagamie. I believe that if Mr. de Vincennes had not been at the mouth of the Maumee at the time, the Kickapoos would have killed the two Hurons and the Iroquois. There was every probability of it. Those same Indians took prisoner also Langlois, who was on his return from the Miami country and who had charge of many letters from the reverend fathers, the Jesuits of the Illinois villages. All these letters have been destroyed, which circumstance has given me much uneasiness, as I am sure, sir, there were some for you from Louisiana. They dismissed him, after robbing him of his peltry, charging him to return and tell them the news; but he had no more desire to do that than I had to permit him. However, the Ottawas might safely send there, because the Kickapoos have among them one of their women with her children. I will endeavor to prevail upon the Ottawas and the Hurons to accommodate their difficulties with the Kickapoos in order that our repose may not be troubled here.

"I have the honor to inform you, sir, that I accomplished a measure the last year that Mr. de Lamothe never could effect, during all the time he was here, which was to compel the Ottawas to make a solid peace with the Miamis and to engage them to visit the latter, which, till now, they never would do. I succeeded very happily in the object, the Miamis having received them very kindly, and a durable alliance has been the consequence.

"I flatter myself, sir, it will be agreeable to you to be informed that Mr. de Vincennes has faithfully performed his duty and that he has labored assiduously here, as well as on his voyage to the Miamis and Ouyatonons, the last winter.

"If I am so happy, sir, as to receive your approbation of my conduct, I shall be fully compensated for all my trouble and shall experience no more dejection.

"My success has been much owing to the great influence I have over the nations; Mr. de Vincennes is the witness of this. I do not say this in order to gratify my vanity or to claim any credit, for, truly, I am very tired of Detroit.

"You can easily judge, sir, in what a condition my affairs must be in consequence of having no presents belonging to the king in my hands. However, I venture to trust to your goodness and hope that you will not suffer a devil to be reduced to beggary.

"I have the honor to be, with very profound respect, sir, your very humble and very obedient servant,

"(Signed) Dubuisson.

"Pontchartrain,

"Au Fort du Detroit, June 15, 1712."

From the following (*Collection of Manuscripts*, I., 622) we may gather some valuable facts; they do not seem to lay all the blame on the Foxes.

The commandant at Detroit in 1712, wishing to draw the commerce of all the nations to his post, sent some belts of wampum to the Mascoutins and

Kickapoos to invite them to make a village at Detroit, where he offered them a place which they accepted and, having come to the number of forty families, they there made a fort. In the account the Mascoutins, Kickapoos, and Foxes are grouped together, which is often the case. The Mascoutins, as is well known, by the way, have disappeared, and it is a question if they were not, in fact, a branch of the Fox tribe, unrecognized as such by the French.

"As the nation is feared and hated by the other nations, because of its arrogance," says our informant, "the fomentation of a conspiracy was commenced by those already established at Detroit, where the Sr. de Buisson was in command. In 1712 the Hurons and Ottawas, numbering about nine hundred men, gathered at the fort and to them the commandant opened the gate, which they entered. They quickly mounted the bastions that commanded the fort of the Foxes and made several discharges of musketry. One of the Fox chiefs spoke to the French in a loud voice, saying: 'What do you wish of us, my father? Thou hast invited us to come and dwell near thee, and thy words [represented by wampum belts] are fresh in our sacks, and yet thou declarest war; what is the cause of your having done this? Apparently, my father, thou hast forgotten that there is not a nation that calls itself thy children that has not dipped its hand in the blood of the French. I am [we are] the only one of them to whom thou canst not make this reproach; and nevertheless, thou joinest our enemies and eat [kill] us; but know thou that the Foxes are immortal;

and if in my defense I shed the blood of the French, thou, my father, canst not reproach me.' "

The speech was interrupted by musketry. On the fourth day the Foxes ran short of provisions, and one called out in a high tone: "My father, I am not addressing thee, but saying to the women [squaw-men, a way of calling warriors cowards] who hide in thy fort that if they are as brave as they say, they may detail eighty of their best warriors, and I will oppose them with no more than twenty; and if the eighty defeat us, I will consent that we become their slaves; and if, on the contrary, the twenty defeat them, then they shall be our slaves."

After the Foxes had escaped from their fort and reached the peninsula that thrusts itself into the river near Lake St. Clair, one of the Fox chiefs called to De Vincennes, who had demanded surrender: "Is it to thee I surrender? Reply at once and tell me, my father, if quarter will be given to our families. Answer me." De Vincennes replied that he would accord to them their lives.

This memoir is attributed to one M. de Lery. All accounts show that this butchery may have been brought about by treachery on the part of the French.

CHAPTER XIII

Revenge was ever sweet to an Indian, and the Foxes never were free from the desire to seek revenge for their many wrongs, even though the danger was so great as possibly to lead to their own destruction. The few who escaped massacre at Detroit evidently found their way to the south end of Green Bay and united with the portion of their tribe there that had long affiliated with the Sacs. No better locality could have been found in which to retaliate than along the Wisconsin river, and they did not miss many opportunities to return to their old methods. Travelers from Green Bay to the Mississippi took their lives in their hands whenever they passed and failed to pay tribute. Through the machinations of the Foxes the other routes to the Mississippi were also made dangerous to the traders. With the exception of the Sioux, although sometimes against them, and the Iroquois with whom they were at times allied, all the nations who were on friendly terms with the French suffered greatly from the depredations of the Foxes, and it was feared that if a speedy remedy was not applied the greater number of the Indian tribes would become reconciled with the Foxes to the prejudices of the French. It is said that some Sioux and Iroquois secretly joined the Foxes in some of their depredations. (Ferland, II., 204.)

All this prompted Marquis de Vaudreuil, when

Governor of Canada, to propose a union of the French with the Indian tribes in an expedition to exterminate the common enemy. M. de Louvigny led a party of eight hundred men, all resolved not to lay down arms while the Foxes remained.

The Foxes had selected a stronghold at what is now known as Butte des Morts, before referred to. More than five hundred warriors and three thousand women and children shut themselves up in a fort surrounded by three ranges of palisades, with a ditch in the rear. Three hundred warriors were on the way to reënforce them, but they did not arrive in time. De Louvigny, finding them thus strongly entrenched, attacked them in form. He had two field-pieces and a grenade mortar.

The trenches were opened about a hundred yards from the fort, and on the third day he was only about twenty-five yards distant when the besieged made a great attack by firing on the French.

De Louvigny was preparing to undermine the works when the Foxes proposed terms of capitulation, which were finally agreed to. A treaty of peace was to be made between the Foxes on one hand and the French and their Indian allies on the other; all of the prisoners were to be given up at once; the dead French and allies were to be replaced by slaves, which the Foxes were to obtain from the neighboring nations with whom they were at war. The expenses of the war were to be paid from the results of the chase by the Foxes, and their country was to be ceded to the French. The Foxes gave six hostages, all chiefs or sons of chiefs, and promised to send some deputies to Montreal to sign the

Fair ones of the Tama Reservation.

Harvesting wild rice.

treaty, in which they declared that they would cede all their country to the French. Pemoussa, who was spared at Detroit the year previous, and two others of the hostages who went, died during the following winter of smallpox at Montreal, and this deranged the plans of De Vaudreuil who, fearing that the treacherous Foxes would not carry the whole terms of the treaty into effect, sent De Louvigny back to Mackinaw with orders to have the treaty fully executed and to bring chiefs of that nation to him at Montreal.

In May, 1717, De Louvigny arrived at Mackinaw with one of the hostages, who had been attacked with the smallpox, as the others, and had been made blind in one eye by it. As soon as he arrived De Louvigny sent this chief to the Foxes with presents to cover the dead, accompanied by two interpreters. They were well received, the calumet was smoked, and after some days of grieving for the dead, the chiefs met to listen to the hostage. He represented all matters in a proper manner, and reproached the chiefs for not having repaired to Mackinaw. The chiefs said that they were sensible of the kindness which the Governor continued to show them, excused themselves for not having already sent deputies in fulfillment of the treaty, and promised to fulfill their obligations the following year, giving their promise in writing, and adding that they would never forget that they held their lives as a gift from the great father.

The hostage came away with the interpreters to rejoin De Louvigny at Mackinaw; but after traveling about twenty leagues he left them, saying that it

was necessary that he should return and oblige the nation to keep its word. Nothing further was heard from him. The Foxes did not send deputies to the Governor-General; and although he flattered himself for a while that they would do so, he was only taught by the renewal of the old practices by the Foxes that an enemy driven to a certain point is always irreconcilable. It is true that their pride was greatly humbled and that a few years afterward they abandoned their old home and retired to the west side of the Mississippi; but in the meanwhile many battles were fought with them, while the Foxes, on their part, had obliged the Illinois to abandon their river forever. Although, after repeated defeats, it could scarcely be considered that there remained enough of the Foxes to form a trifling village, yet no one ventured to go from Canada to Louisiana without taking great precautions against surprises.

They soon renewed their old persecutions, and the *coureurs du bois* found the region that was thus abandoned by the Illinois too dangerous to frequent, and although it abounded in peltries, they preferred not to venture there for them.

After the expedition of De Louvigny, the Foxes gradually increased in numbers, and in 1718 they were reported to have five hundred men at their village on the Fox river of Wisconsin, which abounded in a multitude of women and children. (*N. Y. Col. Docs*, IX., 889.) They were said to be as industrious as people could be; they gathered wild rice and raised large quantities of Indian corn, pumpkins, and melons. Their customs differed

little from those of their neighbors; they had the same kind of dances and games as the Pottawatomies and other tribes, but differed in dress, for the men wore little clothing and the greater portion of them did not even wear a breech-cloth. As for the women, they were all well dressed, and the girls, in addition, wore black or brown fawn-skins embellished all around with little beads, or copper or tin trinkets, and also wore blankets. "They were pretty enough," says one writer, "and not black." There was excellent hunting in these parts, and the people lived well in consequence of the abundance of meat and fish; of the latter the Fox river was said to be very full. In the same account they are said to have been fifty leagues (about 121 miles), in the direction of Chicagou, from the Mascoutins and Kickapoos, who resided together in a village on the bank of a river, the name of which was forgotten by the narrator. O'Callaghan, editor of the *New York Colonial Documents*, in a footnote, gives the Rock river of Illinois as the location of the Mascoutins and Kickapoos at the time, which is undoubtedly correct, but if the Foxes were one hundred and twenty miles from them in the direction of Chicago, they must have been located near Chicago. If so located, possibly on the Fox river of Illinois, it must have been only for a very short period of time for, as will be seen, they soon after left their old home on the Fox river of Wisconsin and passed westward toward the Mississippi river, and finally down the latter to Rock Island. The Pottawatomies and Miamis seem to have left the St. Joseph river about 1718, for a time at least.

A writer, in a memoir on the Indians between Lake Erie and Lake Superior, dated 1717 (*N. Y. Col. Docs.*, X., 890), says: "I believed they left it (the St. Joseph river) only because of the war between the Sacs, Foxes, and Ottawas, and all the other tribes of those parts. It is thirty leagues from the Rock. The Ouitanons, a branch of the Miamis, were also at Chicago, but being afraid of the canoe people (Pottawatomies and others) left it."

The early writers did not always distinguish between the Illinois and Miamis, for the tribes were often at peace with each other and their villages near together. The Foxes and tribes allied with them made war on the Illinois and Miamis and drove them from the northern part of what is now the state of Illinois. The Illinois occupied a position near "The Rock" on the banks of the Illinois river (Starved Rock), at the time the French occupied the Rock, which was fortified. From their lofty position they could see the prairies on which herds of buffalo grazed. The branch of the Illinois tribe known as the "Illinois of the Rock" (Peorias) remained in the vicinity until long after other parts of this tribe had settled at the new town of Kaskaskia, on the Mississippi river. They joined the rest of the tribe about 1730, and we shall see the Foxes there took revenge.

The Foxes often sought big game, and so at one time succeeded in killing some Ojibwa chiefs who resided on the southern shore of Lake Superior. That tribe threatened war upon the Foxes and, as well, other tribes adjacent to Green Bay. It required great effort on the part of the Governor,

through deputies, to calm these people; but the Foxes were finally induced to send three deputies to Montreal, in company with a Kickapoo chief, who was sent by his people and the Mascoutins, to assure the Governor that they were really disposed to preserve peace with all nations, but peace was not brought by mere words, and war was continued between the Illinois, on the one hand, and the Kickapoos and Mascoutins on the other. The Foxes again became involved because the Illinois had attacked them on several occasions and had killed and made prisoners several of their people, regardless of the fact that the Foxes had not made the attack. On eight different occasions the prisoners which the Kickapoos had taken from the Illinois and presented to the Foxes had been released by the Foxes, who always instructed them, on the part of the chiefs, that if they were disposed for peace they had only to come to their village where they would be safe. The excuses offered by the Foxes for having finally joined against the Illinois appeared reasonable, and the Kickapoo deputy represented to the Governor that he did not commence hostilities, but that the Illinois had attacked him at a time when he entertained no other hopes than to live in peace with all the nations. The Governor gave the deputies to understand that peace must be made, and in order to conclude it they must prevail upon their allies, the Sacs, to labor to that end. He requested them not to make any movement against the Illinois nation during the negotiations; but even while the negotiations for peace were going on, a party of forty Illinois who had just struck

a blow, having encountered, on their way, a party of Foxes, Kickapoos, and Mascoutins, were so completely surrounded that not one of them escaped, twenty of them having been killed on the spot and as many taken prisoners.

It can hardly be said that anything precipitated the last great war with the Foxes, but a very near approach to it was the affair connected with Father Michael Guignas, a Jesuit missionary, who came to Canada in 1716, and two years later was assigned to the Mission at Mackinaw. In 1727 he accompanied Governor Beauharnois to Lake Pipin, where a fort was built and a mission established. In the following year the French were obliged to leave this post on account of the hostility of the Foxes, but returned to it in a few years, but not until after one of the most numerous branches of the tribe had been destroyed, at a point on the Fox river of Illinois at the site of ancient Maramech.

While descending the Mississippi river, from Fort Beauharnois, Guignas and his comrades were captured (October 15, 1728) by the Mascoutins and Kickapoos, still located in the southwestern part of Wisconsin. He was kept in captivity five months, and narrowly escaped being burned at the stake. (*J. R.*, LXVIII., 329.) With him were sixteen Frenchmen, all on their way to one of the Illinois villages that had been established about thirty years before at the great river. The name Kaskaskia they had carried with them from the village on the Illinois river, opposite "Rock Fort," now known as Starved Rock, which they had been forced to abandon. "The time at last came," we are told of

Guignas, "when he was to be burned alive, and he prepared himself to finish his life in this horrible torment, when he was adopted by an old man who saved his life and procured him his liberty. Other missionaries who were among the Illinois were no sooner made acquainted with his sad situation than they procured him all the alleviations they were able to. Everything he received he employed in conciliating the savages, and he succeeded to such an extent that he induced them to conduct him to the Illinois, and while there to make peace with the French and with the savages of that region. Eight months after this peace was concluded, the Mascoutins and Kickapoos returned again to the Illinois country and took Father Guignas to spend the winter with them, from whence, in all probability, he will return to Canada. He has been exceedingly broken down by these fatiguing journeys, but his zeal, full of fire and activity, seems to give him strength."

Later he was found at Fort Beauharnois and remained in that region until 1739. Although many historians say that nothing was heard of him after the encounter with the Foxes, still we find a statement that he died at Quebec, February 5, 1752. In the reports sent by Father Nau to his superior he says: "The war is still carried on against the Fox nation and against other tribes which have taken them under their protection. Father Guignas was not taken, as it was feared, but he has much to suffer, for nothing can be sent him safely. For two consecutive years the provisions sent him have fallen into the enemy's hands." (*J. R.*, LXV.,

233.) This probably refers to the time when Father Guignas was at Fort Beauharnois the second time, as above stated.

There evidently remained enough of the Foxes associated with the Sacs to annoy the father much for a long time after the slaughter of 1730. Father Aulneau says: "We received a few days ago news of Father Guignas, of whom we had not heard since 1732. He is in a helpless condition; the hunger he has had to endure and constant dangers which he has been continually exposed to of being massacred by the Sacs and Foxes, and numerous other hardships borne heroically, have brought him so low that even the savages, who have little pity for us, are forced to look upon him with feelings of compassion." (*J. R.*, LXVIII., 257.) Father Nau further says: "Our people have a war on their hands this long time with a savage tribe called the Foxes. It has been in a very slight degree successful, through the impossibility in which our troops are of ever overtaking them in sufficient numbers to destroy them. Last year ninety of our young men joined a French expedition against the Foxes; but after inconceivable hardships and a journey of more than seven hundred leagues, the guides led them astray, and they were obliged to make their way back without having caught sight of the enemy, save in one instance. A party of twenty-three savages, nearly all of our mission, and seven Frenchmen had somehow become separated from the main body when they found themselves suddenly surrounded by a war party of two hundred Foxes. Our men would have been destroyed had it not been for

the resolution of the Iroquois. 'We are all dead men,' he said, 'if we surrender. There is no help for it; we will have to sell our lives as dearly as possible. Let us show the Foxes that we are Iroquois and Frenchmen.' Whereupon he led the warriors to the attack. The enemy could not stand the first onslaught and retreated precipitately to their fort. Thirty Foxes were laid low and ten taken prisoners; our party lost but two Frenchmen and one savage." Hebbard's *Wisconsin under Dominion of France*, p. 142, speaks of this expedition as having been in August, 1734, when the Foxes were found on the Des Moines river of Iowa. The attack was a failure and ended only in negotiations for peace. The expedition was under the command of De Noyelle, who, in 1730, as we shall see, aided in defeating the Foxes (we may as well say aided in the massacre), at the site of the ancient village of Maramech. It was not until 1733 that peace, to any extent effective, was concluded between the French and the Foxes with others associated with the latter.

CHAPTER XIV

Turning back to 1710, we read that some Frenchmen, who for a time had traded with the Sioux, found the route blockaded by the Foxes, and that the Foxes had, in many ways, attempted to embitter the Sioux against the French, on the ground that the latter were only wishing to aid the Sioux and lead them to their own final injury. They made a pretext that the French clandestine traders (the *coureurs du bois*) were supplying the Sioux with powder, lead, arms, and merchandise. Ten years before this, La Sueur's journal tells us, that that traveler met, on the Mississippi river, five Canadians, one of whom was dangerously wounded in the head; they were naked and had no arms except a wretched gun with five or six charges of powder and ball. They said that they were descending from the Sioux to go to the Tamarois and that they had met with nine canoes, carrying ninety Indians, who had plundered and cruelly beaten them. The party was going to war against the Sioux and was made up of four different nations, Foxes, Sacs, Pottawatomies, and Winnebagoes. The Indians no doubt intended the robbery as a punishment to the Frenchmen for having taken arms to the Sioux. The Foxes were jealous of what they considered their rights and, as before, levied tribute on all who passed along their river. This jealousy continued for many years. Father Chardon, a missionary at Green Bay, wrote

to his superiors, even as late as 1733, that it would be difficult to establish a mission at the Sioux because of the interference of the Foxes and Kickapoos who, two years before, had killed two Frenchmen. The Foxes declared that they would not let the French go to the Sioux because they not only carried arms, but the commerce that the French made diminished their own commerce considerably, as otherwise, as middlemen, they could carry on a profitable trade between the French and the Sioux. Notwithstanding this opposition, the Foxes succeeded in getting the Sioux to join them and attack some of the French who were on their way to the Illinois. Prior to this, fragments of these two tribes attacked the French who were established at the Illinois village. Being so embittered against the Illinois they could not be made to end the war they had been engaged in for so many years.

In 1727 an association of Frenchmen was formed to attempt trade with the Sioux. The uncertainty of reaching the latter was such that, in the articles of association, there was a provision to the effect that in case the traders were prevented by the Foxes, from passing to the Sioux, they were to be permitted to trade their merchandise wherever it seemed best, under the orders of the officer commanding, who would direct the manner and place for the purpose. (*Affluents Mississippi*, p. 548.)

Father Charlevoix encountered fragments of this ruthless tribe. He tells us, in speaking of the custom of burning prisoners: "Sometimes the prisoners are judged and executed before arriving at the village of their captors. At one time a Frenchman

having been taken by the Foxes, the latter held a council, on their route homeward, to determine what they should do with the prisoner." The way they reached a conclusion "was to throw a stick up in a tree a certain number of times, and if it remained there the prisoner was to be burned, but if it fell to the ground his life was to be spared."

While passing down the Illinois river, near Peoria lake, the father and his Frenchmen found forty Canadians, who informed him that he would soon be in the midst of four parties of Foxes and that he would have safety neither in advancing nor returning. There were thirty Foxes in ambush, and an equal number of the same around the village of Pimiteouy, and others, to the number of eighty, held themselves in readiness lower down the river. The canoes of the fleet that carried the father landed at the foot of an island for the purpose of procuring game, and while there heard noises of wood-chopping. The nearness of the Illinois village of Pimiteouy led them to judge that the noise came from some Illinois who were doing this, yet it had much the appearance that the Foxes had discovered them and, not daring to attack them, wished to draw some of the French into the woods. The father believed that the lack of curiosity on the part of the French proved their safety. Thirty Illinois warriors, commanded by the chief of the village of Pimiteouy, were on the march to endeavor to get reliable information in regard to the enemy. A few days before their departure an engagement had taken place in the neighborhood, where the two parties had each made a prisoner. The Fox that

was taken had been burned, a gunshot distant from the village, and the body yet remained tied on its frame.

The custom of the Illinois in torturing a prisoner, it may be said in passing, was to plant two posts and secure a cross-bar near the ground to which the feet of the prisoner were tied, some distance apart, and another cross-bar at sufficient height to tie his outstretched arms well apart. A slow fire beneath, "to give their friend warmth," as they would tantalizingly say, was usually the beginning of the torture. Firebrands and necklaces of hot hatchets were resorted to. Shower-baths of hot ashes and coals, and various other amusements followed.

The Canadians who had assisted in torturing the prisoner told the father that he endured the torment five hours, and that the unfortunate had, up to the time of his death, insisted that he was an Illinois who had been taken prisoner by the Foxes in his infancy and had been adopted by them. He could offer no proofs of this assertion, and suffered slow death in consequence. Unlike most savages, when submitted to the tortures, this prisoner uttered distressing cries. An old Illinois warrior, whose sons had been killed by the Foxes, inspired by revenge, did more than others to torture the prisoner in every way that he could invent. Finally the sufferer's cries excited the pity of one who, with a view to ending his misery, enveloped him in clothing of dry grass and set fire to it. As he still breathed after the grass had been consumed, the children were permitted to pierce his body with arrows. Usually, where the prisoners did not die

bravely, it was a woman or a child that was permitted to give the stroke of death, as he did not merit to die by the hand of a warrior.

Father Charlevoix, the Jesuit priest who told the story, was a fair historian, but the fact that he, like Bancroft, gave to the Jesuit missionaries credit for most of the discoveries in America, rather than to the traders who ever preceded them, becomes apparent to his readers. The traders sometimes put on the cloak of religion, by taking missionaries with them in their excursions, in order to win commercial privileges from the zealous Christian king of France.

Charlevoix was observing, and tells us much in regard to the region of country that we now see to have become one of the garden spots of the world. Passing down the Illinois river, he mentions many tributaries thereof. "The largest," he wrote, "is named the Pisticoui and comes from the beautiful country of the Mascoutins, and it has at its mouth a rapid named La Charbonière, because of the rich coal-beds found on either hand. One sees on this route little more than immense prairies, sown with little bunches of woods that appear to have been planted by the hand of man. The grasses are so high that one becomes lost but for paths that are as well beaten as in well-populated countries. However, nothing passes over them but buffalo and, from time to time, herds of deer and antelope."

Along the Pestekouy (the Fox river) for a distance above its mouth, the soil has been turned, during recent years, to strip the beds of coal that lie unconformably upon the St. Peter's Sandstone

through which the ancient Pestekouy cut its way. Where was this rapid may now be the Dayton dam that turns the waters of the river into the canal feeder at Ottawa. The father does not tell us that he passed up the Pestekouy, but he certainly did have correct information regarding it. The Pestekouy is laid down on all maps as heading far up in the country of the Mascoutins, and the father could not have better spoken of the richness of the region through which it runs had his canoe stemmed its current.

Near where heads the stream, at one of its many summer-sought enlargements, is laid down Pistakee lake, that still bears the erstwhile name of the river. The river and lake were so named because of the herds of buffalo that grazed on the bordering prairies. In Lanman's *History of Michigan* (1839), on the map, is shown a bit each of Illinois and Wisconsin, and there we find, above the lake, the word "PISTAKA." As there seen, the river also persists in being known by its ancient name, Pistaka, the English interpretation of the French spelling Pestekouy.

While passing down the Illinois river the father met the Illinois and Miami tribes. The latter claimed to him to have originally come from the sea, far to the west. These tribes united firmly in 1697, for the first time, succeeded in making a stand against the Iroquois and, having driven them back, forced them into the treaty of peace of 1702. (*Mississippi Basin*, p. 15.)

The Illinois and Foxes were still enemies, and the former, in 1722, captured the nephew of Oushala,

the principal Fox war chief, and burned him alive. War resulted. (*Starved Rock*, p. 49.) The Foxes then attacked the Illinois and drove them to the top of Starved Rock and held them there at their mercy. These Illinois were of the Peoria branch, the last to cling to the region about the famous stronghold of La Salle; all the other Illinois had fled to the west. Mr. Hebbard, in *Wisconsin under the Dominion of France*, tells us: "Unluckily we know nothing of the details of the siege, except the number of the slain—twenty Peorias and one hundred and twenty of the besiegers—but the bare figures are quite eloquent. They tell not of a mere blockade, but of fierce assaults, storming parties, desperate attempts to scale the heights—the old story of Foxes' fury and reckless courage." The author of *Starved Rock* tells us that the "news of this attack on the Peorias having reached Fort Chartres, a detachment of a hundred men, commanded by Chevalier d'Artaguiette and Sieur de Tisne, was sent to their assistance. Before these reënforcements reached the Rock, however, the Foxes raised the siege and departed." The Peorias, on or about this time, abandoned their home near the Illinois river, and united with the other branches of the tribe at Kaskaskia; so that, after all, the Foxes again had control of the very heart of New France, along the Illinois river. "It was a grave disaster to the French," Charlevoix says, "for now that there is nothing to check the raids of the Foxes, communication between Canada and Louisiana became less practicable." The handful of warriors of the Fox tribe were so troublesome to the French that the matter was taken up at Ver-

sailles, France, and it was decided "that the Foxes must be effectually put down and that His Majesty would reward the officer who could reduce or rather destroy them." It seems from the above that the last of the Illinois left the Rock in 1722, and all historians substantially agree as to this date; but when I write the account of the struggle between the French and allies on one hand and the Foxes on the other, eight years later, we shall find certain of the allies referred to in the military reports from which I shall quote, as the "Illinois of the Rock." It seems from this that some of the Peoria branch of the Illinois tribe for some time had been called "the Illinois of the Rock," and that the braver ones hovered about their old hunting-grounds and thus, as we shall find, were among the first to give warning of the attempt of the Foxes to pass through the former hunting-grounds of the Illinois to those of the Iroquois, where they hoped to find an asylum.

While so near let us learn of the Rock. Echoes of forgotten tragedies and romance seem to resound over Starved Rock, and traditions of sad events seem to be whispered by the soughing oaks and sighing pines that crown the summit of this natural fortress. A half century ago a pretty story was written that found its way into the school readers of the day, entitled *Starved Rock, or The Last of the Illinois*. Purely fiction though it probably was, all there depicted might have been. So charmed was I with the story that whenever opportunity offered I visited the place. A more fertile field for the flowers of romance cannot be found. I have stood upon the summit and watched the ris-

ing sun over the westward-flowing Illinois river that narrows to the sight until it is lost in the distant bend. Beautiful islands, that were the fields of the natives, divide the river; and there are still fields that rustle in the summer winds as did the fields of those who, two hundred years ago, taught the intruders to plant and tend the golden corn. Buffalo Rock, on the river's northern bank, for many years was the home of a branch of the Miami tribe brought there by La Salle who, at a treaty held on the St. Joseph river, convinced them that it was to their interest to unite with the Illinois for common defense. A rock indeed, but not a barren one. Its surface was, back in geological ages, covered unconformably by a seam of coal, the débris of ferns, sturdy as the palms of our day, and a thin seam of carboniferous shales and surface soil. Great trees offered shade, and blue grass carpeted it. Where once were the cabins of these people the soil has been stripped, by the enterprising miner, for the fossil sunshine beneath. This rock, covering a large area, precipitous at nearly all points, was a place of easy defense.

One gathers from the description given by most recent writers that what is now known as Starved Rock is a promontory, but this is not true, although half the pleasure-seekers who visit it, and tire not of telling of its beautiful surroundings, come away believing it to be but a height thrust northward from the range of hills that are upon the same plane as the prairie beyond the woods that border the river. The fact is that the path that leads from the river passes up to a neck that connects two otherwise iso-

lated rocks. The one upon which was the ancient fort is somewhat higher and larger, and rises with a sheer front from the river. Back of this double-summited rock is a well-defined swamp that is drained by a small stream passing to the east, and north into the river. To the west the land is low, and during the rainy season the Rock may well be considered an island, for upon the west side also the water then flows down a slight ravine to the river.

Although the site of Fort St. Louis has never been lost, Francis Parkman claims to have discovered it. The tales of early French affairs in the west identify, and a multitude of two-centuries-old maps mark its place. Some late writers lead us to the old Shawnee earthworks on the neighboring hills, and others say that on Lovers' Leap, Tonty built the fort.

"Lovers' Leap" is but a cliff terminating an extension of the prairie and, not being "isolated and approachable only at a single point," cannot have been referred to as "the Rock." The definition of the French word *roche* is given as a rock "very large and *isolated*."

A question as to the location of Fort St. Louis has been raised by the Hon. Perry Armstrong, of Morris, Illinois, and uncertainty is also entertained by others, which I attribute to unfamiliarity with the early French records and maps, many of which, it may be said, have not long been accessible. More than a score of maps before me show the fort on the south side of the Illinois river, somewhere between the mouth of the Fox river and the Vermilion. This general location has never been disputed, but the *exact* place of the Rock is the matter con-

troverted. Before turning to the French writers, every one of whom spent either days or months or years at the post, one may well read what Mr. Armstrong says, in his valuable article on "The Piasa":

"Standing on the south bank of the Illinois river, about eight miles below the city of Ottawa, is a singularly shaped St. Peter's Sandstone rock, which rises up from the river's edge one hundred and forty-seven feet. Its surface embraces an area of about half an acre* and is overlaid with earth several feet deep, studded with a few small red cedar trees. It is circular in shape, and its walls are nearly perpendicular, except a small space on the south side, where persons can climb up. But this passageway is so narrow that it was easily defended by those on the summit."

Now follows La Salle's description of the Rock, written in 1682, or possibly 1683 (Margry, II., 175):

"It is situated six leagues† below the said village [Kaskaskia, which shifting village must then have been near the mouth of the Fox river], on the left bank in descending the river on the summit of a rock, steep nearly all around; the river bathes at the foot, so that one can draw water to the top of the rock which is about six hundred feet around. It is inaccessible except on one side, where the ascent is yet quite high."

* By pacing I have made the area of the Rock to be about $\frac{5}{7}$ of an acre upon its level summit, but, if taken over all, an acre is not far out of the way. Differences in the way of measuring its area have been the cause of the different estimates.

† A French land league was then 2.42 miles. Distances were guessed by the travelers, who, as Charlevoix says, almost always overestimated, because of the difficulty of traveling.

La Salle again wrote (Margry, II., 122): "The village of the Illinois is on the north side of the river. On the south is a great rock, very high, sharp and almost everywhere steep, with the exception of one place, where it inclines to the edge of the water."

Nicholas La Salle (said by Margry not to have been in the same line of descent as the great explorer) wrote in 1683: "He proceeded to make a fort of wood on a rock on the border of the river of the Illinois, face to face with their village."

Tonty says (Margry, I., 613), in speaking of La Salle: "He came to join me on the 30th of December, and during the winter we there constructed the Fort of St. Louis on an inaccessible rock, whither La Salle had induced the Shawnees to come."

Charlevoix, who visited the place in 1721 (VI., 119, edition of 1744), makes as bad an estimate of distances as any when he places the fort a league from Buffalo Rock, and the latter only a league from the mouth of the beautiful "Pisticoui," the country bordering which he praises so highly. "At the end of another league [from Buffalo Rock, where was the fort of the Miamis], on the left, one sees a similar rock, which has been named simply Le Rocher; this is a plateau, much elevated, two hundred feet of which border the river, which river is here much enlarged. The Rock is almost perpendicular and, at a distance, one takes it for a fortress. One yet sees there some remains of palisades, because the Illinois had formerly made there an entrenchment, in which it was easy for them to seek shelter in case of any irruption on the part of their enemies. Their village is at the foot of this

rock on an island, which, with several others, all of a marvelous fertility, separate, at this place, the river into two channels quite large."

Joutel, who spent the winter of 1687-88 at the fort, wrote: "Fort Louis is in the country of the Illinois and seated on a steep rock about two hundred feet high, the river running at the base of it. It is fortified with stakes and palisades only, and some houses advancing to the edge of the rock. It has a very spacious esplanade, or place of arms. The place is naturally strong and might be made more so by art, at little expense. Several of the natives live in it, in their huts."

La Potherie, who wrote in 1704 (Vol. II., 141) says, speaking of La Salle: "He established himself upon a steep rock, which was accessible only by a little path."

It is plain to one familiar with the surrounding country that these descriptions apply to none other than Starved Rock.

I now refer to Mathieu Sagean, whose travels, both real and imaginary, extended from 1683 to 1699, not because the unlettered man can be considered to have been an authority, but because he was a contemporaneous traveler and conversant with the country, though it is doubtful if he ever saw Fort St. Louis. In the following (Margry, VI., 99) he probably repeats descriptions given by others: "De La Salle and his troups went to the country of the Illinois, another nation on the borders of the said river, about eighty leagues farther up, where they established Fort Saint Louis, upon an island adjacent to the mainland, with which they communicated by

means of a drawbridge. It took six or seven months to build the fort, with the help of the savages, after which La Salle, having left De Tonty, a French gentleman, in command," etc. Reference to Tonty as being a Frenchman, shows that Sagean knew little of him personally, but his description of the Rock is not bad.

The opinion that the site of the fort was practically an island, is borne out by the facts; for Starved Rock is bounded by the river in front, and in the rear by ponds, swamps and a little stream leading therefrom.

Accounts lead to the conclusion that a bridge led to the gate of the palisades; and careful digging out of the débris, with a cane, disclosed to me one of the steps, and part of the other, in which were laid the long timbers that formed the stringers of the bridge which, only a few feet high, reached, with a slight incline, part way up the steep pathway. The bridge may have had a draw, as Sagean says; probably it had, for that would have been wise.

I seem to stand again, as I once stood, upon the western crest of the Rock, and watch the coming storm. Beautiful islands part the waters of the river, and the down-pouring sheet, lighted by lightning flashes, hides, as it approaches, first one and then another of the verdure-clad islands until the storm bursts with fury, as if to attack this stronghold of Nature. What a battle of the elements! And, after the storm, what beauty! The clouds pass to the east; a vista is opened to the north, reaching far over fields of corn so like those of the long ago.

Beyond the hills are the prairies where for centuries the buffalo grazed and were hunted for food, raiment, and trade by the people of the valley. To the north and west, upon the little eminence in the direction of the modern town of Utica, one sees the burial-places, now made more green by the thirst-quenched grasses. What opportunities for contemplation! Upon another little eminence, where a farmhouse is seen, one may well suppose that there the Illinois, when attacked by the Iroquois in 1680, erected the temporary fort which they were treacherously led to abandon by pretensions of peace. To the west and south in the valley we can place the cabins of the Shawnees, the Algonquin tribe that returned to the north not many years before, from a sojourn in Florida. Upon the hill to the southeast the marks of an ancient fortification are found, and along the river bank a few mounds mark the resting-places of an earlier people. Burned stones and flint-chips only are left to show where labored the living and lie the dead. The canoes, chiseled from the great cottonwood trees that bordered the banks then as now, are in dust; the erstwhile fields upon the islands are now tended by alien hands. Beautiful full-clad trees border these cornfields which are no greener nor better tended than those worked by the dark daughters of the field and forest, when America knew no white race; and when comes the autumn these fields are no richer in the golden yield that forms the greatest boon ever granted to a usurping people, than those garnered by the red man. Had we been susceptible another boon those people might have left us—a greater sense of virtue

and honesty than we possess. But alas, to him we taught the vices of civilization, but scoffed at him as a teacher of virtues!

While we are standing upon this stronghold of Nature the mind wanders, and the labors, hopes, and fears of several generations are brought before us. Around the border of this rock is still the heaped earth that held the palisades placed by Tonty. On the western crest the conformation of the surface leads us to think that it was there La Salle planted one of his little cannon, brought in bark canoes from Montreal. Fragments of cinders show where stood the blacksmith's forge, fed by coal found near by. Flint chips strew the surface, and these indicate that the artisan of the forge was not the only maker of arms of the chase and weapons of war. Near the middle of the summit is a leveled area where, no doubt, stood the magazine in which stores for trade and peltry received in trade were placed. Along the palisades, to the south, seem to have been the cabins where dwelt the officers and men who garrisoned Fort St. Louis, which was practically the headquarters of France in the fertile prairie-lands of the west. Where stood the great out-reaching poles, placed by Tonty to aid in drawing water from the river, I have found no marks to determine; but by the sides of the narrow stairway, at the south, may still be seen one well-preserved niche, and another less preserved, showing where rested the timbers of the gangway by which part of the ascent was made easy, and up and over which the timbers cut for palisades were drawn. The tooth of time has changed the form of the Rock, no doubt, by cut-

ting here and there. One may now step down through a narrow cleft to a ledge, upon the north side, and wend his way to the river. Starved Rock has now two places of ascent. It matters little whether this stronghold was accessible at these two points when the tragedies were enacted, for each ascent is easy of defense. Knowing the Rock well, it would be quite possible for one to pass down the crevice and along the ledge, in the darkness of night, and reach the water. Tradition tells us of at least one escape, probably by this way.

Starved Rock! Why so called? By the French it was christened La Roche. We know not by what poetic name the natives knew it. The story of starvation, as told by tradition, prompted the writer of the beautiful romance, to which I have referred, to give the name by which we know it now. Be that as it may, the mouldering bones, turned to the sun by curiosity hunters, show us that there at least was death, and the specter of hunger at once rises before us.

Starved Rock! When we read Tonty's account, what so stirs us at the sound of that name? When gazing over this placid river, its waters gliding at the foot, the scene becomes animated; the whole a battlefield where, two centuries ago, the Illinois fought for life and the Iroquois for scalps and slaves—a scene of carnage and flight. In the fields of corn I seem to see the Iroquois busy gathering a supply to serve them in their pursuit of the fleeing Illinois; to see, not many leagues down the river, on the little peninsula, the loved ones of the warriors, anxious and watching, awaiting any turn

of events that will permit escape from torture. I seem to see the council where stood Tonty pleading for peace between the invaders and the invaded; to hear the Iroquois chief boasting that they will eat the Illinois. There Tonty, in his anger, kicks away the package of beaver skins intended to bribe him to forsake the Illinois, and then I see the flashing eyes of the chief who warns him to leave at once. Tonty and his companions take heed and paddle laboriously against the rapid current. The Illinois have left their village to seek their women and children, and the Iroquois soon start in pursuit, on the opposite side of the river. Day after day we trace them; the followers hurry on to keep pace with the followed, the river only between them. Sad indeed the fate of the pursued! As they pass along the river they disperse, the better to escape; but a portion are overtaken, and warriors, women, and children, are burned at the stake or led prisoners to the homes of the Iroquois. Many charred bodies standing tied to trees tell the sad, sad ending.

So calm that river! Who can tell where, in our country, more blood was ever shed than flowed and enriched the sod along its banks?

CHAPTER XV

By 1728 patience had again ceased to be a virtue with the French, and again they sought utterly to annihilate the Foxes. The adventure of De Lignerie is told us by the Recollet Father Emanuel Crespel. (Smith's *His. Wis.*, I., 339.) The father recites that he was withdrawn from his curacy and appointed confessor to a party of four hundred Frenchmen which the Marquis de Beauharnois had joined to eight or nine hundred savages, principally Iroquois, partly of the Christian branch settled among the French. We shall see how much influence the gentle father had in softening the hearts of the French and their allies.

The troops commanded by De Lignerie "were commissioned to go and destroy a nation called the Foxes." The journey was begun on the fifth of June, 1728, by passing up the Ottawa river in birch-bark canoes. Portage was made into Lake Nipissing, and thence into Georgian Bay. While passing up the Ottawa and the smaller rivers on their way, as it was not possible for all to travel together, the army was divided into small parties, and the first to pass awaited the others at a place called the Prairie, on the border of Lake Huron. At the time of embarkation from that point, July 26, the father celebrated mass and, no doubt, offered prayers for the interposition of Divine Providence on behalf of the Frenchmen and, possibly, for favor-

able winds. Be that as it may, the winds hurried them on to such an extent that they reached Mackinaw, about two hundred and forty miles distant, in six days, where the good father takes the pains to tell us that he consecrated two flags. The army soon departed and entered Lake Michigan, but was there detained two days by the wind. Ill though the winds were, they blew some good, for it gave the hungry party an opportunity to take several moose and elk. "The hunters were so polite," the father adds, "as to offer to share with us. We made some objections at first, but they compelled us to accept their present, saying that, since we had shared with them the fatigues of the journey, it was right that they should share with us the comforts which they had found, and that they should not consider themselves as men if they acted in a different manner toward others."

The discourse, which one of the men translated into French, affected the father very much, and he cried: "What humanity in savages, and how many men might be found in Europe to whom the title of barbarian might much better be applied than to these inhabitants of America! The generosity of our savages merited the most lively gratitude on our part." The army passed along down to Green Bay, and, says the father: "The next day we crossed over to the Folles Avoines* in order to invite [provoke] the inhabitants to come and oppose our landing. They fell into the trap and were entirely defeated." The Christian father was indeed very much affected by the kindness of the Indian huntsmen, but he does

*A harmless tribe on Green Bay.

not tell us that the setting of a trap, into which these poor people fell and hence were defeated, excited any feeling of pity in his heart. "About midday," he goes on to say, "on the 17th we were ordered to halt until evening in order that we might reach the post at The Bay during the night, as we wished to surprise the enemy who we knew were staying with their allies, the Sacs, whose village lies near Fort St. Francis. At twilight [dusk] we commenced our march, and about midnight we arrived at the mouth of the Fox river, at which point our fort is built. As soon as we had arrived there M. de Lignerie sent some Frenchmen to the commandant to ascertain if the enemy were really at the village of the Sacs, and, having learned that we ought [were likely] still to find them there, he caused all the savages and a detachment of French troops to cross over the river in order to surround the habitations, and then ordered the rest of our troops to enter the village. Notwithstanding the precautions that had been taken to conceal our arrival, the savages had received information of it, and all had escaped with the exception of four. These were presented to our savages, who, after having diverted themselves with them, shot them to death with arrows."

Although the good father was not shocked at the trap that was set, into which the Folles Avoines fell and in which they were killed, yet his heart softened later, for he continues: "I was much pained to witness this terrible spectacle, and the pleasure which our savages took in making these unfortunate persons suffer, causing them to undergo the horror of thirty deaths before depriving them of life, I

could not make accord with the manner in which they had appeared some days before. I would willingly have asked them if they did not perceive, as I did, this opposition of sentiment, and have pointed out to them what I saw commendable in their proceedings; but those of our party who might have served as interpreters were on the other side of the river, and I was obliged to postpone until another time the satisfaction of my curiosity. After this little *coup de main* we went up Fox river, which is full of rapids and is about thirty-five or forty leagues in length. The 24th of August [1726] we arrived at the village of the Puants [Winnebagos], much disposed to destroy any inhabitant that might be found there; but their flight had preceded our arrival, and we had nothing to do but to burn their wigwams and ravage their fields of Indian corn, which is their principal article of food. We afterward crossed over the little Fox lake, at the end of which we camped; and the next day (day of St. Louis), after mass, we entered a small river which conducted us into a kind of swamp, on the borders of which were situated the grand habitations of those we were in search of. Their allies, the Sacs, doubtless informed them of our approach, and they did not deem it advisable to await our arrival, for we found in their village only a few women, whom our savages made their slaves, and an old man, whom they burned to death at a slow fire without appearing to entertain the least repugnance toward committing so barbarous an action."

Again the sentiments of the father seem to have been somewhat mixed. Whether the burning was

repugnant to him (such as was practiced as a means of conversions in some parts of Europe at that time), or the burning of an old man because he was an enemy, we are left to judge for ourselves. I am led to believe that the father was very human, notwithstanding his assumed divine mission. Farther on the father tells us: "This appeared to me a more striking act of cruelty than that which had been experienced toward the four savages found in the village of the Sacs. I seized upon this occasion and circumstance to satisfy my curiosity about that of which I have just been speaking. There was in our company a Frenchman who could speak the Iroquois language. I entreated him to tell the savages that I was surprised to see them take so much pleasure in tormenting an unfortunate old man; that the rights of war did not extend so far, and that an act so barbarous appeared to me to be in direct opposition to the principle which they had professed to entertain toward all men. I was answered by an Iroquois who, in order to justify his companions, said that when they fell into the hands of the Foxes and Sacs they were treated with still greater cruelty, and that it was their custom to treat their enemies in the same manner that they would be treated by them if they were vanquished. I was about to give him some further reasons when the orders were given to advance upon the last stronghold of the enemy. This post is situated upon the borders of a small river which empties into another called the Wisconsin, which latter discharges itself into the Mississippi, about thirty leagues from there. We found no person there, and as we had no orders to

go any farther, we employed ourselves several days in destroying the fields in order to deprive the enemy of the means of subsisting there."

Beauharnois did not regard the march as useless. "It is certain," he wrote September 1st, 1728, to the French minister of war, "that half of these nations, who number four thousands souls, will die of hunger, and that they will come in and ask for mercy."

In a private letter he repeats his instructions to De Lignerie in regard to the expedition. The letter states that De Lignerie made use of all his skill in his efforts to succeed in the expedition, but found it impossible to surprise the enemy, they having knowledge of his march. Three Puants and a Fox, who were discovered by some Sacs whom he had brought from Mackinaw, were taken by him. These four savages were bound and sent to the tribes, who put them to death the next day. He afterward continued his march, Beauharnois writes, at the head of one thousand savages and four hundred and fifty Frenchmen, to the village of the Puants, and then to that of the Foxes, who had fled, some escaping by swimming. In the four villages he captured two women and a girl and a man, who were killed and burned. The Foxes had left four days before, taking the old men, women, and children in canoes. Marching by land the warriors kept pace along the banks. De Lignerie urged his allies to pursue the Foxes, but only a portion would consent, the others saying that the Foxes were too much in the lead to be overtaken. The French had nothing to eat but Indian corn, and having a march of about four hundred leagues before them on their

return, by which the safety of the army was endangered, it was decided to burn the four Fox villages, their forts, and their huts, and to destroy all that they could find in their fields—Indian corn, beans, and pumpkins, of which they had a great abundance. The French and allies did the same execution among the Puants.

In returning, the French passed by a village of Sacs. These savages told the Marquis, in a council of the tribes, that they no longer wished to stay with the French, for fear of the Foxes, and that they were going to retire to the river St. Joseph. As he could not reassure the Sacs, De Lignerie burned the fort lest the Foxes or their allies should take possession of it and thus fortify themselves and make war upon the Folles Avoines, said, since their defeat, to have become allies of the French.

The failure of De Lignerie was attributed to his long stay at Mackinaw and to the fact that a Pottawatomie, who had come from Green Bay with four others, three of whom did not appear, was sent back to his comrades by De Lignerie to say that he had come to talk with the tribes there, and even with the Foxes, who were two days distant. At this the Pottawatomie warned the Foxes of all that he had seen in the army, and they fled at once. The French and allies wished to march upon them, but De Lignerie would not hasten his departure. The murmur was very general against him in the army, and the savages in their speeches did not spare him.

De Lignerie had attempted to make peace with the Foxes and other tribes in 1726, when it was thought best to grant the request of Ouchata, the

principal chief of the Foxes, to have a French officer in the country to aid him in restraining his young warriors from bad thoughts and actions. It was believed better, however, that the commandant at La Point, on Lake Superior, endeavor to withdraw the Sioux from an alliance with the Foxes, which it was thought might be done by presents, and lead them to hope for a missionary and other Frenchmen, as they had often desired. It was afterward regretted that the same instructions were not given to the officers commanding at Detroit and at the river St. Joseph, in order that the neighboring nations might be detached from the Foxes, and that those officers, in case of war, might be able to prevent the Foxes from seeking an asylum with the Iroquois, or with any other nation where they might secrete themselves. De Siette, who then commanded in the Illinois country, had written De Lignerie that the Foxes were afraid of treachery, and that the surest mode of securing peace was to exterminate them.

As we read all this (which will be found in *Wis. Hist. Col.*, III., 148), we are not surprised that the Foxes were afraid of treachery. It seems as if it had been recommended to allay their fears by murdering them—a very effective remedy surely. De Siette had made this proposition to the council-general at New Orleans, and had expressed the same opinion to the "directors of the Company of the Indies." In this account we find that it was held that such a course would be the best expedient, but that nothing would be more dangerous or more prejudicial to the colonies of Canada and Louisiana

than such an enterprise in case of failure. It was thought that it would be necessary to effect a surprise and keep them shut up in a fort, as in the last war (at Detroit, 1712), for in case of escape the Foxes and Sioux or the Iowas would return to destroy all the upper country; and that the French of both colonies would be unable to pass from post to post except at the risk of robbery and murder. It was recommended that De Siette should cause to be restored to the Foxes, by the Illinois, whatever prisoners that they had with them, and De Lignerie made the Foxes promise to send back to the Illinois their prisoners. It was recommended that the example of the other commandants who, by burning the Fox prisoners that fell into their hands, had thought to intimidate the Foxes and cause them to lay down their arms, be not followed, as that only served to irritate that people and aroused their strongest hatred against the French.

In the council of June 7, 1728, De Lignerie spoke to the tribes there assembled, demanding that they go next spring to Green Bay and labor to put an end to the unjust war which these nations were waging against the Illinois. The Foxes replied that "since the Great King extended his hand to them to signify that he pitied them, their children and women, the speaker gave his word to use his efforts toward peace, and although the young Fox warriors were then at war, he expected to gain them over." (*Wis. Hist. Col.*, III., 152.)

The chiefs of the nations assembled were well disposed, and saw very clearly that there could be no hope for them except in obedience to the king.

While all this was going on, a party of Foxes struck the Chippewas who, being put on the defensive, killed one Fox and wounded three. They were not contented, however, and would have got up a party of warriors to attack the Foxes had they not been prevented by presents, and hopes held out to them that the Foxes would lay down the war-club. Beauharnois wrote from Quebec, October 1, of the same year (1726), expressing great satisfaction that peace had been effected with the Foxes. De Lignerie, he informs us, says that since the chiefs of the Foxes and Sacs gave their word to no more war against the Illinois, two small war-parties of young men of the Fox nation had gone to avenge the death of one of their relatives; that the greater part of both parties, composed of ten men, had been entirely defeated; that four of them had been killed on the spot, four wounded and taken prisoners by the Illinois, and that the two who escaped were wounded. "If the Illinois are careful," he says, "this affair will have no further bad results; they have but to send the prisoners they have taken to the Fox village with presents to cover their dead, according to usage, by which means they will disarm the Foxes and prevent them from forming new parties." (*Wis. Hist. Col.*, III., 159.)

The present and future.

CHAPTER XVI

In the autumn of 1727 Beauharnois felt that he foresaw the necessity of again making war upon the Foxes, and he wrote to that effect to De Siette, commandant at the Illinois. A copy of a letter De Siette had previously written was sent to Montreal to be considered by the officers there assembled. On August 24, 1727, Beauharnois informed De Siette by letter that "not being able any longer to rely upon the word of the Foxes given De Lignerie, promising to remain at peace, and as, especially since the death of their chiefs, war-parties are daily being formed, he had determined to make war upon them the coming year."

May 29, 1729, Father Guignas, who accompanied the expedition to the Sioux, wrote to Beauharnois that the expedition delayed departure some time hoping to learn from Montreal what were the intentions as to overcoming the extreme difficulty usually encountered when passing through the country of the Foxes. Hearing nothing, the party departed from Mackinaw, and reached Green Bay on the 8th of August. They soon passed on and met some of the chiefs of the Puants, who received them kindly and feasted them. The expedition soon reached the village of the Foxes, twenty-two leagues (about fifty-two miles) from Green Bay. The father speaks of these people as not being so formidable as reported:

"Early the next morning, the 15th of the month of August, the convoy prepared to continue its route with quite pleasant weather; but a storm coming on in the afternoon, we arrived quite wet, still in the rain, at the cabins of the Foxes, a nation so much dreaded and really so little to be dreaded. From all that we could see, it is composed of two hundred men at most, but there is a perfect hive of children, especially boys from ten to fourteen years old, well made and formed. They are cabined on a little eminence on the bank of a small river, that bears their name, extremely tortuous or winding, so that you are constantly boxing the compass. Yet it is apparently quite wide, with a chain of hills on both sides, but there is only one miserable little channel amid this extent of apparent bed, which is a kind of marsh full of rushes and wild rice of almost impenetrable thickness. They have nothing but mere bark cabins without any kind of palisade or other fortification. As soon as the French canoes touched their shore, they ran down with their peace calumets lighted in spite of the rain, and all smoked.

"We staid among them the rest of this day and all the next, to know what were their designs and ideas as to the French post among the Sioux. The Sieur Reaume, interpreter of Indian languages at The Bay, acted efficiently there and with devotion to the king's service. Even if my testimony, sir, should be deemed not impartial, I must have the honor to tell you that Rev. Father Chardon, an old missionary, was of very great assistance there, and the presence of three missionaries who were there, reassured these cut-throats and assassins of the

French more than all the speeches of the best orators could have done. A general council was convened in one of the cabins; they were addressed in decent and friendly terms, and they replied in the same way. A small present was made to them. On their side they gave some quite handsome dishes lined with dry meat."

Referring to the establishment of the French among the Sioux, Beauharnois, in a letter to the minister of the colonies, wrote in substance: "The interest of religion and of the colonies is involved in the maintenance of this establishment, which has been the more necessary, as there is no doubt but that the Foxes, when routed, would have found an asylum among the Sioux had not the French been sent there. The docility and submissiveness manifested by the Foxes cannot be attributed to any cause except the good-will entertained by the Sioux for the French and the offers which the former made the latter, of which the Foxes were fully cognizant. It would be necessary to retain the Sioux in their favorable disposition in order to keep the Foxes respectful and defeat the measures they might adopt to gain over the Sioux, who will always reject their propositions so long as the French will remain in their country and their trading post there continue. The Foxes will, in all probability, come next year to sue for peace; therefore, if it be granted to them on advantageous conditions, there need be no apprehension when going to the Sioux; and another company could be formed, less numerous than the first, with whom one would make a new treaty, or make it with some responsible merchants able to afford

the outfitting, whereby these difficulties would be soon obviated." (*Affluents of the Mississippi*, p. 459.)

We now come to the most interesting series of events in the history of the Foxes. There are many traditions, military reports, and references made by parties having had knowledge of important events, but as every one interested reported matters as they appeared from his point of view, there is no exact agreement.

Historians do agree, however, that in 1730 a large part of the Fox tribe was annihilated; but where the defeat took place has been lost to history. Davidson says: "The worst event of the war occurred near Rock St. Louis on the Illinois river." (*Unnamed Wisconsin*, p. 22.) Hebbard tells of the affair, but gives no opinion as to where it took place. (*Wisconsin under the Dominion of France.*) Parkman says: "The accounts of the affair are obscure and not very trustworthy. It seems that the Outagamies [Foxes] began the affray by an attack on the Illinois at La Salle's old station Le Rocher, on the river Illinois." (*Half Century of Conflict.*)

The physical geography of the region about Starved Rock enables me to determine absolutely that Parkman's guess is wrong, and further geographical and historical knowledge enables me to say where the persecuted tribe met its greatest and last defeat. The earliest definite account of the struggle is found in the report of Beauharnois, dated May 6, 1730. In his reports we read of an encounter of a party of warriors from several tribes with eighty Foxes. Various events of about that time are also mentioned. (*Wis. Hist. Col.*, VIII., 245.)

Perriere Marin was a native of France, who established a place of deposit, called Fort Marin, on the Mississippi, a short distance from the mouth of the Wisconsin river, near what is now Wyalusing, and also another near Mackinaw. Between these two points Marin conducted an extensive traffic over the route formed by the Fox and Wisconsin rivers. He was obliged to curry favor with the Foxes who lived along the banks of the river of that name, at or near Little Butte des Morts, and to submit to the exactions of these people, in the form of tribute. The acts of the Foxes were very much like those of the buccaneers of the West Indies, or, we may say, of modern nations that exact duties on goods entering their country; and hence we cannot say that the Foxes were much worse than the people of the civilized nations. Be that as it may, these repeated piratical acts, as Marin considered them, determined him to drive the Foxes from their position. Tradition and vague accounts of his eventful expedition leave some doubt as to the exact date of his first attack, but it was probably as early as the year 1730. He raised a considerable force at Mackinaw, which was increased by friendly Indians of Green Bay. They embarked, each boat having a full complement of men, well armed and concealed by tarpaulins large enough to cover the whole boat, such as were generally used to protect goods from the weather. Near the rapids, about three miles below but not within view of the Little Butte des Morts, the party divided, one portion going by land to the rear of the village to support the attack which was to be made by the other party in the front from the boats.

The men in the boats, with their guns ready for use, were concealed by the covers, except two men at the oars. The Foxes discovered the approach of the trader's fleet, as they supposed it to be, and placed out their torch and posted themselves along the bank and awaited the landing of the boats and the payment of the customary exaction. When near enough for an effective attack, the tarpaulins were thrown off and a volley of musketry and two swivel-guns, loaded with grape and canister, was fired by the soldiers, which scattered death among the unsuspecting savages. The living fled to their fort to prepare for defense, and were pursued by the troops. A Menominee warrior had stealthily entered the village and set fire to the large bark dwellings on the windward side, and they were soon consumed by the flames. The Foxes in despair sought safety in flight, but were met by the party which had intercepted their retreat, and they found themselves between two fires. Bullet and tomahawk soon began their work, and the scalping-knife reaped a rich harvest.

"The time occupied by the bloody tragedy was not long," says Hon. Moses Strong, from whose papers I have chosen to cull these facts, "but in strategy, surprise, and sanguinary execution it probably has no parallel in the annals of Indian warfare. Most of the Foxes were killed or taken prisoners, but a few escaped up the river, and others were absent at the time of the engagement."

Whether Marin was warranted in such "strategy" or not, I shall not say, but do not hesitate to state that I know of no greater display of savagery on the

part of the red savages than the attack by the white savages upon these people, who for years had been paid tribute and were merely waiting on the shore for the customary distribution of gewgaws. It may have been this barbarous attack of Marin that formed the final incentive to the flight toward the Iroquois which ended in the massacre at the site of the ancient Miami town of Maramech.

Some time early in 1730 the Foxes sent two stone axes to the young warriors of the Seneca branch of the Iroquois, who gave them to the Sachems, and the latter, in turn, to the Governor of Canada. This was the initial move in the last great tragedy. By this present the Foxes requested that they might come and live near the Senecas and join them in their campaigns. The Senecas were warned by the French not to accept the proposition of the Foxes. That the Six Nations* (the Iroquois) were altogether too strong, the French had been forced to believe; but the English, it is evident, favored the move, and had often recommended the same or similar plans to the Senecas.

The Governors of New France had several times been ordered to annihilate the Fox tribe, and it became their purpose to make more strenuous efforts than ever before. Saint Ange was in command at Fort Chartres, on the Mississippi river, near what was then the new Kaskaskia. It was a French settlement, and to it the Illinois tribes had come and brought with them the name of the erstwhile great Illinois town, near Starved Rock, which they had

* After defeating and absorbing the Tuscaroras the Iroquois were known as the Six Nations.

been forced to abandon years before. The Illinois held themselves in readiness for revenge on the Foxes and seemed willing to proceed with Saint Ange, but when others were ready they held back for some unknown reason. The French jeered them, declaring that they were only women and consequently did not know how to fight. Slavery was then one of the barbarous institutions at Kaskaskia, Cahokia, and other towns adjoining Fort Chartres; and the Frenchmen declared to the Illinois that they would take their negro slaves and join the other savages and defeat the Foxes. We know not what orders were given Saint Ange except that he should direct his march toward the Rock. We are not told whether he passed up the Mississippi and Illinois rivers and then the "river of the Rock," and struck northeast across the great prairies. We read from the reports, however, that the last two days' march was under cover of the woods. This leads us to believe that the march was mainly across great prairies.

The summer was nearing its end; the lilies were giving way to the goldenrod and to the multitude of autumn daisies that bordered the trails. The grown broods of quail whirred from the tall grass, but they little woke the instincts of the sportsman, for small game was of little account as food for an army; but the deer and wild turkeys fared less well. Food, while on the march, was abundant, but the way was long.

To a great extent the valley of the Rivière du Rocher, now the beautiful Fox river, had become No Man's Land, because of the long-standing wars

between the Illinois on one side and the Foxes, Kickapoos, and allies on the other, who seemed bent on driving that people from northern Illinois, a region that thirty years before was one of the best known of the west. (See maps ante pp. 23, 28 and 30.) It had practically been lost sight of. This was true to such an extent in 1730 that Perrier, the Governor of Louisiana, wrote of it as "a country up to this time unknown to the French, and even to our allied savages, of whom none could serve us as guides." Louisiana then extended from the mouth of the Mississippi river to the headwaters of every tributary, and hence the Rivière du Rocher was within Perrier's jurisdiction. Although its name has been twice changed, the Pestekouy still flows through smiling prairies where the herds that gave it name so long grazed, but how changed!

CHAPTER XVII

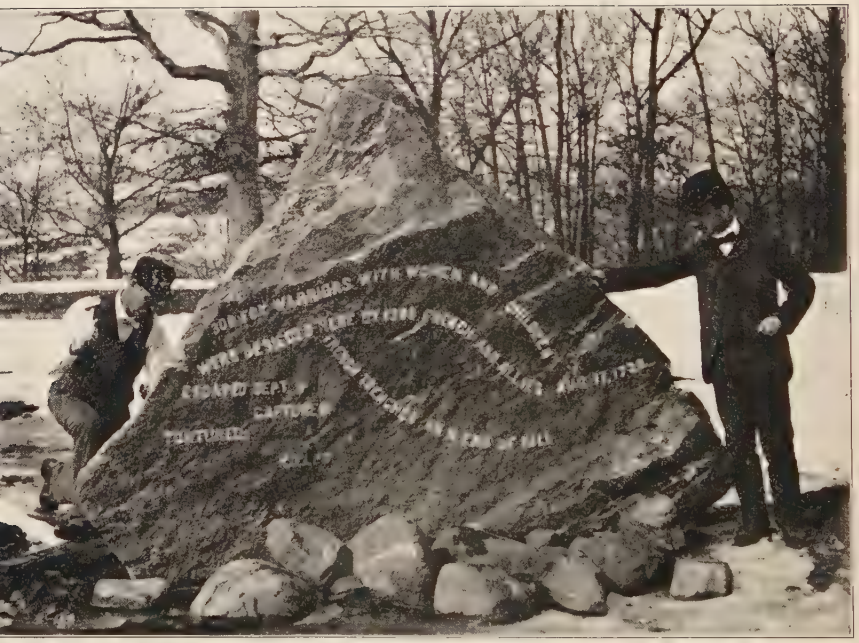
In July, 1730, the Illinois of the village of Kaskaskia had learned that the Foxes, a short time previously, had taken some prisoners from among them and had burned the son of the great Illinois chief "near the Rock" which, as Ferland puts it, is upon the Illinois river. This and other news led Saint Ange to move. On the 10th day of August, after overtaking the three or four hundred savages who had passed on several days before, the army found itself about five hundred strong. The Kickapoos and Mascoutins and the "Illinois of the Rock" had taken possession of the passage to the northeast in order to head off the Foxes, which they succeeded in doing; and the latter proceeded to fortify themselves.

Near the western border of Section 24 of the town of Little Rock, Kendall county, is what may be considered a freak of nature. It is a pond of considerable depth, about an acre in extent, with its surface twenty feet below the level of the prairie, and surrounded by trees. No stream enters it, nor does one flow from it. The pond is well adapted for defense. It is a fraction over two miles from the site of the old Fox fort on Maramech Hill, which leads me to believe that this was the place where the Mascoutins and Kickapoos awaited the arrival of the French, for it corresponds surprisingly closely to the distance at which the warriors of these

tribes were located, to the northeast of the Foxes, which was said to be one league.* Defense was easy because then, as now, the pond was surrounded by a narrow belt of trees, and hence log-built breastworks and enclosures were of easy construction. This pond is a study in physical geography and, because of its being somewhat a freak of nature, it may have been considered a special providence by the superstitious savages. A pool by the wayside, it quenched the thirst; its surrounding shades offered to fatigued warriors a resting-place from the trail. All blessings were credited by the natives to some of the many Manitous. To what one of them may the finely wrought ornamental stones found on the shore of the pond have been offered as sacrifices? The lakelet may have been considered as sacred and have received the worship of the savages, as in the ancient Scandinavian countries the wealth of the individual was often sacrificed by casting it into the waters of a sacred spring. So may it not have been that our natives considered this oasis in the far-reaching prairies, with its pool and shades, as a special creation for them? Game was usually abundant, and it is probable that fish could there be caught, then as now. Because of the natural advantages and the exact distance and direction from the fort of the Foxes, I place the watching Kickapoos there.

Saint Ange, when approaching, was informed of the nearness of the enemy, on the 12th of August, by one of the scouts who also gave information as

* A French land league at that time was equal to 2.42 English miles.



Lettering the massive boulder.

THE CORRECTED INSCRIPTION READS:

"In this stockaded fort 300 Fox warriors, with women and children, were besieged by thirteen hundred French and allies, August 17, 1730; escaped September 9th. Captured—Tortured—Killed. French trenches on north end of hill. 'The Rock' spoken of by Ferland (Histoire du Canada), two miles south, is partly quarried away. The Maramech of Franquelin's map of 1684, was near. Site identified and stone placed by John F. Steward, 1874-1900."

The old fort is now the property of School District No. 9, Town of Little Rock, Kendall County. The donor purpose in purchasing and giving the bit of land to the High school, because of its historical interest, was to provide that after Time palsies his hand and bids his tongue be still, it may never be desecrated by the plow or sold for taxes.

To the south a short league is "The Rock." To the north lie the remains of some who doubtless were of the besieging party. Where rested the besieged, we shall not know. The spring floods of the river and creeks have covered and in turn laid bare their bones, and the elements have wasted all.

to the location of the fort. This scout stated that he had counted there one hundred and eleven cabins. The advancing army was then but three days distant, and on the 17th, at break of day, the enemy was sighted. A party of forty hunters was forced to return to the fort. Saint Ange's army cautiously made its way over trails that led northeastwardly across the prairies, south of the Illinois river, and finally followed the open timber that skirted the bluffs of the Rivière du Rocher (Fox river). When he reached the great bend, along which the bark and rush cabins of Maramech had formerly stood, he was in position to look to the northwest, across the river and across the bottom lands where had once been the cornfields of the Miamis. He could look up the slope (to the west and northwest), that forms the amphitheater now studded with a second growth of hickory and oak. Upon this amphitheater were the one hundred and eleven temporary shelters of the Foxes spoken of by the scout. Other French troops were moving elsewhere.

Early in 1730 two Mascoutins had come to the river St. Joseph where M. de Villiers commanded, and reported that the Foxes were fighting with the Illinois between the Rock and the Ouiatonons (Weas, a branch of the Miamis, on the Wabash), and that the Puants, Mascoutins, and Kickapoos had joined the Illinois and attacked the Foxes, but that the Illinois had fled. In that attack six Puants were wounded and one killed. There were also two Kickapoos of the river St. Joseph killed. This news had the effect of awakening the French to the fact

that the Foxes were endeavoring to pass from their village in the Wisconsin region to the Iroquois, who for several years had been attempting to induce them to make this move. The commandant at St. Joseph put himself immediately in readiness to march against the Foxes, and at once sent word to Detroit, giving notice of what had taken place and of the fact that he would proceed immediately. Some of the Puants at Detroit and the Ottawas determined to take up the hatchet against the Foxes, but were deterred from so doing by the fact that a large number of their warriors were absent. The Foxes, when opposed by the Kickapoos and others, said that they were expecting a large party of Iroquois to come to their assistance. This was no doubt said in order to frighten the French, and allies in turn, to do which seemed to require little more than to cry "Iroquois!" It was known, as already stated, that the English had been working to that end and had sought to influence the Foxes by sending them presents by the hands of the Iroquois. It was on the 6th of August, 1730, that M. de Villiers, commandant at the St. Joseph river, learned of the move the Foxes were making, and at once gave the information to M. de Noyelles, commandant at the Miamis. De Villiers made hasty preparations and started on the 10th of August, at the head of three hundred French and allies, to march against the Foxes. Upon his arrival he found that Saint Ange had preceded him with one hundred Frenchmen and four hundred savages. He took a position on the right, to the northwest of the fort the Foxes had hastily constructed, and there located

his little battery upon the hill across the swamp, which in itself protected it, where a stone has been placed. De Noyelles soon joined them, when the force aggregated about thirteen hundred men, all bent on the annihilation of the Foxes.

The details of this affair are given in the various fragmentary military reports. They were digested and entered in books of record at Paris, many written by the same hand. It seems evident that the compiler omitted much and, because of lack of geographical knowledge of the region, erred in his interpretation of the meaning of the writers. So far as I have been able to learn, Ferland is the only historian who availed himself of such of the Parisian records as deal with this great tragedy. He probably had before him the account found in *Correspondence General*, 1732, Vol. LVII., p. 316. The following is a translation from the French of his account. (*Histoire du Canada*, II., 436.)*

* In the account from which Ferland made this narration there is some confusion; and no distinction is made between "the Rock," which is on the Illinois river and "the Rock" which characterizes the stream first known to the French as the Pestecouy and later by them called "Rivière du Rocher," which discharges into the Illinois river, several miles above the site of old Fort St. Louis. This confusion is in part explained by the fact that the geography of the country was little known to the commanders directing the movement, and to the writers of the military reports (see letter of March 25, 1731, appendix). The Rock on which Fort St. Louis had been was well known, for it was on two direct routes between Louisiana and Canada; many of the soldiers of the little army had, no doubt, often passed up and down the Illinois river. The "Rivière du Rocher" was off the main line of canoe-travel, but was familiar to most of the traders.

"In the month of October, 1728, a party of Kickapoos and Mascoutins made prisoners, on the Mississippi, of seventeen Frenchmen who were descending [the Mississippi] from Fort Beauharnois [on Lake Pipin] to the Illinois country. The savages deliberated at first whether they would burn their captives or deliver them to the Foxes, who were demanding them. In the meantime Father Guignas, who was among the prisoners, so gained their confidence that he succeeded in detaching them from the Foxes, and induced them to ask the French for peace.

"After five months of captivity, he descended to Fort Chartres with a few Kickapoos and Mascoutin chiefs, at which place Saint Ange was in command. Peace was concluded according to their wishes and the prisoners were given their liberty.

"Enfeebled and disconcerted by this arrangement, the Foxes contemplated taking refuge among the

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Ferland, in his account, does not follow the original manuscript very closely, as may be gathered by reference to his *Histoire du Canada*, II., p. 437. The original reads: "*Les Quikapous, Maskoutins et Illinois du Rocher s'éstaient rendus maître des parrages du costé du nord'est et fut vraisemblement ce qui contraignet les renards de faire un fort au rocher à une lieue audessous d'eux pour se mettre a couvert de leurs insults.*" Put in plain English, the above might well read: "The Kickapous, Mascoutins and Illinois of the Rock had taken possession of the region to the northeast of the Foxes, and it was probably that which constrained the Foxes to build a fort at (near) the Rock, a league below them (the Mascoutins, Kickapous and Illinois of the Rock)." Ferland's mistake was in putting the Foxes a league from the Rock instead of a league from the enemy that held the places to the northeast. It is true, however, that the old Fox fort is nearly an old French land league from the Rock.

Iroquois, friends of the English, by passing by the village of the Ouiatonons [Weas], a branch of the Miamis living on the Wabash river, friendly to them.

"But the Kickapoos and the Mascoutins penetrated their schemes and gave information, at all of the posts, to the French of Louisiana and Canada. In the meantime the Illinois of the village of Kaokias, in the month of May, 1730, gave information that the Foxes had taken some prisoners near the Rock, upon the river of the Illinois. This report induced Saint Ange to take the field; four hundred savages joined a hundred Frenchmen whom he had assembled. This little army directed itself toward the Rock, at a league from which the Foxes had stopped and had just finished building a fort. They had not been able to continue their journey toward the country of the Iroquois, for the Kickapoos and Mascoutins and the Illinois of the Rock were masters of the places to the northeast.

"On the 17th of August Saint Ange arrived in sight of the enemy; after having driven back into the fort a party of hunters, he reconnoitered the place where they were lodged. It was a little grove enclosed with palisades, situated on a gentle slope which rose toward the west and the northwest, along a little river; their retreats were made in the ground like the den of the Fox, of which they bear the name.

"At the sound of the first gunshot fired by the French, the Kickapoos, Mascoutins, and the Illinois, who, for a month, had been expecting aid, ran up to the number of two hundred men.

"Thus reënforced, Saint Ange divided his forces in such a way as to hem in the Foxes, who had undertaken several ineffectual sorties. It was necessary to entrench, and each one worked to fortify himself in the post that had been assigned to him. On the 19th the enemy demanded to parley; they offered to deliver the slaves that they had before taken on the Illinois river, and did deliver some; but as they sought only to procrastinate, Saint Ange renewed the attack on the morrow. During the days following he was joined by fifty or sixty Frenchmen and five hundred savages, Pottawatomies and Sacs, which M. de Villiers, commandant of the river Saint Joseph, had brought.

"M. de Noyelles arrived from the other direction, with two hundred Miamis and ten Frenchmen. The Foxes defended themselves bravely and ably. By means of presents they sought to gain some of their ancient allies; the Sacs treated underhanded with them, furnished them some ammunition and took measures to favor their escape. The other savages perceived the movements of the Sacs, and were on the point of attacking them when Saint Ange advanced, at the head of a hundred Frenchmen, between the two parties, to establish order. The siege lasted longer than they had foreseen; famine reigned, not only with the Foxes, but also with the French and their allies. Reduced to eat their quivers, a part of the allies became discouraged; two hundred Illinois deserted on the 7th of September. Fortunately, this bad example was not followed by others. The Foxes were pressed more and more; Saint Ange had a fort constructed

which prevented them from going to the river for water. All expressed themselves that the time of surrender was near. But the 8th of September a violent storm, accompanied with thunder and torrents of rain, interrupted the efforts of the French. This day was followed by a rainy night, dark and cold; the Foxes profited by it and attempted to escape from their fort.

"The cries of the children betrayed them, and it was believed that they were escaping. In the darkness that reigned it was impossible to distinguish friends from the enemy, and the entire night was passed in this uncertainty. Nevertheless, the French and their allies remained under arms, and at daylight of the 9th the freshest and most vigorous started in pursuit of the Foxes, who could not advance rapidly because of their embarrassments.

"The women, the children, and the old men marched at the head; the warriors were placed last to protect the retreat. In an instant their ranks were broken, and they fled pell-mell; more than three hundred of their warriors were killed or taken prisoners; a considerable number of women and children perished in the fight, pursued by the Illinois of the Rock, the Mascoutins and Kickapoos. Fifty or sixty warriors alone escaped; but under different pretexts the Ouitanons and the Sacs had succeeded in helping many of the women and children to also escape the massacre of their nation.

"The Foxes had lost many people; seventy cabins had been destroyed; the nation, it was said, no longer possessed more than thirty cabins (families); only a few women and a small number of children

remained. Some years before the Foxes prided themselves on the number of children they possessed who promised a brilliant future."*

Regarding the defeat of the Foxes, M. de Beauharnois wrote to M. de Maurepas on the 18th of May, 1731: "Behold a nation humbled to the extent that it will no longer trouble the earth."

THE SIEGE

Turn loose the wings of the imagination; let it fly back one hundred and seventy years while we place ourselves upon the summit, at the northeast end of what is now known as Maramech Hill. There must have stood during the beautiful Indian summer days of 1730 a watchful warrior. With hand shading his eyes, he peers far over the "Little River" and over the valley toward the rising sun. He is higher than the reddening maple trees in the valley. With him, on this promontory, are other braves; they are the "watchmen of the tower." They watch not so much for the immediate approach of the expected enemies as for expected signal fires on the prairies, to the northeast—watch for prairie fires that, by prearrangement, are to be lit by those chosen to do double duty, not only to act as pickets and give warning, but to hunt supplies of food.

How strange it seems to us now, sitting in comfort amid plenty, to read that hunger at any time was felt here! In and along the streams where the sportsman now finds game in abundance, and tells big fish stories, was little food supply found in those

*For the original documents and translation thereof see Appendix.

autumn days, for the hunters dared not wander far. Three hundred warriors, with their women and children, probably more than a thousand in number, we seem to see here concentrated, who, unwilling to separate because of the watchful Mascoutins and Kickapoos and of the nearness of the French and allies, find subsistence hard to procure. From the hills to the north and over the prairies game has been frightened into receding farther than the hunters dare go, for no one knows when the blow may fall; they know not when they will be startled by the war-cry of the Mascoutins, Kickapoos, and Illinois, joined by the expected reënforcements from whose well-earned rage they fled. Their stock of dried meat, fish, parched corn and maple sugar is exhausted.

The women and children are as hungry as the dogs which dispute with them every morsel, and which, in turn, are soon to be eaten. Upon the crest of the hill, along the eastern side, are other watchmen; upon the bluffs and farther on, as far as the prairies that stretch away to the west, are others still. The lesser creek, from which they get their water by a covered way since having been driven into the stockade upon the hill, comes from the northwest to within a mile and then turns to the east, then sharply to the north and touches the hill. It then passes to the east along the hillside. After forming a channel like a letter S, it mingles its waters with those of the larger creek—the "Little River" of the French accounts. Eyes are fixed across the lesser creek, to the west and to the south; they watch for pillars of smoke by day and for the

light of signal fires by night. On this great prairie, stretching across the river and also to the west, the hunters are particularly watchful; and more so toward the southwest, for Saint Ange is known to be on the march against them, from Fort Chartres, on the Mississippi, with his Illinois allies.*

The prairie fires are expected to warn of his approach. As the heliograph serves in modern warfare, so do signal fires with our native races. The prisoners taken, somewhere on or near the Illinois river and held by the Foxes, cast longing eyes in the direction of the expected army that is coming from so near the town of Kaskaskia, their last home. Theirs with other of the Illinois tribes were driven from this section, their old home, by the Foxes, who now hold it. The captives share the hunger of their captors.

Far down the lovely Rivière du Rocher fishermen are also performing the double task of supplying food, as best they can, and doing picket duty. We know how Saint Ange is making his approach. The last two days his army has moved under cover

* A manuscript map of 1818, in the Congressional Library at Washington, shows a road running north from Kaskaskia to Edwardsville, thence to Springfield, thence to Peoria Lake, and thence to the Illinois River, crossing it just below the mouth of the Des Plaines; thence it follows the west shore of the river Des Plaines, crossing it at the site of the present city of Riverside. The road crosses the Vermilion about twelve miles from Starved Rock.

As was usually true, the road was probably an old trail, and it seems likely that Saint Ange took that course. He followed the trail that led from Ottawa to Chicagou, but turned at the river timber and passed up to the fort of the Foxes.

Frame of Fox wigwam, Tama Reservation.

Fox Wigwam, Tama Reservation.

of the woods, along the bluffs that border the Rivière du Rocher on the east.

The Foxes have made enemies of the greater part of the Miami tribes, and from the east they fear the approach of these people of the St. Joseph region. Far to the southeast, on the banks of the Wabash river, are the Ouitanons (Weas), the only Miamis the Foxes can call brothers. To these their course has been directed; the village that they hope may serve them as an asylum, if only for a time, is not far from a direct route to the Iroquois nation of New York, where they hope that their troubles may cease.

The Foxes have made themselves so odious to their neighbors as to be compelled to leave the region of their old home on the Wisconsin and the Fox river that heads near by. How they came this far we are not told, but we know that the Kishwaukee trail is the shortest route. Horses were brought a part of the way from New Spain by the remnants of La Salle's ill-fated party, but we may safely say that the pursued had none and, laden with their all, they dragged themselves along the deeply worn trail that climbs the northeastern end of this fatal hill. Having reached this place, they sought rest on the slope "rising toward the west and northwest," along the "Little River." They halted and constructed defenses. They levelled places and erected one hundred and eleven rush-mat shelters.

The hill seeming to them to be a strategic point, they built this stockade. The women shared the labor; they chopped and they dug. This ditch and palisade form a half-circle that is completed by the

very steep bluff at the south end of the hill which, with the log-protected rifle-pits, is a defense in itself. Upon the embankment a palisade of poles, cut from the crest of the hill, is planted. Into this enclosure a large part of the three hundred warriors and many times more women and children are crowded. The beautiful landscape to the south has no charms for them; landscapes, ever so beautiful, neither quiet fears nor satisfy hunger.

The Kickapoos are the first of the enemy to approach, but for a time they keep somewhat aloof, for their number is not great. Before the approach of the others, the Foxes little feared them. Watchfulness however, has become more necessary because of their nearness. The fatal hour is approaching. Far to the south the night sky is faintly lighted. Is it the expected signal or an accidental prairie fire run wild from some hunter's camp? The anxiety, already great, becomes intense. Breathless hunters report the approach of the enemy. The French and their allies, in turn, are watchful and cautious, so amidst uncertainties they are.

Saint Ange, in starting, had directed his little army toward the Rock, but whether the erstwhile Fort St. Louis, as guessed by some, or the Rock that gave this, the Rivière du Rocher, its second name, he was not informed; the course was uncertain, and he groped his way. He now has reason to believe that he is nearing his prey; he encounters forty of the Fox hunters. Finding them, and fearing to be led into ambush, he moves with greater caution still, and follows their retreat

with care. Now all the pickets have been driven in, and all the women, children, and old men brought from the slope along the "Little River" to the stockade where the trees afford their only shelter from the sun and storm. The stockade is crowded and food scarce, but as a covered passageway leads to the foot of the hill, where the smaller stream bathes it, water is abundant. The Fox braves still lie in shallow trenches they have dug along the crest of the hill to command the slopes.

The French and their allies quickly take positions upon the bluffs surrounding this island-like hill. To the north, a good rifle-shot away, a part of the army is posted; across this valley, between this and the hill of the besieged, no successful sortie can be made—a few of the Fox riflemen can easily command the valley and steep hillsides.

Site of De Villeir's "Cavalier" (little fort), for protecting his advance across the swamp and up Maramech Hill.

CHAPTER XVIII

Standing on this isolated hill, fortified, and with a swamp and the creeks surrounding it, it seems invulnerable, unless attacked by a large force. A valley, densely grown with trees, bounds its steep sides. An eighth of a mile from the crest, and parallel with it, across the narrow valley, are bluffs that rise gradually and recede to the open prairie a little to the north. They are steep only in places, and there a body of French soldiers have taken position with a light field-piece. The hill occupied by the Foxes is long and narrow at its summit—a mere ridge the greater part of its length. From the works at the south end it extends northward a distance, and then turns to the northeast, finally increasing in height. The abrupt sides are easily defended, but not so with the side that "rises with a gentle slope to the west and northwest from the Little River." To defend this slope is imperative, for once driven to the summit, the three hundred warriors must necessarily extend the whole length of the hill, in a single line, a fourth of a mile in length, that can be easily broken by the attacks from front and rear. Between two fires such a line, held by much less than three hundred men, is at the mercy of the attacking army.

Strategy demands that the foot of the hill, where it rises with a gentle slope westwardly and northwestwardly, be held. Across the heavily timbered

valley, east of the "Little River," a mere skirmish line can easily pass, skulking Indian-like from tree to tree, or in the darkness of the night, across the little knee-deep river; they are protected at the foot of the long slope by the banks of the stream as safely as by the best breastworks.

The banks of the stream once attained, the attacking army has gained vantage ground, for their rifle-shots can reach the very crest of the hill; and besides, their advance, when they wish to go farther, is through the woods and they can creep from tree to tree while the abundant force in the rear can keep the enemy well under cover.

A trifling distance to the north of the little fort, with De Villiers' single field-piece, protected by great logs that bed themselves in the soil, is a spring in the hillside which furnishes water for the infantry and the men who man the single piece of artillery. The point of the hill at the south (across the smaller creek), that reaches toward us to within a rifle-shot of this death trap, is selected by Saint Ange as a strategic position. He hopes to prevent the besieged from reaching the water, but is baffled, for they succeeded by means of their covered way down to the little creek. The ditch that leads down to the water is deep and well protected; time alone can obliterate it; it is well protected by warriors in the rifle-pits.

Hunger sees no beauty in the great river that, so near, flows gently from the direction of the rising September sun for a little distance, turns southwardly and passes the Rock, nearly a league away. Menacing the overcrowded palisade, be-

tween this hill and the "Little River" is another part of the besieging army. Thus surrounded, death is certain to the besieged, for successful resistance seems impossible. To surrender is to offer themselves to torture at the stake. The conditions seem desperate, for the pangs of hunger touch alike the old and young. The dogs are eaten and children gnaw the bones. The aged brood in silence. Warriors lie along the ridge, in irregular shallow trenches, and guard the steep that drops to the northward, while others, along the same ridge, are prepared to resist any approach of warriors up the gentle slope from the sheltering banks of the "Little River," where hides Saint Ange's main body of troops.

The Foxes are not alone hungered, for the besiegers fare little better. Although they have the fertile prairies around them and water in abundance, still they hunger, for so large a body of hunters has frightened the deer and buffalo far away. To such an extent does famine press that some of the allies are forced to eat their quivers, and some desert in order to obtain food. Fiercely they resolved to do their share in annihilating the Foxes, but hunger now cows them. The fields of corn that erstwhile bordered the river are no more For many years they have not been cultivated, for this region has been No Man's Land. The incursions of the northern tribes, in their struggles to rob the Illinois of the garden spot of the west, and the efforts of the Illinois to drive intruders away, made it unsafe for all.

Only occasional shots need be fired, and those

merely to remind the Foxes of the continued presence of their vengeful enemies; the French and their allies have only to play a waiting game. In the darkness of the night De Villiers' forces charge up the steep hill at the north and dig deeper the trenches made by the Foxes to protect their prostrate forms. The little piece of artillery across the valley will serve its purpose well, if need there be. Just behind the newly possessed trenches the Frenchmen place two more. The morning dawns and finds lines of shallow trenches within easy musket shot of the north side of the stockade. The tables are now turned. The besieged must become the attacking party or surrender to be massacred. To attack Saint Ange in the open valley to the east will be fatal. They do not fear approach from the south, for a few brave warriors, in their log-protected pits, with flying arrows can baffle all who come. Unpromising though sorties are, naught else can offer any hope of escaping the stake. A rush is made across the plain toward the trenches to drive the Frenchmen from the ridge. It fails. As the days pass other attempts are made with no success. Sullenly the Foxes keep to their stockaded fort. Few shots are exchanged, but long muskets are ready to be thrust out between the palisades should the Frenchmen and allies leave their trenches for attack. Along the River of the Rock, at the old village site, the reserves of the attacking army are placed, and from there reliefs are sent to hold strategic points.

Many of the allies are only half-hearted. The Foxes for many years have been their neighbors,

and their main grievance is that the Foxes have plundered the French who came to trade, and thus interfered with their own commerce. Even to this time the Foxes are not fully supplied with guns, and yet they have wrought military wonders. The sympathies of the Sacs and the Miamis are aroused to such an extent that they seek to aid many to escape, particularly the women and children. These attempts to aid the besieged so anger some of the allies that a breaking up of the expedition seems likely to take place. Saint Ange marches a hundred Frenchmen between the angered parties and puts an immediate stop to the intrigue of the Sacs and Weas by force of arms, and restores order. Driven to despair, the Foxes demand a parley, but all terms they ask are refused.

A favorable opportunity for the besieged to attempt to escape at last presents itself. It is the 8th of September, 1730. The beautiful Indian summer day ends in a heavy storm, and a cold night follows. The breath of the great lake, little more than fifty miles away, suddenly comes, reducing the warmth of mild autumn to the chill of blustering March. In the darkness the warriors quietly emerge from the stockade; with caution they creep down the abrupt slope at the southeastern termination of the palisades; the women and enfeebled grope their way, and children, weak from hunger, cling to mothers' scanty garments and shake with fear. Alas, the wail of infants tell of the escape! With what anxiety the mothers attempt to quiet them! On the success of that attempt escape from tortures, which mean a thousand death-pangs, depends. A

Sac woman, perhaps herself with babe at breast, also betrays the persecuted people. With warriors at front, resolved to die for their loved ones, they find their way across the "Little River," between the French who are camped along the larger stream and those who occupy the eastern slope of the hill. Unwatchful, the French and allies have sought shelter from the storm. As the fleeing ones pass beyond the besiegers' lines, the larger portion of the warriors fall behind to guard the rear. Enough remain in front to form an advance guard. The half-friendly allies of the French know of the escape, and some of them render assistance. The Foxes are not pursued, for, in the darkness, the warriors cannot distinguish friend from foe; they can only await the dawn. To turn to the southeast and cross the river is impossible, and yet that is the direction in which all the hope of the Foxes lie. Were the circumstances different, to take any well-known trail would be wise; but they have no choice, and strike toward the east they must. For a mile they pass through the heavy timber extending across the valley and, for some distance, beyond the bluff. In these woods, upon the eastern hill, they meet their fate; to move out on the prairie is to be surrounded at approach of day and be overwhelmed.

Knowing that their departure has been discovered, to halt upon this hill in the heavy timber is prudent. Here they make their last stand. The Mascoutins and Kickapoos take revenge and here the Illinois of the Rock, the very people who for years have been warred against by the Foxes to such an

extent as to be driven from their homes, fully glut their vengeance. The prisoners, spared for a time only, are brought back to the camps along the "Little River," and to the larger stream, the Rivière du Rocher, where every savage art is practiced upon them, and they perish.

Words cannot tell the tale of horror! What brush can depict the agonizing scene? Women, children, and old men fall victims to the hatchet, for they are not worthy to die as warriors die. The warriors that survive the struggle are greater game. They are tied to trees, and there sing their death-songs, while the flames of slow fires creep around their lower limbs. No cry of anguish escapes them. Wrists tied together, their arms around the tree or stake, they have some freedom to walk, but only on beds of burning coals. In derision they are promised warmth, and necklaces of red hot hatchets are placed upon their naked shoulders. Scalps are torn from their heads while yet they live, but with stolid mien they sing to the last breath. The Frenchmen raise no hand in pity,—such is the end!

The frosts of autumn have dyed to crimson the leaves of the maples, and the blood of the natives has stained the sod. When comes anew the spring the violets shall have a brighter hue and the bluebells be richer imitations of the eyes of beauty, springing, as they shall, from soil enriched by tears of agony, by blood of innocent children, and still more by the flesh and bones of the brave. How sad the scene! The maples sigh in the soft winds of September, but no human sigh of sympathy for the tortured is heard. No friend is left to weave a

wreath of autumn flowers for the loved, nor laurels for the slaughtered braves.

The prophecy that after this defeat the Foxes would "no more trouble the earth" failed to come true, although the troubles remained less than they were before. The route from Green Bay to the west, up the Fox river of Wisconsin and down the Wisconsin river, was open for a time, and Fort Beauharnois, on Lake Pepin, was reëstablished. Scattered bands of Foxes still remained. They were attacked by the Sioux, and also by the Illinois, on the borders of "Lake Maramech," says Ferland. (II., 439.) Where this lake is I am unable to learn. Possibly it is one of those at the headwaters of the Fox river of Illinois, not far from the ancient "Great Village of Maramech." Several other tribes, from time to time, directed their efforts toward the more complete destruction of the Foxes. One of the last was made by Iroquois of the Lake of Two Mountains, north of the St. Lawrence river, joined to some Hurons of Detroit who asked their assistance. Fifty Christian Iroquois arrived at Detroit, from which place they departed on the 17th of October, 1732, numbering seventy-four well-armed warriors. They crossed the peninsula of Michigan and built a fort at Chicago, where they left their sick. They were then conducted by two Mascoutins as far as the banks of the Wisconsin river, at which place some of the Foxes had collected. Mounting a high hill, they were surprised to see four or five large cabins in the valley. The Foxes came out to meet them. After they had discharged their guns, the Iroquois and Hurons rushed upon the Foxes, hatchet in

hand, and forced them to take flight. They then pushed into the village, where they massacred a large number of men, women, and children. The attack was so fierce that the Foxes had three hundred killed and taken. The few who escaped dispersed among the other nations. Thirty or forty men, and as many women, surrendered to De Villiers, who then commanded at Green Bay. The latter sent an envoy to Quebec, accompanied by two chiefs of these people, as hostages. One named Kiala, who had been the principal author of previous treasonable acts, was sent to Martinique. His wife remained some time at Lorette, but finally joined her husband.

Still the Foxes could not remain quiet. They sought to ally themselves with a band of Sacs who had built a fort at Green Bay. What then followed is well told by Ferland. (II., 40.)

"De Villiers arrived at Green Bay on the 6th day of September. At a league from the place he was met by Repentigny, commandant at Mackinaw, with sixty Frenchmen and two hundred savages. De Villiers had ordered Repentigny to hold himself in readiness to march immediately upon hearing a signal that was to consist of three gun-shots. Arriving at the French fort, De Villiers sent to find the Sac chiefs, to whom he explained that the Governor-General had promised to spare the lives of the Foxes if they would remove to Montreal. He declared that if they did not send the Foxes who were among them within a given time he would come for them. The time expired and no Foxes had appeared. De Villiers, whom Repentigny had

joined, proceeded at once to the fort of the Sacs with some Frenchmen to demand the delivery of the Foxes. Moved by his courage, and without consulting the rules of prudence, for he only had nine Frenchmen with him, he undertook to tear down the barriers of the fort of the Sacs. Some chiefs commanded him to retire, because their young men could not be controlled, and said that if he continued he would surely die; but nothing deterred him. In a moment a gun-shot, fired by a Sac, laid low the son of De Villiers, by the side of his father. The father fired upon the first Sac that presented himself. A general discharge of musketry was returned by the Sacs; De Villiers fell dead, and several Frenchmen were wounded. Repentigny was killed; also were seven other Frenchmen of his command. A few days later, another son of De Villiers assembled many from the friendly tribes and marched against the Sacs, who had abandoned their fort, crossing the Mississippi river, whither they had fled with the few Foxes who remained."

The account of this affair is also found in Margry (*Affluents of the Mississippi River*, p. 470). The Sacs became much disgusted with the Foxes and required them to build a fort of their own, but allowed it to be near theirs.

In 1734 the Foxes were reduced to a hundred warriors. (*N. Y. Col. Docs.*, IX., 1055.) Notwithstanding this, their numbers were sufficient to seriously trouble the French, and Beauharnois, in 1741, wrote: "The court has written, since several years, that it has nothing so much at heart as the destruction of that Indian nation which cannot be

prevailed upon by presents and the good treatment of the French to live in peace, notwithstanding all of its promises. Besides, it is notorious that the Foxes have a secret understanding with the Iroquois to secure a retreat among the latter in case they be obliged to abandon their village."

As before, the Foxes were not the only ones to irritate the French, for we find a report that various members of the Miami tribe and, it is proper to believe, the Foxes and Sacs and still others, had entered into a conspiracy to make a general attack on the French.

Thrice in the history of the west was the Hill of Maramech sought as a place of refuge. To such an extent was it a strategic point that the possible necessity of works of defense, which need the hill supplied, early led the Miamis to make their village near-by. The abundance of fish in the river and of game, before the warring tribes had driven the deer and buffalo from the neighboring prairies, made life easy to those men of the wilderness.

Although for years petted and cajoled by the French, the natives, influenced by the English, gradually turned against their erstwhile friends. Louisiana and Canada joined where the watershed between the valleys of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi drew its sinuous length over the prairies.

The traders of the Atlantic colonies, shut out at the north and south, were late in finding an entrance into the regions so abundant in furs. Their efforts were futile until an entering wedge, in the form of fleets of canoes, floated down the Ohio. Armed traders forced their way, sold goods cheaply, and won friends among the red men.

With the beginning and increase of their trade came, and grew to disastrous dimensions, the troubles of the French. In 1747 Sieur de Langueil, in command at Detroit, succeeded in calming the Sacs, Foxes, Pottawatomies, and Miamis. They promised fidelity to the French father. The commandant took little stock in their avowal of friendship, however, as each tribe had recently killed Frenchmen. By 1748 the English had reached the Illinois regions in considerable force. The Illinois tribe, still true to the French, only a few years before could have successfully resisted the English; but now they were languishing and also lacked the essentials to a long campaign. The French clearly saw that the loss of the Mississippi river and the trade of Canada seemed inevitable.

A military report of 1748 reads:

"Of all of the Indians who are going home [from the council] there are many faithful ones who are most anxious to go back to their country to labor, as was seen here, to reëstablish peace. They belong to the river St. Joseph, and are principally Pottawatomies, who are all allied with the Miamis, Sacs, Foxes, and Folle Avoine. Their first harangue was delivered with energy to convince us of their fidelity and attachment to the French, whom they would rather die with than ever abandon. . . . The Ottawas have killed some [Frenchmen]; the Foxes of The Bay, the Sioux and the Sacs, in a word, all the nations, so to speak, have struck whenever an opportunity presented; we dissimulate, as we are unable to do anything else; their bad excuses are received as sincere and ours refuse to do the like. . . . Three

strange Indians from Fond du Lac came at the end of July to the Illinois country, with a message from the English, in the name of the Iroquois, Hurons, Abenaquis, Pouz [Pottawatomies], Ottawas, and all the Wabash tribes, inviting the Illinois to abandon the French, to withdraw and go to the Cahokias, and they would come and cut them [the French] off, after which the English would come to the Illinois and supply their necessities abundantly. . . . Mr. de Berthet has been informed by a Huron returning from the Chicachas war, who had spent the winter at Scioto with the Shawnees, of the league formed by the latter to destroy the upper country posts; this Huron assured him that the Iroquois of the great village, as well as all the other nations, had accepted the tomahawk against the French and had all united to seize the French posts, beginning with the Illinois country. . . . Mr. de Berthet, the commandant at the Illinois, writes us, in the months of November and December, about the general conspiracy of the Indians against the French, which was instigated by the English, who always employ the Five Nations [the Iroquois] to convey their sinister belts; the Illinois narrowly escaped being seduced. . . . He [Vaudreuil] is, however, not free from uneasiness in regard to the projects of the English. He has learned that they have succeeded in causing a revolt among the Miamis, at present settled on Rock river (marked with a cross on the map);* the Weas, a

* Until this map is found I shall continue to believe that the river referred to is the one known to the French as River of

Miami tribe; the Mascoutins, settled in the same quarter, and the Piankeshaws on the Wabash."

Mr. de Longueil wrote, in 1752, as follows:

"Mr. de St. Ange, commandant of the post of Vincennes, writes to Mr. Desligneris to use all means to protect himself from the storm which is ready to burst on the French; that he is busy securing himself against the fury of our enemies. . . . The Piankeshaws, who are at war with the Shawnees, . . . have declared entirely against us. They killed at Christmas five Frenchmen at the Vermillion [river]."

In a letter from Longueil, dated April 21, 1752 (*N. Y. Col. Docs.*, X., 245), we read: "A squaw, the widow of a Frenchman who had been killed at the Vermillion, has reported to Mr. Desligneris that the Pianguichias [Piankeshaws], the Illinois, and the Osages were to assemble at the prairies of ———* the place where Messrs. De Villiers and De Noyelles attacked the Foxes about twenty years ago, and when they had built a fort to secure their families, they were to make a general attack on the French." (These extracts are taken from *N. Y. Col. Docs.*, Vol. X.)

Had the contemplated war upon the French been undertaken and had it met with failure, innocent

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the Rock (Rivière du Rocher), now the Fox river of Illinois, in whose valley rises Maramech Hill, and that our present Rock river is not the one referred to.

* After prairies is a blank in the document, a word having been undecipherable in the original, and I believe that Maramech may be read in, because there is where the Foxes were defeated, and from there radiate many (five) prairies.

Now the hill's gentle slope is shocked only
by the battles of the elements.

blood of women and children might again have reddened the sod of Maramech Hill, which saw, however, only the scowls upon the brows of the angered natives, for the clouds of war passed away.

Over one hundred and fifty years have since dropped the blossoms and ripened the nuts on Maramech Hill, yet haunted, mayhap, by the ghosts of the murdered Foxes, but its sod has received no new scars.

At Fort Duquesne, in 1755, a few Foxes joined the French in that memorable battle which resulted in the crushing defeat and death of General Braddock; and some attacked the French upon Lake George in 1757.

CHAPTER XIX

In 1760 the Foxes joined the Sioux against the Ojibways, and we are told by Schoolcraft (Part II., 149) that Waub-o-jeeg collected a party of three hundred warriors and floated down the St. Croix river, at their head, into the country of their enemies.

At the mouth of Snake river they were to meet a party collected from Mille-Lac and Sand lake to join them on their excursion. Not finding the party as expected, and confident in his numbers, Waub-o-jeeg pursued his course down stream, leaving marks, however, by which the other party would be guided.

Arriving early in the morning at the head of the portage that led around the falls of St. Croix, the men had already lifted their light canoes on their heads to carry across the portage when the scouts came in with news that a large party of Sioux and Foxes were landing at the foot of the portage. The Ojibways put on their war paint and ornaments, and in the middle of the portage they met their enemies, who were on the same errand as they. The combined Sioux and Fox warriors were much more numerous than the Ojibways; so much so that it is said that the Foxes, confident in their numbers, requested the Sioux to stand by and see how easily they could rout the Ojibways. The Sioux, therefore, stood or sat on the rocks at a distance, quietly smoking their pipes.

The fight is said to have been fierce and hardly contested. About noon the Foxes commenced to give ground, having lost some of their leading men. At last they turned and fled, the Ojibways after them. They would probably have been killed to a man and driven into the water had not, at this moment, the Sioux, eager and fresh for fight, raised their war-whoop and rushed to the rescue of their defeated allies.

The Ojibways resisted their new enemies manfully, but they, in turn, showed their backs in flight. But few would have escaped to tell the sad tale of their defeat had not, at this juncture, the party from Sandy lake, who were to have met them at Snake river, arrived at the head of the portage; seeing their friends driven over the rocks into the water they jumped out of their canoes, and the sixty warriors, fresh for the contest, withstood the onset of the Sioux and Foxes until their friends rallied again to the fight.

The allied Sioux and Foxes being out of ammunition, are said to have again fled, and their slaughter is stated to have been great. Many were driven over the steep rocks into the boiling rapids below, and every crevice in the rocks contained a dead or wounded enemy.

From this time the Foxes retired south, and gave up the contest with their victorious enemies.

Captain Carver tells us, in his *Travels*, that near the site of Prairie du Chien he observed the ruins of a large town in a pleasing situation. He was informed this was the site of the ancient Fox village.

"On inquiring of the neighboring Indians why it

was deserted, I was informed that about thirty years ago the Great Spirit appeared on the top of a pyramid of rocks, which lay a little distance to the west, and warned them to quit their habitations, for the land on which they lived belonged to Him and He had occasion for it. As a proof to them that He who gave them their orders was really the Great Spirit, He told them the grass should immediately spring on these very rocks from whence He addressed them, which they knew to be barren. The Indians obeyed, and soon after discovered that the change had taken place. They showed me the spot, but the growth of grass appeared no way supernatural. I considered this to have been a piece of strategy of the French or Spaniards to answer some selfish view. . . .

"Soon after their removal they built a town on the banks of the Mississippi river, near the mouth of the Wisconsin, at a place called by the French 'La Prairie les Chien,' which signifies 'the dog plain.' It is a large town and contains about three hundred families. The houses are well built, after the Indian manner, and are pleasantly situated on very rich soil, from which they raise every necessary of life in great abundance. This town is the great mart where all of the western tribes, and those who inhabit the remote branches of the Mississippi, annually assemble about the end of May, bringing with them their furs to dispose of to the traders."

The dates above given are questioned by some. The fact that they numbered about fifteen hundred people shows that the Foxes could probably muster two or three hundred warriors.

In 1763 they are given in the report as numbering about three hundred and twenty warriors.

It is probable that never a year passed but that some branch of the Fox tribe was embroiled against the whites or neighboring tribes.

The Foxes increased in numbers rapidly, as is shown by an account given in Drake's *Life of Black Hawk*, page 45, from which I quote:

"The Reynards reside in three villages; the first on the west side of the Mississippi, six miles above the rapids of the river de Roche [Rock river]; the second about twelve miles in the rear of the lead mines, and the third on Turkey river, half a league from its source. They are engaged in the same wars, and have the same alliance as the Sauks, with whom they must be considered as indissoluble in war and peace. They hunt on both sides of the Mississippi, from the river Iowa (below the Prairie des Chiens) to a river of that name above said village. They raise a great quantity of corn, beans, and melons, the former of these articles in such quantities as to sell many hundred bushels per annum."

In 1805, according to Lieutenant Pike, the total number of people in the Sauk nation was two thousand eight hundred and fifty, of whom fourteen hundred were children, seven hundred and fifty women, and seven hundred warriors. They resided in a village and had about seven hundred stand of arms. Their trade was principally in deerskins, with some bear and a few otter, beaver, and raccoon skins. The total number of the Foxes was one thousand seven hundred and fifty, of whom eight hundred and

fifty were children, five hundred women, and four hundred warriors, with about four hundred stand of arms; their village and their trade being the same as those of the Sacs.

Some further items of information about these tribes may be gleaned from the statistics furnished by Lewis and Clark's expedition. It is there stated that the Saukee, or O-sau-kee (Sacs), spoke a primitive language, dwelt principally in two villages, had about five hundred warriors and two thousand souls in all in the tribe, and were at war with the Osages, Chippewas, and Sioux. The Foxes (or Ot-tar-gar-me, in the Saukee language) then numbered not more than twelve hundred souls and about three hundred warriors. "These nations" [the Sacs and Foxes], says Mr. Lewis, "are so perfectly consolidated that they may in fact be considered as one nation. They are extremely friendly to the whites and seldom injure their traders; but they are the most implacable enemies to the Indian nations with whom they are at war; to them is justly attributed the almost entire destruction of the Missouries, the Illinois, the Cahokias, Kaskaskias, and Peorias."

In 1825 the secretary of war estimated the entire number of Sacs and Foxes at four thousand six hundred souls, and in 1826 the warriors were supposed to number between twelve and fourteen hundred. Supposing these estimates to approximate the truth, it appears that during the twenty years between 1805 and 1825, these tribes had increased very considerably in numbers.

The traders generally, and those who had most intercourse with the Sacs and Foxes, spoke of them

as honest in their dealings, and felt safe among them, seldom locking their doors by day or night, and allowing them free ingress to their stores and houses. Their reputation for courage, it appears, does not stand quite so fair. Lieutenant Pike speaks of them as being more dreaded by their savage brethren for "their deeds and inclinations for stratagem than for their open courage." Major Thomas Forsythe, late United States agent among the Sacs and Foxes, calls them a dastardly and cowardly set of Indians. The correctness of these charges may be questioned. Mr. Schoolcraft, in speaking of the Foxes, says: "The history of their migrations and wars shows them to have been a restless and spirited people, erratic in their dispositions, having a great contempt for agriculture and a predominant passion for war." He adds: "They still retain their ancient character and are constantly embroiled in wars and disputes with their neighbors, the results of which show that they have more courage in battle than wisdom in council."

In a report of the war department to the President, made by the Secretary, Mr. Cass, in 1832, the Sacs and Foxes are spoken of as being distinguished for their "daring spirit of adventure and for their natural courage."

In 1811, there being a strong probability of a war with Great Britain, a deputation of the Sacs and Foxes visited Washington City to see the President, by whom they were told that, in the event of a war taking place with England, their great father did not wish them to interfere on either side, but to remain neutral. He did not want their assistance,

but desired them to hunt and support their families and live in peace. Immediately after the war of 1812 began, the Sacs and Foxes, with whom, as with Indians generally, war is the great business of life, felt that they ought, as a matter of course, to take sides with one party or the other, and went to St. Louis to offer their services to the United States agent to fight against the British; but the offer was declined on the ground that the government of the United States had resolved not to employ the Indians in that capacity. The machinations of the British, however, were successfully continued. The Sacs and Foxes divided upon the question of taking up arms against the United States. A part of them claimed the protection of the American government, and received it; a part joined the British standard, Black Hawk among the number, and fought against the Americans until the peace of 1815. The number of warriors who joined the British is supposed to have been about two hundred, and they have ever since been known as the "British Band," at the head of which was General Black Hawk.

CHAPTER XX

The main reason given by the early French traders, be it remembered, for desiring to destroy the Foxes, was that the Foxes, whose home for so many years was along the Wisconsin river, interfered with the French traders, requiring them to pay toll for the right to pass through their country; but we learn that the French military officers, after the river had come into their possession, probably did precisely the same thing.

In 1827, when the Hon. Henry S. Beaty and Judge Doty were passing up the Wisconsin river, they were halted by a sentinel who was stationed upon the wharf at a trading post and ordered ashore. The command was at first disregarded and the oarsmen were instructed to go on. They became alarmed, however, when the sentinel made ready with his musket and threatened to fire if the boat did not immediately come ashore. The boat approached and they were met at the wharf by the officer of the day, of whom they inquired when war had been declared. He sheepishly replied that it was a standing order of the post that no boat or vessel should be permitted to pass without reporting. There were general complaints that the officers expected, and usually received, a reward for permitting traders to pass.

"Upon the 19th of August, 1825, William Clark

and Lewis Cass, commissioners on behalf of the United States, concluded a treaty at Prairie du Chien, in the territory of Michigan, with the chiefs and warriors of the Sioux, Winnebagoes, Menominees, Chippewas, Ottawas, Pottawatomies, Sacs, Foxes, and Ioways. The objects of this treaty were the restoration of peace among the Indian tribes, several of whom had been for some time waging war against each other, the settlement of boundary lines between these tribes respectively, and between them and the United States. The commissioners succeeded in effecting a peace between the Sioux and Chippeways, and between the Sacs, Foxes, and Ioways on the one part, and the Sioux on the other; and also in adjusting the boundary lines of the territory of each tribe to the satisfaction of all parties. Under this treaty nothing was asked by the United States nor was anything granted to them; the character in which the government presented itself being simply that of a pacificator.

"The concourse of Indians assembled at this council was very great. About three thousand came to the council ground, clothed in their war-dresses, and armed with bows, war-clubs, and tomahawks. The Sacs and Foxes were the last to arrive, but were very imposing and warlike in their appearance when they reached the ground. They ascended the Mississippi to Prairie du Chien in a fleet of canoes, lashed together. They passed and repassed the town in a connected squadron, standing erect in their canoes, in full dress, singing their war songs. Upon landing, they drew up in martial order, as if in warlike defiance of their bitter enemies, the

Sioux, who were encamped near the shore, and who, in turn, shot back the fierce looks of hostility upon their ancient foe. An eye-witness describes this scene as one unique and singularly magnificent. The council was held under a spacious booth of green boughs, and lasted for several days. Keokuk was present on this occasion, as the head chief of the Sacs, and took an active part in the council; his course being marked by that moderation and sound policy for which he is eminently distinguished." (Drake's *Life of Black Hawk*, p. 67.)

"The Sauks and Foxes* have a historical legend of a severe battle having been fought opposite the mouth of the Iowa river, about fifty or sixty miles above the mouth of the Rock river. The Sauks and Foxes descended the Mississippi in canoes, and, landing at the place above described, started east, toward the enemy; they had not gone far before they were attacked by a party of the Mascoutins. The battle continued nearly all day; the Sauks and Foxes, for want of ammunition, finally gave way and fled to their canoes; the Mascoutins pursued them and fought desperately, and left but few of the Sauks and Foxes to carry home the story of their defeat. Some forty or fifty years ago the Sauks and Foxes attacked a small village of Peorias, about a mile below St. Louis and were there defeated. At a place on the Illinois river called Little Rock, there were formerly killed by the Chippeways and Ottawas a number of men, women, and children of

*The total number of Foxes given in 1750 by Lieutenant Pike was eight hundred and fifty children, five hundred women, and four hundred warriors, the latter well armed.

the Minneway [Illinois] nation. In 1800 the Kickapoos made a great slaughter of the Kaskaskia [Illinois] Indians." (Drake's *Life of Black Hawk*, p. 17.)

Going back to Revolutionary times:

When the Foxes learned that war had been declared between Great Britain and its colony, all felt that they must take a hand; but whether to unite with the English or with the rebels, using the English term that soon became familiar to them, was long debated, and they became divided. During the many years of the struggle an opportunity was given to any one who might choose to serve Great Britain or the colonies struggling to free themselves from oppression. The brandy trade, more than any other, seems to have influenced the Foxes—all the Indians believed that the white settlers wished to destroy the tribe both by drink and by war. Some Indians were killed by white men and an officer thought to pacify the members of the tribe by a present of whisky. A Fox chief called Le Chat (the cat) became very much offended and stove in a barrel of whisky, saying that that present "did not pay for the bodies of the two dead men whom the whites had killed."

The British officers succeeded in recruiting twenty Foxes and twenty Sacs for service in the Revolutionary war against the Americans. The warriors of these and neighboring tribes were employed along the Mississippi river, and at times did good service against the Americans in the southern portions of Illinois, but at times vacillated. They were often charged with having "listened to the rebels."

Even the Ottawas of the upper Mississippi and Lake Superior were urged, under the leadership of a Chippewa chief, to unite with the Sioux, Sacs, and Foxes against the rebels on the Illinois and near that quarter, the operations to be directed against bodies of armed men and forts or strongholds by siege, as the garrisons of those places were dependent on the inhabitants, who were weary of their demands, for their daily bread. The warriors recruited among those tribes were ordered to rendezvous at the mouth of the Wisconsin river, and for a time excursions were made wherever it was believed that effective blows could be struck. A portion of them were sent to watch the lead mines with a view to preventing the rebels from obtaining lead. One of the successful excursions was made against the Americans at Cahokia, in which several hundred cattle were destroyed and forty-three scalps, thirty-four prisoners, black and white, were taken, and about seventy persons killed; but the Indians were beaten off, owing to the treachery of some of the Sacs and Foxes and the interpreter, it was said.

The Foxes were scolded and praised, in turn, by the English, whether censured or praised depending upon the intentions they at that moment expressed. An English officer at Mackinaw, in 1780, wrote: "The Sacs and Foxes have taken up the hatchets against us"; and in 1781 Sinclair wrote to the Governor: "The Sacs and Foxes from the banks of the Mississippi, with the Menominee Indians, have arrived, and more are expected daily from other tribes bordering on the Illinois country who have

sent to inform me that they do not mean any longer to listen to the tales imposed upon them by the enemy'' (the British). It thus seems that the English were no more successful in winning the constancy of the Foxes than the French had been.

CHAPTER XXI

LEAD MINES

The Foxes were among those first to learn from the French the value of the mineral found along the upper Mississippi river and its tributaries. While it is probable that earlier travelers learned of the existence of the lead mines, Perrot must be credited with making them known.

We read in La Potherie (II., 251): "A Mascoutin chief presented him [Perrot] with a fragment of ore that he had found on the banks of a stream which discharges into the Mississippi." And again: "The great chief of the Miamis, knowing that Perrot was there [had arrived], sent to him a war-chief and ten young warriors, to say to him that his [the chief's] village was four leagues below and that he much wished to join him [Perrot] at his fire [camping-place]. The chief came, two days after, accompanied by twenty men and their wives, and presented him with a fragment taken from a lead mine. Perrot pretended not to know the utility of the mineral, even reproaching the chief for making such a present, by which he intended to cover the two dead Frenchmen that the Mascoutins had assassinated, with the three Miamis who had escaped from the Iroquois." (La Potherie, II., 260.)

The primitive manner of mining and smelting the ores by the Indians is described in Smith's *History of Wisconsin* (III., 353):

"The Indians had their lead diggings in many

parts of the country, now properly called the lead-bearing region; these diggings were of course shallow, they not possessing either the necessary tools, the ability, or the industry of sinking shafts of any depth. Their mode of smelting was thus: A hole, or cavity, was dug in the face of a piece of sloping ground, about two feet in depth, and as much in width at the top; this hole was made in the shape of a mill-hopper, and lined, or faced, with flat stones. At the bottom, or point of the hopper, which was about eight or nine inches square, other narrow stones were laid across, grate-wise; a channel, or eye, was dug from the sloping side of the ground, inwards, to the bottom of the hopper; this channel was about a foot in width and in height, and was filled with dry wood and brush. The hopper being filled with the mineral and the wood ignited, in a few minutes the molten lead fell through the stones, at the bottom of the hopper, and thence was discharged through the eye over the earth. It was certainly a simple but rough and improvident way of gathering the melted lead; but in the great abundance of mineral, and ease of its procuration, it sufficed for the wants of the Indians. At many of these primitive smelting places the white settlers afterward extracted a profitable harvest of rich lead from the slag and refuse of the Indian laborers' smelting; but even with the whites, in after time, the old ash-and-log furnace was little better than the Indian mode of smelting, in regard to economy."

The Indians guarded the mines, fearing that the white men would take possession. They were espe-

cially particular that no American should learn their location.

In 1816 Col. John Shaw, a boatman, was a common carrier, taking merchandise from St. Louis to the trading posts on the upper Mississippi. Having discharged his load at Prairie du Chien, he descended to Fever river to load with lead for St. Louis that had been received in payment for goods, by the merchants of that city. The traders, respecting the wishes of the Indians, requested Colonel Shaw to wait at the mouth of Fever river until the lead could be delivered to him. This the Colonel refused to do, as he could not wait so long, and asked permission to go up the river for the lead. The Indians declined, replying that "the Americans must not see their lead mines," as they were particularly suspicious of Americans; but they did not feel the same toward the Frenchmen, with whom they had been so long associated. As the Colonel spoke French as fluently as he did English, the traders told the Indians that he was a Frenchman as well as the boatmen, the last being true. A little persuasion opened the way to the smelting works. He found no town, but many camps and about twenty furnaces. The molten lead was run into "flats," of about seventy pounds each, being formed by smelting the mineral in a small walled hole in which the fuel and mineral were mingled and the liquid lead run out, in front, into a hole scooped in the earth so that a bowl-shaped mass of lead was formed. The squaws dug the mineral and carried it in sacks, on their heads, to the furnaces. (*Wisconsin Historical Collections*, II., 226.)

By the methods of mining among the Foxes, Sacs, and Pottawatomies, who owned the mineral lands, much mineral was left in the old diggings among the débris, which made reworking by the whites quite profitable.

The Hon. E. B. Washburn, referring to the lead mines, tells us that the discovery of certain new mines was regarded as a great secret by the Indians, and one not to be divulged without offending the Great Spirit. Their desire for profit, however, was so great that they sought to reveal the secret in a way that, they believed, could not be considered by the Great Spirit as a violation of His commands. So they told a prospector, with whom they had some dealing, that if he would go to the top of a hill with them they would shoot an arrow in the direction of their newly-discovered mines. (*Wisconsin Historical Collections*, X., 244.) They soon drove him off, however; but other white men, through the agency of a squaw, acquired rights to mine there, yet their primitive methods were little improvement over those of the simple people who, as many times before, had permitted the invaders to gain an advantage over them, which advantage meant, in the end, utter destruction.

During the Revolutionary war some of the western tribes had been won over to the British, but not so were the French and Indians in the country of the Illinois. The Foxes and Sacs, among others, received orders from the British commander to proceed to the lead mines and prevent the people of the Illinois region from availing themselves of the lead ore. The Illinois were informed that no

quarter would be given them if they ventured near.

That mining became an important industry is shown by facts told in Vol. II., p. 252, of the *Wisconsin Historical Collections*, where a letter to the secretary of war, written in 1811, states that "the Sacs, Foxes, and Iowas can be as well supplied at the latter place [Prairie du Chien] as at the former [St. Louis]; particularly as they have mostly abandoned the chase except to furnish themselves with meat, and turned their attention to the manufacture of lead, which they procure from a mine about sixty miles below Prairie du Chien. During the last season they manufactured four hundred thousand pounds of that article, which they exchanged for goods."

This prosperity did not last long, for the avariciousness of the whites first led to encroachments, then to murders, and soon to expulsion by the so-called treaty made at Prairie du Chien.

In the early part of the year 1828, the President of the United States appointed Governor Cass and Col. Pierre Menard to treat with certain tribes of Indians for the cession of what is called the "mineral region" lying on the Mississippi, south of the Wisconsin. The commissioners arrived at Green Bay late in the summer of that year, and on the 25th of August made a temporary agreement with the Indians, by which the whites were allowed to occupy the country where the lead mines were worked; and in the ensuing year a treaty was to be made with the Indians for the purchase of the mineral country. In the meantime, no white man was to cross a certain

line, specified in said agreement, to dig for ore; and finally the Indians were paid twenty thousand dollars in goods for the trespasses already committed on their lands by the white miners. This agreement was ratified by the President and Senate of the United States on January 7, 1829. Soon after President Jackson came into office, in 1829, he appointed General McNeil of the army to fill the place of Governor Cass in the said commission, which was to meet at St. Louis, and under the agreement above mentioned to proceed to the mineral region to effect its purchase by treaty. In consequence of some disagreement in opinion between these two commissioners, the President subsequently appointed another, Caleb Atwater, Esq., of Ohio. They reached Prairie du Chien about the middle of July, where they met deputies on the part of the Winnebagoes, Chippeways, Ottawas, Pottawatomies, Sioux, Sacs, Foxes, and Menominees; and on the first of August a treaty was concluded for about eight million acres, extending from the upper end of Rock island to the mouth of the Wisconsin, from latitude 41° 15′ to latitude 43° 15′ on the Mississippi. Following the meanderings of the river the tract was about two hundred and forty miles from south to north. It extended along the Wisconsin and Fox rivers from west to east so as to give a passage across the country from the Mississippi to Lake Michigan.

CHAPTER XXII

As has been said, traffic was carried on between tribes when peace permitted. The great trails were worn deep, not only by war parties, but often by braves from the various tribes who traversed the country with the staple products of their own sections. The pipestone of Minnesota, both the crude article and the artistically manufactured product, was taken to the east and south. The flints from the Mountain Limestone beds of Tennessee found their way northward in exchange for trinkets and for the copper of the north in both its crude and its manufactured state. The roughed-out flints, so abundantly produced in Ohio, were taken westward and served to make the spear-heads and knives so common throughout the Mississippi valley, in regions where flint of the kind is not plentiful.

The first great trail of traffic and war known in the region that my story most concerns, reached across the great prairies from the mouth of the Rock river to Chicago. Others joined it from the north and south, and an important trail followed the sinuous bluffs of Rock river. In the map of 1680 (see page 27) the course of the great east-and-west route is shown, and identified by the words Chemin du Retour. The author of the map I refer to is not known, but the information from which it was drawn was gathered, as previously stated, from early traders and from the Indians who knew it well. For

generations their ancestors had traveled it. Hennepin did not pass over the trail, but his map of 1697 is the first to lay down the route to any extent definitely. (See p. 40.) De Lisle's map of 1703 (see page 41) shows the same trail in dotted lines. It followed the southern bank of Rock river to a point near the present city of Dixon, Illinois; then struck southeastwardly; thence down the Kishwaukee branch to a point near the "Great Village of Maramech," just south of the modern little city of Plano, in Kendall county, and from thence it passed to Chicago. A branch, however, struck directly east from Maramech, and, passing the head of Lake Michigan, reached Detroit. Over this trail, after the French had taken possession of the region, deputies from the tribes passed to the site of French power in Canada. It was over this that the British band of Foxes, during the first third of the nineteenth century, passed to and from Malden, Canada, to receive annuities from the British general there in command; and later over this trail the home-seekers came to the great grove-studded prairies, which they accepted as the fulfillment of their hopes. For two hundred years, at least, this route, later called the Sac and Fox trail, was well known; but with the coming of the plow its effacement began, and now it is only discernible by a few scars.

One of the last to avail himself of the great Sac and Fox trail and of its Kishwaukee branch, which latter formed a feeder, as it were, was John Kinzie, in the early part of the year 1831. An account of the journey is found in "Wau-Bun," a delightful

story from the pen of Mrs. Kinzie, a brave but somewhat frail and helpless member of the party. The time of her experiences was near the dawn of the present occupation, and well did she name her book "Wau-Bun," a native word meaning "the dawn."

Early in March they left Fort Winnebago, in Wisconsin, on their way to Chicago. The swollen streams made it best to strike southwest, so as to cross Rock river at Ogle's Ferry. They stopped the first night at Kellogg's Grove, and next day reached the river where, the larger boat having been carried away, they were ferried across in a canoe. Mr. Kellogg joined them, as he had business to transact at Chicago; and, so sure was he that the place of destination would be reached quickly that he endeavored to impress upon them that a supply of provisions for two days would be sufficient. A hearty breakfast at the house of Mr. Dixon was ample for the time being. Mr. Dixon assured them that there would be no difficulty if they would keep a little to the north and strike the great Sac Trail. Mrs. Kinzie's memory was evidently at fault when mentioning the old Sac Trail, for that trail, when known by that name, passed from the great Sac village, Saukenong, directly east, and did not pass so far northward as the present city of Dixon.

Mr. Dixon, in giving his directions, probably said that the Kishwaukee Trail, a branch of the Sac Trail, would be reached by going a little distance to the north. He assured them that if they did not go far enough to the north they would not escape the Winnebago Swamp; and, once in that, they would have difficulty in getting out again. He assured

them that the distance to Chicago was not great; that two young men had reached Dixon from Chicago on the evening of the second day of travel, and that, even with a lady in their party, they could reach Chicago in less time than that. He impressed upon them that they must be sure to get the great trail that the Sacs had made in going from the Mississippi river to Canada.

They took their leave in high spirits, and traveled for a few miles along the banks of the Rock river in a somewhat easterly direction. They had been told that the road would cross the Sac Trail six miles distant. Mrs. Kinzie says that her husband feared the guide, Plante, was leading them too far to the north, for the trail soon brought them to the great bend of the river, now known as Grand Détour. This fact warranted Mr. Kinzie in ignoring the guide and in taking his course directly east. They soon came to the Winnebago Swamp, which they had difficulty in crossing.

On the 15th of March they awoke early and, feeling that they were lost, again began the search for the great trail. After traveling many miles, they came upon an Indian trail, deeply worn, running at right angles with the course they were pursuing. This I find, from a careful study of early maps, was the Kishwaukee Trail. The sky was overcast, but the clouds were so thin that the position of the sun could give them direction. The guide was quite sure that the new trail should be followed northward; but Mr. Kinzie had lost confidence in Plante and Kellogg, and after traveling a few miles he turned abruptly saying to them that

they might go north if they pleased, but he would turn to the south and take the trail in that direction.

They followed the trail for a great distance, contrary to the advice of the guide and Mr. Kellogg, who frequently assured Mr. Kinzie that he was going wrong. At last, turning a point of woods, they came upon an Indian village. This, no doubt, was the village of Shabbona, whose people were yet away on their winter's hunt. I judge that it was the village of Shabbona from the fact that the Kishwaukee Trail passed the home of that great chief, who, but a year later, showed himself to be a warm friend of the whites. Provisions had become short, and the travelers were much disappointed to find the village vacant. They mounted and rode on, the snow again falling, and after traveling some distance halted for the night.

After a cold night, their hunger being relieved only by a pot of coffee, they were ready for the start. The last three crackers were given to Mrs. Kinzie for her dinner, and Mr. Kellogg handed her a piece of tongue and a slice of fruit cake, which he had been "saving for the lady" since the day before. The trail was still visible, and they followed it until about nine o'clock, when they reached Fox river, on the opposite side of which was Waubansee's village. They shouted, but no answer came for the village was deserted. Mr. Kinzie decided to take a cross-trail that passed down the bank of the river, hoping to find Indians wintering near. They followed the bank of the river, then as now bordered by timber. Suddenly Mrs. Kinzie's

horse started, and she called to her husband that Indians were near, for, as she says, the horse was mortally afraid of these people; at the same time a little dog ran from under the bushes and began barking. Riding into the thicket a little distance they found two squaws, crouching behind some bushes, trying to conceal themselves. Addressing them in the Pottawatomie language, Mr. Kinzie asked them what they were doing there, and they replied that they were digging Indian potatoes. Their lodge was across the river, and by this fact Mr. Kinzie gathered that they must have a canoe, and he requested them to take the party over. What kind of a canoe it was we are not told, except that it was small. It was probably a dugout, hewn from a tree that had stood near by. It was necessary for Mrs. Kinzie to lie flat on her back in the canoe while the mother kneeling in the stern and the daughter at the bow paddled across. They were then at the site of ancient Maramech, the old Miami town, and this Pottawatomie family was probably the last of native blood to shelter itself amidst the great trees that border the river and stud the hills near by. Sylvan Spring, by what name then known we shall not know, bubbled from the washed sands and kissed the water-cresses as now; and there the master of the family made his winter hunt, and the wife, with the ample hospitality known to the native tribes only, catered to those who came.

On being asked the name of the river, the woman could only reply, "Sau-man-ong," the word being a general term applied to any large stream. Mr. Kinzie became impressed with the fact that the vil-

lage they had passed was Waubansee's, and he estimated that they were then about fifty miles from Chicago, which, by the way, is practically the exact distance from Sylvan Spring to our modern great city. The squaw assured Mr. Kinzie that Chicago was close by, which, as he said, he took to mean that it was probably not so far off as Canada. The men busied themselves unpacking the horses, in order to ford the river. The old woman, returning to aid the others in crossing, left the younger one with Mrs. Kinzie, who was seated on the trunk of a fallen tree amidst the snow. The prospects were gloomy, and she could not restrain her tears, because of the utter desolation of spirit which disappointment had wrought. The little squaw, Mrs. Kinzie states, was looking into her face with wonder and sympathy, and seemed to be speculating what could bring tears to one who rode so fine a horse and was so comfortably clothed. Soon the little girl was joined by another, and after chattering a while they trotted off into the woods.

The river having been crossed, Mrs. Kinzie followed the squaw to her lodge a little distance in the woods. It was nicely arranged. Four sticks of wood placed to form a square in the center answered the purpose of a hearth, and in this the fire was burning, the smoke escaping through an opening in the roof. The hut was constructed of neat new mats tied to the poles that formed the framework, and on these poles were the dried food and other household treasures. Ladles, a small kettle, and wooden bowls also hung from the poles, and at the center, by an iron chain depending from the frame-

work, a kettle was hung. In the kettle food for the returning hunter was being prepared.

Mr. Kinzie joined his wife at the lodge. They were forced to disappoint the housewife by telling her they had no bread, which, by the way, was always much prized and often asked for by the Indians. When she learned that Mrs. Kinzie had had no breakfast, she filled a bowl from the kettle and presented it. It was a soup made of Indian potatoes, and, sauced with hunger, it was highly relished. The two little girls came, and were much astonished when Mrs. Kinzie took her prayer-book from her pocket and began to read. As if fearing to seem rude, they looked away and quietly questioned their mother as to what the strange employment could mean.

While thus engaged, Mrs. Kinzie was startled by a sudden "Hoh!" when the mat that hung over the entrance was raised and an Indian entered. He was the master of the lodge, and had been out to shoot ducks. Mrs. Kinzie tells us "he was tall, finely formed, with a genial, open countenance, and he listened to what his wife, in a quiet tone, related to him, while he divested himself of his accouterments in the most unembarrassed manner imaginable. The narrative continues: "From the Indian he [Mr. Kinzie] learned that we were in what was called the 'Big Woods,' or 'Piche's [Specie's] Grove,' from a Frenchman of that name living not far from the spot; that the river we had crossed was the Fox river, and that he could guide us to Piche's, from which the road was perfectly plain, or even to Chicago, if we preferred; but that we had better remain

encamped for the day, as there was a storm coming on; and in the meantime he would go and shoot some ducks for our dinner and supper. He was accordingly furnished with powder and shot, and set off for game without delay."

The home comforts found in the cabin were no doubt sufficient to Mrs. Kinzie for a time, and she amused herself by taking from her pocket a roll of red ribbon, and presenting a piece to each of the little girls. With it they were delighted, and the mother divided it and tied a piece to each of the little clubs into which the hair was knotted on the temples. This pleased them much, and their mother joined them in their mirth.

The storm came, and such a night in Maramech was experienced as I myself have often known; and I seem to renew the experiences of my boyhood when I read Mrs. Kinzie's description of that winter's night in the woods:

"The storm was raging without. The trees were bending and cracking around us, and the air was completely filled with the wild-fowl screaming and quacking as they made their way southward before the blast. Our tent was among the trees not far from the river. My husband took me to the bank to look for a moment at what we had escaped. The wind was sweeping down from the north in a perfect hurricane. The water was filled with masses of snow and ice, dancing along upon the torrent, over which were hurrying thousands of wild-fowl, making the woods resound with their deafening clamor.

"Had we been one hour later, we could not possibly have crossed the stream, and there would have

been nothing for us but to have remained and starved in the wilderness. Could we be sufficiently grateful to that kind Providence that had brought us safely through such dangers?

"The men had cut down an immense tree, and built a fire against it, but the wind shifted so continually that every five minutes the tent would become completely filled with smoke, so that I was driven into the open air for breath. Then I would seat myself on one end of the huge log, as near the fire as possible, for it was dismally cold; but the wind seemed actuated by a kind of caprice, for in whatever direction I took my seat, just that way came the smoke and hot ashes, puffing in my face until I was nearly blinded. Neither veil nor silk handkerchief afforded an effectual protection, and I was glad when the arrival of our huntsman, with a quantity of ducks, gave me an opportunity of diverting my thoughts from my own sufferings, by aiding the men to pick them and get them ready for our meal.

"We borrowed a kettle from our Indian friends. It was not remarkably clean; but we heated a little water in it, and prairie-hay'd it out, before consigning our birds to it, and with a bowl of Indian potatoes, a present from our kind neighbors, we soon had an excellent soup.

"What with the cold, the smoke, and the driving ashes and cinders, this was the most uncomfortable afternoon I had yet passed, and I was glad when night came and I could creep into the tent and cover myself up in the blankets, out of the way of all three of these evils.

"The storm raged with ten-fold violence during the night. We were continually startled by the crashing of the falling trees around us, and who could tell but that the next would be upon us? Spite of our fatigue, we passed an almost sleepless night. When we arose in the morning, we were made fully alive to the perils by which we had been surrounded. At least fifty trees, the giants of the forest, lay prostrate within view of the tent.

"When we had taken our scanty breakfast, and were mounted and ready for departure, it was with difficulty we could thread our way, so completely was it obstructed by the fallen trunks.

"Our Indian guide had joined us at an early hour, and after conducting us carefully out of the wood, and pointing out to us numerous bee-trees,* for which he said that grove was famous, he set off at a long trot, and about nine o'clock brought us to Piche's, a log cabin on a rising ground, looking off over the broad prairie to the east. We had hoped to get some refreshment here, Piche being an old acquaintance of some of the party, but, alas! the master was from home. We found his cabin occupied by Indians and travelers—the latter few, the former numerous."

The point of wood now laid down as Piche's Grove is but a continuation of the heavy timber that lines the southern bank of the Fox river, and is less than five miles from the site of the ancient town where I have placed the hut of this lone Indian and

* The honey-bee is not known in the perfectly wild countries of North America. It is ever the pioneer of civilization, and the Indians call it "the white man's bird."

his family. The fact that they started early and reached Specie's Grove by nine o'clock shows that they were probably as much as five miles west therefrom, which would place them at Sylvan Spring. Following the Sac Trail for a little distance, they reached a cross-trail that, at that time, paralleled the eastern bank of the Fox river from Ottawa half way to Chicago.

The "Big Woods" were anywhere along Fox river, near Batavia, near Aurora, and, in fact, anywhere where tall timber was to be found.

The Chief's Wigwam. Tama Reservation.

CHAPTER XXIII

At the Tama reservation, sitting by the fire in the middle of the rush-mat-covered lodge of Chief Puci-to-nig-wa, with his counsellors and interpreters, I found around me much of what we are so often told in narratives of travelers through the west more than two hundred years ago. The domicile of the chief shows no change; it is precisely like those described by Alouez, Perrot, and others. Rattles consisting of gourds filled with pebbles serve, now as then, at the ceremonial dances. Nothing modern is seen except an occasional trunk or basket around the walls of the cabin, mingled with those home-made, of leather, with thongs for locks. Mats serve as beds, some raised and some upon the floor of well-beaten earth. The blankets are of the kind first given in exchange by the early traders. At the middle of the cabin a space is left for the fire. Over its embers hangs a chain, upon which the kettle is suspended. Rush mats, neatly sewn and supported upon a bee-hive-like structure of poles, serve well to protect from the storms of summer and the blasts of winter. A hole at the summit permits a large part of the smoke to escape, but some remains and tortures the eyes. The wrinkled faces of the aged ones show exposure to the sun of summer and smoke of winter. The lack of neatness indicates no advance in hygienic knowledge—there are almost no signs of advancement. The love for

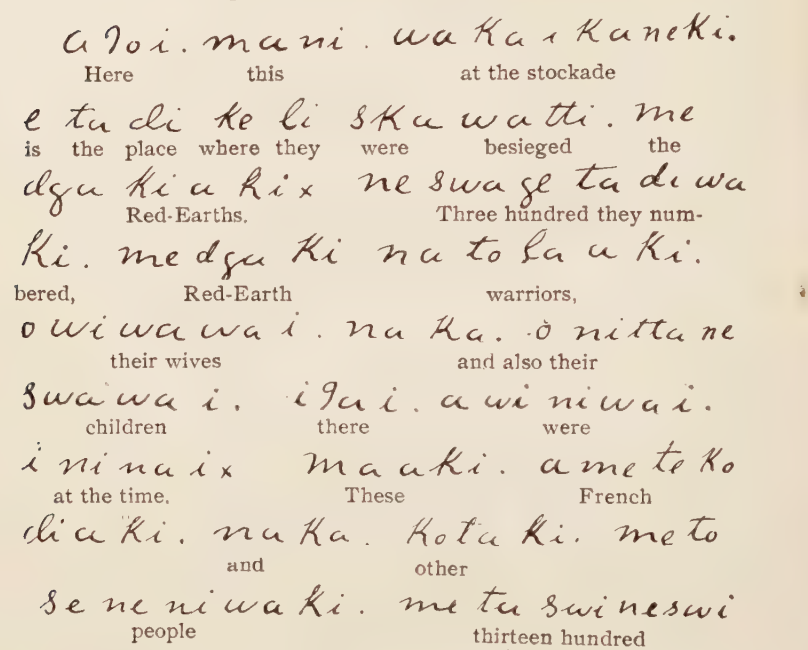
ornaments is shown by beads which hang from ears and neck, and that are sewn upon the moccasins, upon the skirts of the women and upon the belts worn by the men.

About three hundred and fifty of these people yet remain. They till the soil for corn as they tilled it when first met by the traders. Their foods are the same as then. Although mills are near, the corn is ground by pounding in a wooden mortar. Maple sugar of their own make is their greatest luxury. They repel the spirit of progress. Their conservatism will be their death. The fate that must overtake the native tribes may prove a kindness to them; yet how sad, and to us how keen the sting of conscience.

I told those around the fire with me the story of the destruction of the several branches of the Fox tribe, at Detroit, at the river in Wisconsin that now bears their name, and at the fatal hill where a massive boulder marks the place of starvation and torture.

The Fox tribe has adopted for its use a writing consisting of English script letters, with some modifications and additions. An example of this script is furnished me by a descendant of the tribe, Mr. William Jones, educated at Harvard and now connected with the American Museum of Natural History of the City of New York. It is a translation into the Fox language of the inscription on the stone recently placed on Maramech Hill. As will be seen by the interlineations, retranslations into English, the Fox method of translation differs greatly from ours.

THE INSCRIPTION ON THE BOULDER TRANSLATED INTO THE FOX LANGUAGE AND SHOWN IN THE FOX SCRIPT, WITH RETRANSLATION INTO ENGLISH.



a ɔoi. mani. wa Ka i Kaneki.
Here this at the stockade

e ta di ke li ꞩKa wa tti. me
is the place where they were besieged the

dga Ki a Ki x ne swa ge ta di wa
Red-Earths. Three hundred they num-

Ki. me dga Ki na to la a Ki.
bered, Red-Earth warriors,

o wi wa wa i. na Ka. ò nitta ne
their wives and also their

ꞩwa wa i. i ɔa i. a wi ni wa i.
children there were

i ni na i x ma a ki. a me te Ko
at the time. These French

di a Ki. na Ka. Ko ta Ki. me to
and other

ꞩe ne ni wa Ki. me ta ꞩwi neswi
people thirteen hundred

nesi we ta swa ge. ta di wa Ki
they numbered

e tta Ko Ka wa wa tti. me dga ki
when they besieged them the Red-Earths.

a i x Aug 17. 1730 e weli tta Ko
Aug. 17, 1730 was the time the

Ka ti Ki a ɔoi x Oni. ꞩept. 8. eKe
siege began here. then Sept. 8 was

e gi wa tti. me dga Ki a Ki. e me
when they escaped the Red-Earths when

de ne Ko wa tti. e Kete ma Ki e Ko
they were captured when they were tortured

wa tti. ene se Ko wa tti x a me te
when they were slain.

Ko di wa Ka i Kanam. a te ni wa
French trenches were
ni. agita Ki Ki we tti Ke si'a
on the hill whence the cold.
Ki x Ferland a to tu. mam. a seni.
Ferland tells about it, rock,
me se na i Ka ne Ki. History of Canada,
in a book, History of Canada
edite Ka te Ki. ni dwi te la i Ka
it is called, two miles
ni. we tti wi da te Ki. i te wi.
whence the heat it is
ina seni. de we na. i né'ta.
that rock, but partly
Ki da wa ta o te wi x Ke tti ne ttai.
hauled away it is. Near it is
Maramech. i ne di te Ka te Ki. o
Maramech, for such was the name of it
te we ni x 1684 e ato ta Ki Franque-
town. 1684 he told of it Franque-
lin. ini je. o te we ni. a Keane
lin that town; map
l'Je a te Ki. me se na i Ka ne Ki x
in a book

NOTE.—Dots separate words. Crosses separate sentences.

Upon the ribbed framework of the lodge of Chief Pu-ci-to-nig-wa hung the medicine-bags of the chief and those of the adult male members of his family. Of smoke-browned leather and old, they seemed much like the skin of a mummy. Each, to its possessor, was priceless. Each contained the mascot of a brave,—an eagle's claw, perhaps, a stone, a shell, and what not. The mascot was whatever the possessor had dreamed of in youth, when fasting in order that he might dream and thus hold communion with the Great Spirit; a memento of what he first dreamed—that is what he held precious.

More than this, the medicine-bags contained the mementoes of generations, and each thing contained was a reminder of some event long almost forgotten.

When I had read from rusty French volumes, printed before his great-grandfather was born, the sad stories that their traditions but echo, the chief said to his counsellors: "How like the red man's medicine-bag! The rusty leather-covered book seems to be so full of sacred memories."

I have since listened to their traditions, mixtures of fact, fiction, and fable, of victories and defeats, and of their almost total destruction, but gather nothing fully corroborative of any one event mentioned in the French records. In my efforts to get the story of their last great struggle, I found but one which to any extent seems to have any possible reference to any part of the affair on Maramech Hill.

"Once upon a time," it runs, "when the Foxes were living north of the Wisconsin river, a child was born and they named him Wa-pa-sai-ya, the

name meaning 'the white buckskin.' He was restless, as a child, and as a youth quarrelsome. He delighted in torturing his comrades, but because of his marked abilities was a leader among them. When he became a man and people from other tribes came to visit his village, he would often say, 'The dogs will have something to eat to-day.' He would tell those who were entertaining the visitors to feed them well and later have them brought to him. Some he would kill, and would let others go home with fingers, nose, and ears cut off. By and by his people said, among themselves, that such things must stop. It is wrong so to treat our friends from other tribes, and, besides, we do not know but they will come upon us in retaliation. So some of the principal men went to Wa-pa-sai-ya and said to him: 'We want you to be our chief,' and he replied: 'Just one more time will I treat those people that same old way.' At the time this was going on there were war parties setting out, and he often accompanied them, even though they did not wish him to; and when they would again ask him not to go out he would reply as before, 'Just one more time; I will go out on just one more war raid.'* It soon resulted that the neighboring tribes became much angered because of the treatment received from the White Buckskin. Among the people who suffered most were the French soldiers. The Frenchmen came and gave arms to the surrounding nations, and by

* With the Fox tribe the chief must be a man of peace, and these people offering the chieftainship did so in order that, by the laws of the tribe, he, as chief, would be compelled to cease his aggressions.

and by the French soldiers came against the Foxes. Before the fighting began the French held a parley with Wa-pa-sai-ya and wanted him to stop all his cruelties and agree to several things, such as keeping peace with other tribes; but he would not consent to anything.

"The efforts of the French officers resulted only in making him defiant. He bade them come in any numbers, but failed to make them fully understand the contempt he felt for their soldiers and their methods of warfare. To make them know his defiant attitude which words, through the interpreter, had failed to express, he stuck a number of sticks in the ground, in a row, to represent the number of warriors he was willing to pit against the French, and then placed many times more sticks, opposite the first, to represent the number of Frenchmen his few chosen warriors were willing to battle with; but the officers refused to accept his challenge and only said: 'We will attack you,' and Wa-pa-sai-ya replied: 'Go ahead when you want to.' The French retired to their camp and, after consultation, advanced against the Foxes in great numbers. The Foxes saw them coming from a long way off and made an ambush and defeated the French and drove them back. Wa-pa-sai-ya killed the prisoners he had taken, all but one, to whom he said: 'Go back to your people and tell them to come in greater numbers than before, when they again want to come against me. You will live to deliver this message and then die.' The Frenchman went back and did as he had been told, and, sure enough, then died. The French did come in greater num-

bers, and were again defeated by the Foxes. The French, then fearing that they could make no more headway against the Foxes, got all of their friends, the warriors of the other tribes, to help them; they came from every direction, from all the nations, and fought the Foxes. By and by they crowded the Foxes into their defenses and surrounded them. Soon after Wa-pa-sai-ya became tired of fighting and broke his own bow and those his friends gave him. Then his people said to him: 'What is the matter with you? Why do you stop fighting? You should remember that you are the one who brought all this trouble upon us. We told you it was not right to mistreat guests, and that you might have to suffer for all this, but you would not listen to us; now, in the midst of this war, you want to stop fighting when we need you most'; but he would not listen. Now, with the enemy, was a Mascoutin, and this Mascoutin had a son, and this son had a dream one night. He told the dream to his father, saying: 'I dreamed that I captured Wa-pa-sai-ya.' 'Well, is that so?' said the father. Then he went and got a drum and told his son to strike it. When this was done the father said: 'Draw a picture of Wa-pa-sai-ya on the drum-head and strike it.' The son hit the drum as he was told. He was bidden to hit it again, and the head burst. 'It is true,' said the father, 'the dream will come true; that test has proved it.' Then the son joined the other warriors. By and by he returned and brought Wa-pa-sai-ya with him as a prisoner, and tied him to a tree. The father went out to see what all of the noise was about. He saw Wa-pa-sai-ya tied to the tree and

mistook him for his son, as the son and Wa-pa-sai-ya looked much alike; and so the father had the prisoner set free and took him up to his lodge and there fed him. When Wa-pa-sai-ya had eaten, the father gave him two wives; but after a while the father learned that it was Wa-pa-sai-ya, and had him tied to the tree again. While they were preparing to bind him the people asked him, 'Who was it that killed our chief, and when?' He replied, 'It was one of my friends, in the last big fight we had, and as he hit your chief on the head it was like hitting a dog on the head and making him howl.' Then they tied Wa-pa-sai-ya to the tree again. The Mascoutin said to him: 'Are you hungry, Wa-pa-sai-ya?' And the victim said he was. At that the Mascoutin cut a slice from the thigh of Wa-pa-sai-ya, cooked it on the coals of the fire and gave it to him to eat. When he had finished eating it the Mascoutin again said: 'Are you still hungry, Wa-pa-sai-ya?' 'Yes, of course I am,' said the victim. Then the Mascoutin cut a slice from the calf of Wa-pa-sai-ya's leg, cooked it and gave it to Wa-pa-sai-ya, and he ate it. They repeated the cutting out of slices, cooking them and feeding him until the flesh was all gone and only the bones remained, hanging together, tied to the tree. Then fire was placed under the bones, and thereupon the Mascoutin chief came up and, as the fire was kindled, said to the bones of Wa-pa-sai-ya: 'Now, Wa-pa-sai-ya, you shall burn, and at some future time your town and people shall burn.' When this was said the tree to which the victim's bones were tied turned round in its place, as a sign, but the bones remained un-

moved. While the tree was turning, a voice came from the bones saying, 'I shall burn, and your town shall burn.' Some one pushed the Mascoutin chief and he almost fell into the fire, and seemed restrained there as by some mysterious force; help was needed to put him on his feet again—he almost died there.

"A little while afterward the Foxes fell upon the Mascoutins, killed nearly all and burned the town, and that is why there are so few Mascoutins to-day.*

"Thus was the prophecy fulfilled, and thus the people were made to know that Wa-pa-sai-ya was supernatural; being a Manitou, he passed above, and the bright star in the great white river overhead is he.

"Soon after this the nations again came and united against the Foxes, and the fighting became hard and incessant. Then the old men said to the young men: 'Let us old men go out and do the fighting; we have not long to live and we can well spare the rest of our time wearing the enemy out; let them waste part of their strength on us. You stay here and take care of the women and children and fight when it comes your turn, and that will be when all the old men are killed off.' Every time the old men withdrew they returned fewer in numbers, and at last all were killed. Then the fighting fell upon the young men. It was about the time when the corn was ripening in the fields. Among the Foxes was a young man who fasted and dreamed, and he dreamed that he was blest by the Great

* This part of the tradition may be considered as a suggestion that the lost tribe of the Illinois and Wisconsin prairies was destroyed, or at least depleted, by the Foxes.

Spirit, and he said to the people: 'I am going to make the enemy sleep,' and so saying he sang and beat upon a drum. At once the weather grew cold and snow began to fall. The enemy went into their tents and slept soundly, and out of the stockade went the Foxes. They went in two directions, one part to the north and the other to the east. Those who went to the east were women and children, with a force of young men to protect them. They followed a young man who drew a strip of rawhide behind him to make a trail for them to follow. When they came to a high place they built a fort.

"The party that passed to the north was made up of a force of young men who made a big, broad trail in the snow in order to draw the enemy after them and thus keep the women and children out of danger and give them time to build a fort. As was expected, the large trail was discovered and alarm raised in the camp of the enemy. 'They are fleeing! They are fleeing!' they shouted, and came upon the Fox warriors in full force. The Foxes held them back until they thought the women had had time to build another fort, and then gave way and joined their friends in the new stockade. Then the enemy came again, and were beaten back. The Foxes scattered, and the small parties were pursued by the enemy. Most were captured, but many escaped."

In this mixture of myths and facts only a few points of similarity with the accounts left by the French can be found. We learn that most of the neighboring tribes were against the Foxes. The Foxes were in a stockaded defense when last

attacked. They held parleys with the French. "It was about the time the corn was ripening in the fields." It became very cold. The Foxes escaped in the night, in two parties, and went in two directions, one to the north, the tradition says (but, as previously stated, I believe the direction to have been northeast) and were overtaken upon the hill a mile away, where so many arrow-heads marked the place of some great event. "Most were captured, but many escaped." The French accounts say that those who escaped were a few old women, and they without supplies.

Only the traditions, nourished by the remaining Foxes, tell them of the wanderings of their ancestors after the disastrous siege of 1730. Notwithstanding the frequent returns by the hunting parties to the hunting-grounds, the place of defeat became lost to them. When the great Sac warrior, Black Hawk, chief by common approval, but not by election, strove to repossess the hunting-grounds and fields, having Saukenuk as their center, a few Foxes joined the Sacs and Pottawatomies against the whites.

Leaving the stormy council held on the Sycamore creek, Shaubena and Waubansie, friends of the whites, sought their respective villages. They had not succeeded in convincing Black Hawk of the hopelessness of his undertaking. He had refused to recross the Mississippi to the new grounds allotted to his tribe. Shaubena had not succeeded in holding all of the young warriors of his tribe in check, and was spurred by his humane sentiments to warn all the settlers within his reach of the coming

storm. Arriving at his village, on his reservation, he sent his son, Pypogee, and also his nephew, Pyps, to give warning to the whites who, like the Miamis, a century and a half before, had chosen for their home the five prairies that radiate from the site of ancient Maramech. Down the Kishwaukee Trail, over Maramech Hill, where a scar of the trail still remains, and onward over the ford where the east-and-west ancient trail, mapped in in 1680, crosses, with panting steeds they sped on their errand of mercy. A detachment of Black Hawk's band arrived only to find themselves too late. The whites had fled, and the disappointed warriors vowed vengeance on Shaubena. But for the warning, a score of settlers would have been slain, some within hearing of a rifle-shot from the ancient fort upon the hill. But a dozen miles away a half score or more, who had scoffed at the warning, met death.

So closed the last scene in the tragedy of savage life. The curtain dropped to again be raised only for the drama of civilized life.

In the middle fifties an aged Indian, straight as an arrow, with a one-horse wagon and squaw of width to almost fill it when seated, crept northward over the road that, when a mere trail, had been traveled by the French in going by land from Fort St. Louis to Chicago. He turned therefrom to follow up the "Little River," as called in the early military reports. This last representative of our local tribes was Shaubena with his squaw. The road cleft in the side of the hill that skirts the stream had not yet been made. The old trail over

the hill, not prepared for wheeled vehicles, so wound among the trees and dropped so abruptly to the north that he was forced to take a newer road, made by the whites. Hence it was only across the swamp that he saw the hill so fatal to the Foxes. He passed within a stonethrow of the site of De Villiers' little fort and onward to the new village of Plano, where he exchanged furs for necessities. For a time he camped near the head of the cool stream that, miles below, bathes the foot of Maramech Hill.

Since then the eyes of no red man have rested upon the scene of alternate storm and calm.

Shaubena, a Pottawattomy Chief.
A friend to the whites.

CHAPTER XXIV

CHICAGO

The question as to the origin of the name of our great city of the west has often been raised, but never in a manner so novel as by the author of *Reminiscences of Early Chicago*, in whose interesting book we find what purports to be an extract from a letter written by La Salle to a friend in France: "Were I to give this place a name, I would derive it from the nature of the place and the nature of the man who will occupy this place: *ago*, I act; *circum*, all around—Circago." I do not find anything like this in any of the writings of La Salle, and believe that I have a copy of every scratch of La Salle's pen that did not perish with him. If he ever did propose the name, he did not use it, for we find him using the name given to the stream by the Algonquin tribes, the meaning of which is stated by Cadillac, an officer in command at Mackinaw and other places, who wrote in 1695 or perhaps a little later: "The post of Chigagou comes next [in going westward]. The word signifies 'the river of the onion,' because it [the onion] is there produced naturally without any care, in great quantities."

Knowing what he is seeking one may, in early harvest time, see the prairies about the Chicago and Des Plaines rivers given a pale pink hue by the blossom of the plant that gave the river its name, which name was often also applied to the Des

Plaines. In the Fox dialect of the Algonquin language, the skunk is known by a name very similar, the difference being but slight. It is not strange that the animal and plant received names one so like the other, for it was an Indian custom to give names that accorded with the characteristics of the object. Whether the word originally meant merely a bad smell, or a skunk, or an onion, does not matter, for if either, all is clear. Low, flat, and wet prairies do not produce skunks, but do breed crawfishes and wild onions, and the river now rendered nauseous by the sewage of a great city, was then a clear stream and not deserving a name indicating an odor not pleasant.

Allouez, 1680 (Margry, II., 95), uses descriptive words when speaking of the region: "The prairies . . . being wet all the time."

La Salle, late in 1681, wrote: "And all my people who, having marched three days along the lake and gained the portage called Chicagou, were waiting," etc., and in the letter repeats the name twelve times. In the same letter he says: "The land there produces naturally a quantity of roots good to eat, as wild ognons [onions]," and he also refers to the garlic.

Father Membre wrote of Chicagou in 1683. (Margry, II., 206.)

La Salle wrote a letter to La Barre, then Governor of Canada, beginning: "*Du portage de Chicagou, 4 Juin, 1683.*" (Margry, II., 317.)

Le Clercq (*First Establishment of the Faith*, Shea's translation, II., 162) says: "On the 21st of December I embarked with Sieur de Tonty and a part

of our people on Lake Dauphin [Michigan], to go to the divine river, called by the Indians Checagou, in order to make the necessary arrangements for our voyage. The Sieur de La Salle joined us there with the rest of the troop on the 4th of January, 1682."

Tonty, in his memoir (*Historical Collections of Louisiana*, I., 65), says: "We arrived about the end of June, 1682, at the river Chicagou."

Tonty, in his *Relation* dated November 14, 1684 (Margry, II., 251), says: "After we had drawn our equipage seventy leagues, namely, twenty, on the river of Chicago [Des Plaines]," etc. (The date given is 1683, evidently a slip of the pen.)

Late in 1687 Joutel and others "arrived at Chicagou on the 29th of March," from La Salle's ill-fated settlement in Texas.

La Salle wrote in 1680 (Margry, II., 82): "It was therefore necessary, at the end of the lake, where navigation is ended, at the place called Chicagou, to pack close the things that they had brought in the boats, and transport them to the canoes two leagues from there [to the Des Plaines river]."

Father Gravier, writing in 1698, says: "He, as well as Father Pinet, at Chicagwa, will do themselves the pleasure of rendering them any kind of service." (*Jesuit Relations*, LXV., 61.) Father Pinet's mission was then with the branch of the Miami tribe whose village presumably it was that was located where so many relics have been found, on the north branch of the Chicago river.

We learn from the father that the malarial fevers ("fever and ague" of our own early times) were

contracted by the people of the prairies, both natives and whites.

The natives resorted to all sorts of remedies for diseases, and sometimes attempted to propitiate the god or the demon that was responsible for the illness of a comrade by sacrifices, and sometimes thought to interest the god or demon by playing some of their most interesting games for his benefit, for instance, the game of ball. Reports have reached us that those efforts were eminently successful.

The efforts later made by the early fathers seemed to have been equally successful. The following is found in Father Guignas' account. He left Chikagoua (Chicago) in 1700 for New Orleans, and wrote:

"I found an excellent remedy to cure our French of their fevers. I promised God jointly with Peter de Bonne, who had a violent tertian fever for a considerable time, to recite for nine days prayers in honor of Father Francis Regis, whose relics I have, which I applied to him in the height of his fever, when it ceased suddenly, and he had no more of it after that time. After my novena I resumed my reliquary, which I hung around the neck of Louis de Hemme of Rivière du Loup, with whom I began a second novena, and from the first day the fever left him; and having taken off my reliquary the fourth or fifth day of the novena to hang it on the neck of one by name Augustine la Pointe of Côte St. Michel in Canada, who had already had two or three attacks of fever, it took De Hemme again, who feeling himself cured, had said that he was not afraid of being sick with that reliquary always hung around his

neck, and as soon as I took it off the fever came back and did not leave him till after the novena, and La Pointe was cured perfectly from the first day that I hung my reliquary around his neck, which I did not remove till the novena was completed. And at this moment Pierre Chabot of Isle Orleans, who had the fever for more than six months, having hung it on his neck, the third day of the novena that stubborn fever diminished and he was entirely rid of it at the end of the novena. A small piece of Father Regis' hat, which one of our domestics gave me, is the most infallible remedy that I can have to cure all kinds of fevers."

Many, since the death of Father Guignas, yet live who can say that the malarial fevers incident to the low lands around both ancient and modern Chicago were never as easily cured by the white physician and his remedies.

Appendix

PARIS DOCUMENTS

The larger part of the following documents were copied for me from the archives of the Minister of Marine, at Paris, by Prof. Charles M. Andrist. The documents are reproduced *verbatim* as far as possible, accompanied by translations. It is believed that, except those found in the *Wisconsin Historical Collection*, none has before been published.

REPORTS

Fox Savages

[Of the 6th of May, 1630.]

M. le Marq. de Beauharnois a marqué qu'un party de 200 sauvages surpis 20 cabannes des Renards et qu'il avoit esté massacré ou brulé 80 hommes et 300 femmes et enfans, ne s'etaint sauvé que trois hommes. Que depuis cette aventure le grand chef des Renards avoit esté trouvé le commandant francais à la Rivière St. Joseph pour demander misericorde et qu'il devoit descendre pour cela à Montreal aimant mieux courir les risques d'estre tué en chemin que dans son village.

Que l'entreprise faite contre eux en 1728 a fait tant d'impression dans l'esprit des autres nations, qu'elles se maintiendront dans le party des francais et continueront la guerre contre les Renards.

TRANSLATION:

Le Marc de Beauharnois has noted that a party of two hundred savages surprised twenty cabins (tepees) of the Foxes, and that there has been massacred or burned eighty men and three hundred women and children, only three men having gotten away. That since that adventure the Grand Chief of the Foxes had been to see the French Commandant at the River

St. Joseph in order to beg for mercy, and that he had to descend for that to Montreal, preferring rather to run the risk of being killed on the road than in the village. That the enterprise undertaken against them in 1728 had made such an impression upon the minds of the other nations that they will now keep on the side of the French and continue the war against the Foxes.

[Of the 25th of June, 1630.]

Le Dubuisson commandant à Missilimakinic luy avoit donné avis que toutes les nations des pays d'enhaut estoient si fort animés contre les Renards, qu'un corps de sauvages assez considerable l'avoit prié de se mettre à leur tête pour tomber sur les Renards; qu'il l'avoit accepté et qu'il estait party avec 600 sauvages et 20 francais.

TRANSLATION:

Le Dubuisson, Commandant at Missilimakinac, had advised him that all the nations of the upper country were so embittered against the Foxes that quite a large body of savages had begged him to place himself at their head in order to fall upon the Foxes; that he had accepted, and that he had departed with six hundred savages and twenty Frenchmen.

[Of the 18th of October, 1730.]

Mrs. de Beauharnois et Hocquart marquent que les raisons qui ont engagé le Dubuisson dans cette demarche leur font penser qu'il ne sera pas desaprouvé d'autant plus que le bien du service et la necessité qu'il y avoit d'en imposer aux nations sur les discours desavantageux qu'elles tenoient du peu de succès de la Campagne de 1728 le demandait.

Il est vray qu'il n'a pas reussy dans cette entreprise quoy qu'il ait aporté toute l'aplication et le zele qu'on pouvait attendre mais les Renards estaient decampez de leur fort avant son arrivée. Il les a même pour suivy pendant quelques jours inutilement.

La depense qu'il a faite en cette occasion pourra monter a ce qu'il leur a marqué a 2 ou 3 M—. Ils en envoyeront l'estat l'année prochaine. Cependant afin qu'aucun autre commandant ne tombe pas dans le même cas. M. de Beauharnois a ecrit a tous les commandants des postes de ne point accepter de pareilles propositions de la par des sauvages sans recevoir

auparavant ses ordres. Il a pareillement deffendu de traitter ny armes ny munitions tant aux Renards qu'a leurs allies dans le nombre desquels sont particulierement les Sakis. Ils ajoutent que cette dernière tentative du Sr. le Dubuisson a existé denouveau dans l'esprit des nations la defaite entiere des Renards; Les Sioux qui ne s'estoient pas jusqu'a present declares ont frappe dessus et en ont tué douze; Ainsy il y a aparence qu'ils saffoibliront de manière qu'ils ne pourront plus se relever et qu'on assurera par ce moyen la tranquilité des pays d'enhant sans qu'il soit besoin dorenavant d'autres secours que des sauvages mêmes que M. de Beauharnois continuera d'entretenir dans ces dispositions jusqu'a ce que les Renards soient entierement detruits ou qu'ils soient soumis aux conditions prescrittes s'ils demandait la paix.

TRANSLATION:

Messrs. de Beauharnois and Hocquart note that the reasons which have induced le Dubuisson in this move makes them think that he will not be censured, the more so as the good of the service demanded it, and the necessity that there was of overawing the nations for the slighting remarks which they made about the lack of success of the Company of 1728.

It is true that he did not succeed in that enterprise, although he devoted all the application and zeal which could be expected, but the Foxes had decamped from their fort before his arrival. He even pursued them uselessly for several days.

The expenses which he had on this occasion will amount to what he noted to them, to two or three M—. They will send the account of it the next year. However, in order that no other commandant may fall in the same error, M. de Beauharnois has written to all the commandants of the posts to not accept such propositions on the part of the savages, without first receiving orders from him. He has likewise forbidden to furnish either arms or munitions to the Foxes and their allies in the number of which are particularly the Saks. They add that this last attempt of M. le Dubuisson has revived anew in the minds of the nations the complete defeat of the Foxes. The Sioux, who up to the present had not declared themselves, attacked them and killed twelve. Thus there is an appearance that they will become enfeebled, so much so that they will not

be able to recover, and by these means the tranquillity of the upper country will be assured, without any further need of other assistance than the savages themselves, whom M. le Beauharnois will continue to keep in that disposition until the Foxes are entirely destroyed, or have submitted to the conditions prescribed, if they ask for peace.

[Of the 10th of October, 1730.]

Le Marqs. de Beauharnois envoye la copie d'une lettre que luy a ecrit le Commandant du Detroit le 22 Aoust, 1730:

Il en resulte que deux sauvages Mascoutins arrivés a la Rivière St. Joseph ou commande le Sr. de Villiers ont raporté que les Renards se battoient avec les Ilinois entre le Rocher et les Ouyatanons, que les puants, Mascoutins et Quiquapoux s'estaient joints aux Ilinois et avoient tombé sur les Renards qui se trouverent par ce moyen enfermez des deux costes mais dans le moment que les puants les Mascoutins et Quiquipoux attaquoient les Renards compants que les Ilinois leur feroient face de l'autre costé, ceux cy prirent la fuite. Il y a eu dans cette gr attaque 6 puants blessez et un tué. Il a esté tué aussy deux Quiquapoux de la Rivière St. Joseph qui estoient etablis parmi les Sakis, ce qui fera un bon effet parceque cela les a animé contre des Renards et il s'en fallait beaucoup qu'ils ne le fussent auparavant. Il y a eu aussi plusieurs Renards tues ou blessez.

Les francais des Cahosquia ont reproché aux Ilinois qu'ils estoient des femmes et qu'ils ne scavoient point se battre; qu'a leur egard ils alloient partir avec leurs Negres pour le joindre aux sauvages et defaire les Renards; ils forment deja un party assez considerable. Car les Ilinois qui avoit fuyont rejoint, ils ont fait des troux en terre pour se mettre à l'abry et les Renards sont dans un Islet de bois, si'ils y restent il y a toute aparence qu'ils pouront este defaits, parceque les Sr. de Villiers devoit partir de la Rivière St. Joseph avec tous ses gens et devoit en ecrire au commandement du detroit pour demander le secours des ses sauvages, mais ces lettres ne luy sont point encore arrivée et ses sauvages qui doutent ce cette nouvelle ne veulent point partir que les lettres du Sr. de Villiers ne soient arrivées on ne doit cependant point douter que ces nouvelles ne soient veritables. Le Pere Messager, missionnaire a St.

Joseph, ayant ecrit a peu pres la même chose a P. la Richardy, missionnaire du detroit. Les puants du detroit parvissent bien determinez a y aller, aussy bien qu'une partie des Outases, mais il y tres peu de Hurons par ce qu'il en est resté 80 du party qui avait marché le printemps dernier. Il en est cependant arrivé il y a huit jours qui ont aporté une Chevelure des Chicachas, on espere que le resté des Hurons pourra rejoindre et ce sera un bon renfort.

Les Renards ont dit qu'ils attendoient un gros party d'Iroquois qui devait les joindre et leur accorder retraite. Ils ont peut estre tenu ces discours pour epouvanter les autres nations. Cependant il est très sur que les Iroquois a la sollicitation des Anglais sement tous les jours des colliers qui nous sont tres prejudiciables.—*Canada, Correspondance Générale, 1731, Vol. LVI, p. 321.*

[Here begins a chapter on the Sioux.]

TRANSLATION:

The Marquis de Beauharnois sends the copy of a letter which the Commandant of Detroit had written him August 22, 1730:

It appears that two Mascoutin savages who came to the River St. Joseph where M. de Villiers commanded, reported that the Foxes were fighting with the Illinois between the Rock and the Ouatonons, that the Puants, Muscoutines and Kickapoos had joined the Illinois and had fallen upon the Foxes, who found themselves by this move hemmed in on both sides, but at the moment when the Puants, the Muscatines and Kickapoos attacked, expecting the Illinois to face them on the other side, the latter fled. There were in that great attack six Puants wounded and one killed; there were also killed two Kickapoos of the River St. Joseph, who were established among the Saks, which will produce a good effect, because that will excite them against the Foxes, and it lacked but little before. There were also several Foxes killed or wounded.

The French of the Cahosquia reproached the Illinois, saying that they were women and did not know how to fight; that, as for themselves, they were going to leave with their negroes to join the savages and defeat the Foxes; they already form quite a large party, for the Illinois, who had fled, joined them. They made holes in the ground in order to get under cover,

and the Foxes are in a little islet of wood. If they remain there, there is every appearance that they will be defeated, since M. de Villiers was to leave the River St. Joseph with all his men, and was to write of it to the Commandant at Detroit, to ask him for the assistance of his savages, but these letters have not yet reached him, and his savages, who doubt this news, do not wish to depart because the letters from M. de Villiers have not arrived. There should be no doubt, however, but that this news is true, Le Pere, Missionary Messenger at St. Joseph, having written about the same thing to P. la Richardy, Missionary at Detroit. The Puants, of Detroit, appear very much determined to go, as well as a party of the Outeses, but there were very few Hurons, because there remained eighty from the party which had marched last spring. There arrived, however, some eight days ago, [one] who brought a scalp from the Chicasaws. It is hoped that the remainder of the Hurons will be able to join, and that will make a good reënforcement. The Foxes said that they were expecting a large party of Iroquois, which was to join them and offer them refuge. They perhaps have [said] these things in order to frighten the other nations. However, it is very sure the Iroquois, at the instigation of the English, send every day beads, which will be very harmful to us.

[The preceding are analyses of letters written by M. le Marquis de Beauharnois to M. de Maurepas, Minister of the Marine. The original letters do not exist, simply the analyses, made by a clerk employed in the Ministry.]

New Expedition against the Foxes

[The Marquis de Beauharnois's letter to the Minister, June 25, 1730, relates to a new expedition against the Foxes:]

My Lord:—The Sieur de Buisson, who commands at Mackinaw, has dispatched to me a canoe from there, with advice that all the nations of the upper country were very much excited against the Foxes; that a considerable body of Indians had collected and requested him to place himself at their head, to fall upon the nation, and destroy it entirely. He states that he thought best not to refuse, inasmuch as their proposition tended toward the peace of the colony, and it was very neces-

sary to take the step to overcome the Indians and cut short their remarks against the French, concerning our little success in the last campaign against the Foxes.

This officer, My Lord, must have left his post the 20th of last May, with six hundred men, among whom were fifty Frenchmen. We have unfortunately no further account of this expedition of De Buisson.

I have the honor to send you hereunto annexed the extract from a letter, written to me by the Sieur Marin, who commanded at the Folle-Avoins, concerning the movement he made last March, against the Foxes, with the Indians of this post, through their solicitations, as you will see in the details of this adventure or action, which was of the warmest character, and very well supported. This officer informs me that he was present at the council held at Mackinaw, when the Indians invited Monsieur de Buisson to place himself at their head, and that a few of the Folle-Avoins who were there also presented to him the tomahawk (as is customary on similar occasions), to invite him to be one of the expedition. Monsieur Marin must have gone with the Sieur de Buisson. I expect news from their expedition before the last of July, of which I will have the honor of informing you immediately. I have also the honor of being, with great respect, your very humble and obedient servant, BEAUHARNOIS.

Montreal, June 25, 1730.

TRANSLATION:

Sieur de Villiers Defeats the Foxes

[Messieurs Beauharnois and Hocquart's letter to the Minister, Nov. 2, 1730:]

My Lord:—The Sieur Colon de Villiers, son of Sieur de Villiers, commanding at the River St. Joseph, has just arrived, dispatched by his father, to bring us the interesting news of the almost total defeat of the Foxes; two hundred of their warriors being killed on the spot, or burned after having been taken as slaves, and six hundred women and children were absolutely destroyed. This affair took place in September under the command of De Villiers, to whom were united the Sieur de Noyelle, commanding the Miamis, and the Sieur de

Saint Ange, father and sons, from the Government of Louisiana, with the French of that distant colony, together with those of our post, and all the neighboring Indians, our allies; we numbered from 1200 to 1300 men. The Marquis de Beauharnois will have, My Lord, the honor to send you a description of the action, by the Sieur de Fevie's vessel, which will sail in about eight or ten days. We risk this letter by vessel going to Martinique, which may pass the Isle Royal. It was at the point of starting that we learned this news. This is a brilliant action, which sheds great honor on Sieur de Villiers, who through it may flatter himself as having some share in your friendship, and the honor of your protection in the promotion which is to take place.

BEAUHARNOIS AND HOQUART.

[The above is quoted from the *Wisconsin Historical Collection*, in which the editor says: "This boat was wrecked and the dispatches returned to Beauharnois and Hoquart, among the rest those regarding the last defeat of the Foxes."]

[Perrier, Governor of Louisiana, to De Maurepas, March 25, 1731:]

J'ay l' honneur d'informer Votre Grandeur de la defaite des Renards sur les terres de la Louisianna par les Illinois et les nations des frontieres du Canada. Nos sauvages se plaingnent que ceux du Canada ont trop gardé d'esclaves qu'ils denoient tous les tuer comme ils ont fait. quelque bien quaillent les affaires les sauvages ne sont jamais content? ce que j'ay pu scavoir de plus positif par les Francais qui estoient à cette Expedition c'est qu'on a tuez onze a douze cent renards, tant hommes que femmes et enfans? cette destruction fait un bien infini a la Colonie de la Louisianne dont le progres estoit arresté par les courses continuelles que fasoient ces sauvages tant sur les francois que sur les Illinois. a present ce païs va devinir dautant plus fertile qu'il sera peuplé et mieux cultivé. ce quartier doit estre regarde comme un des plus important de cette colonie, et il faut absolument que la Compagnie y entretienne un grand estat-major. non seulement pour contenir les sauvages mais les francois coureurs et libertins qui établissent dans cet endroit hors de dessou les yeux des gouverneurs?

de plus le fleuve estant devenu libre par la destruction des natchez, thioux, yazous et corrois qui avaient resolu de detruire les establissements des francois. de ces quatre nations qui estoient sur le fleuve il n'en reste pas quarante hommes qui sont dispersés pour esviter de tomber entre les mains des autres nations qui j'ai mis apres eux.

L'expedition que je viens de faire, Monseigneur, prouve a Votre Grandeur qu'on a eu tort de lui insinuer que la guerre contre les sauvages icy ne se pouvoit que par d'autres sauvages j'ay pense le contraire depuis que je suis dans ce pays icy. j'ay esprouvé depuis seize mois sans rien espargner que les sauvages sont bons et a s'entre escarmoucher et a lever quelques cheveleures par cy par la mais incapable de pouvoir forcer ni detruire une nation fortifiée. javoue que nous suffrirons dans les premières marches que nous ferons, mais rien n'est impossible au francais bien conduit il se fait peu a peu aux marches les plus penibles quand il s'agit de la gloire du Roy? Les officiers et les soldats qui ont marché avec mon frère et moy n'estoient asseurement pas faits aux fatigues de ce païs icy. Qui ont este le plus rude qu'on ait veu depuis 30 ans. leur zele, et leur emulation ne leur a fait faire aucune difference entre le beau et le mauvais tems quand il s'est agi d'attaquer l'ennemy. que nous avons trouvé dans un pais jusqu'a lors inconnu a tous francois et même a nos sauvages alliez dont aucun na pu nous servir de guide. c'est dans cette scituation si capable d'abatre le courage le plus dur que les officiers ont fait voir par leur example que rien n'estoit impossible aux Francais qui ne travaillent que pour la gloire du Roy?

On a voulu egalement faire voire a Votre Grandeur que je la trompais lorsque j'avais l'honneur de luy marquer qu'il y avait 17 pieds d'eau sur la barre du fleuve? je descend avec le vaisseau, la Somne, pour faire faire un proces verbal de l'entree du fleuve et je prend la liberté de dire a Votre Grandeur qu'il serait très necessaire au progrès de cette colonie que le Roy envoya tous les ans un vaisseau dans le fleuve tant pour estre asseuré de l'entrée que pour rendre compte du succes des differentes cultures et de l'etat des fortresses? cette colonie merite l'attention de Votre Grandeur le fleuve est le plus beau port que la France puisse avoir dans le Golfe. il ni

avoit que douze pieds d'eau sur la barre quand je suis venu dans ce païs icy. j'y en ai mis 17 par le seul passage des vaisseaux et naiant jamais eu ce qui m'estoit necessaire pour y travailler de suite, je fais rester deux navires de la compagnie pendant huit jours sur la barre.—*Correspondance Générale, year 1731, Vol. XIII, Archives du Ministère des Colonies, Paris.*

TRANSLATION:

My Lord:—I have the honor of informing Your Greatness of the defeat of the Foxes upon the territory of Louisiana by the Illinois and the Nations of the frontiers of Canada. Our savages complain that those of Canada have kept too many slaves, that they ought to kill them all, as they have done. However well things go the savages are never contented. That which I have been able to learn the most positive from the French, who were on that expedition, is that they killed eleven or twelve hundred Foxes, men as well as women and children! This destruction will do an infinite amount of good to the Colony of Louisiana, whose progress was arrested by the continual incursions which they made upon the French as well as upon the Illinois. At present this country is going to become all the more fertile as it will become populous and better cultivated. This region must be regarded as one of the most important of this Colony, and it is absolutely necessary that the Company should maintain a great staff, not only to keep the savages in check, but the roving and libertine French who establish themselves in this section away from the eyes of the Governors. Furthermore, the river has become free by the destruction of the Natchez, Thioux, Yazous, and Corrois, who had resolved to destroy the establishments of the French. Of these four nations who were upon the river, there does not remain forty men, who have dispersed in order to avoid falling into the hands of the other nations whom I have sent after them.

The expedition which I have just made, My Lord, proves to Your Grandeur that folks were wrong in insinuating that the war against the savages here could only be carried on by other savages. I have thought the contrary ever since I have been in this country. I have experienced, for sixteen months without sparing anything, that the savages are good to skirmish

against each other and to take off a few scalps here and there, but incapable of being able to force or destroy a fortified nation. I avow that we shall suffer in the first marches which we make, but nothing is impossible to the Frenchman well led. He accustoms himself, little by little, to the most difficult marches when it is a question of the glory of the King! The officers and soldiers, who have marched with my brother and me, were certainly not accustomed to the fatigues of this country, which have been the most trying that have been seen for thirty years. Their zeal and emulation caused them to make no difference between the good and the bad weather when it was a question of attacking the enemy who are found in a country up to that time unknown to all French and even to our allied savages, of which none could serve us as guide. It was in that situation, so capable of striking down the courage of the most hardy, that the officers showed by their example that nothing was impossible to the French who only work for the glory of the King!

Folks also wished to show Your Grandeur that I was deceiving him when I had the honor to inform him that there were seventeen feet of water upon the bar of the river. I descended with the vessel, the Somme, to have a report made of the entrance of the river, and I take the liberty to say to Your Grandeur that it would be very necessary for the progress of this Colony that the King should send every year a ship into the river, as much to be assured of the entrance as to take account of the success of the different crops and the state of the fortresses. This Colony merits the attention of Your Grandeur; the river is the most beautiful port which France can have in the Gulf. There were only twelve feet of water upon the bar when I came to this country. I put in seventeen in the only passage of the vessels, and never having had what I needed to work successively at it I have had two ships of the Company remain on the bar for eight days.

Monseigneur:—Nous avons eù l'honneur, Mr. Le Marquis de Beauharnois, et moy de vous escrie l'hiver dernier par la Nouvelle Angleterre, a l'occasion de la défaite des Renards. je joins a celle cy le duplicata de ma lettre particulière du 16

janvier dernier qui vous sera rendu Monseigneur par la voye de l'isle Royalle.

[There is nothing more relative to the defeat of the Foxes.]

Votre très humble et très obéissant serviteur,

HOCQUART.

A Quebec, le 16 May, 1731.

—*Canada, Correspondance Générale, 1731, Vol. LV*

TRANSLATION:

My Lord:—We had the honor, M. Le Marquise de Beauharnois and myself, to write you last winter via New England, on the occasion of the defeat of the Foxes. I join to this the duplicate of my especial letter of the 16th of January, last, which will be brought to you, Monseigneur, by the way of Isle Royal.

Your most humble and most obedient servant,

HOCQUART.

At Quebec, May 16, 1731.

[There are also in the archives at Paris (*Canada, Correspondance Générale*, 1731, Vol. LVI, p. 251) eight other letters relative to the wars with the Foxes, but all prior to 1730.]

Account of the Defeat of the Foxes by the French of Louisiana and of Canada

Les Renards unis avec les Maskoutins et Quickapous nous fesoient depuis bien des années une guerre ouverte et aux sauvages nos alliez? ils surprenoient nos detachements, ils enlevoient nos voiageurs, traversoient tous nos dessins, et venoient nous inquitter même juisque dans nos habitations, que nous ne pouvions cultiver que les armes a la main, on avait tenté déja plusieurs fois de les detruire. mais le peu de concert l'esprit et la mauvaise conduite de ceux qui furent chargés en divers tems de cette entreprise l'avoient toujours fait eschouer, un evenement causa enfin leur désunion et la perte des renards.

Au mois d'octobre de l'année 1728 un parti de Quikapous et Maskoutins fit prisonnier sur le Missisipi dix sept francais qui descendoient des Sioux aux Illinois, ils delibrerent d'abord sils les brusleroient ou s'ils les remettroient entre les mains des renards qui les leur demandoient. mais le pere Guignas miss jesuite qui estoient du nombre des prisonniers gagna leur confiance et vint about ensuite des les detacher deux et des les

engager a nous demander la paix. il vint luy même avec eux aubout de cinq mois de captivité au fort de Chartres ou elle se conclut selon leurs souhaits.

Les renards, affaibles et deconcertes par cette division penserent a se refugier par les ouyatannons chès les Iroquois amis des anglais, les quickapous et maskoutins penetrerent leur dessin et ils en donnerent avis dans tous les postes aux francais de la Louisianne et du Canada. On douta quelque tems de leur bonne foy, et M. de St. Ange officier commandant au fort de Chartres ne pouvait determiner les habitans francais a se mettre en campagne.

Cependant les Illinois du village des lakokias vinrent au mois de juillet 1730 nous aprendre que les renards avoient fait des prisonniers sur eux et brûlé le fils de leur grand chef aupres du rocher sur la riviere des Illinois. ce nouvelle jointes a des avis que nous receumes dailleurs engagerent a partir. on assembla les sauvages, Mr. de St. Ange se mit a la teste des francais et le 10e jour d'aoust ceux-ci aiant joint les trois a quatre cent sauvages qui les avoient devancés de quelque jours nôtre armée se trouva forte de 500 hommes.

Les Quikapous, Maskoutins et Illinois du rocher s'estoient rendus maitre des parrages du costé du nord'est et fut vraisemblement ce qui contraignit les renards de faire un fort au rocher a une lieue audessous deux pour se mettre a couvert de leurs insultes. Nous eumes des nouvelles de l'ennemi le 12e par un de nos decouvreurs qui nous aprit ou estoit leur fort et qu'il y avoit compté cent ouze cabannes. Nous n'en estoins plus esloigner que de deux ou trois journées? Nous continuames donc notre marche par des païs couverts, et le 17e a la pointe du jour nous arrivames a la vue de l'ennemi. Nous tombames sur un parti de 40 hommes qui estoient sortis pour la chasse que nous contraignimes de regagner leur fort.

C'estoit un petit bouquet de bois renfermé de pieux et situé sur une pente douce qui s'elevoit du côté du oüest et du nord oüest le long d'une petite riviere, en sorte que du côté du sud et du sud'est on les voioit a découvert leurs cabannes estoient fort petites et pratequées dans la terre comme les tamieres des renards dont ils portent le nom.

Au bruit des premiers coups de fusil les quickapous, maskoutins et Illinois qui estoient souvent aux mains avec leurs

partis et qui depuis un mois attendoient du secours vinrent nous joindre au nombre de 200 hommes on se partagea selon les ordres de Mr. de St. Ange pour bloquer les renards qui firent ce jour la deux sorties inutiles. On ouvrit la tranchée la nuit suivante et chacun travailla a se fortifier dans le post qui luy esté assigné.

Le 19 les ennemis demanderent a parler ils offrirent de rendre les es claves q'uils avoient faits autrefois sur les Illinois, et ils en rendirent en effet quelques-uns. mais on s'apercent q'uils ne cherchoient qua nous amuser, on recommencea a tirer sur eux des le lendemain.

Nous fumes joint les jours suivants par 50 a 60 francais et 500 sauvages Poüatamie, et Sakis qué avaoit amenés Mr. de Villiers commandant de la riviere St. Joseph, ouyatannons et Peauguichias. Nouvelle conference. les renards demandent la vie les presents a la main. Mr. de Villiers paroit tenté mais ses gens n'estoient pas les plus forts et il ne pouvait rien conclure sans le consentement des francais et sauvages Illinois qui ne vouloient se preter a aucun accommodement.

Cependant on s'apercent que les Sakis nous trahissoient, parens et alliez des renards, ils traittoient sous main avec eux. ils leur fournissoient des munitions et ils prenoient des mesures pour favoriser leur evasion. nos sauvages qui ser aperceurent le 1er 7^{bre} sameutrent et ils estoient sur le point de donner sur les Sakis l'orsque Mr. de St. Ange a la teste de 100 francais savanca pour fermer toutes les avenues du côté des Sakis et retablit le bon ordre.

Nous dissimulames cette perfidie jusqua l'arrivée de Mr. de Noïlle commandant des Miamis qui se rendit a notre camp le même jour avec 10 francais et 200 sauvages, il aportoit des defenses de Mr. le gouverneur du Canada de faire aucun traitté avec les renards. On tint un con^{sl} general. les Sakis y furent humiliés et toutes les voix se reunirent pour la perte de l'ennemy.

Mais nous souffrions deja depuis longtêms de la faim aussi bien que les renards. Nos sauvages reduits a manger leurs *pars fleches* se rebutoient 200 Illinois deserterent le 7 7^{bre} ce mauvais example n'eut pas de suite. les renards estoient plus pressé tous les jours les trouppes de Mr. de St. Ange construissoient a deux portées de pistollet un petit fort qui alloit leur

couper la communication de la riviere. tout paroissoit nous annoncer une victoire complete.

Mais le 8e 7bre un orage voilent des tonneres affreux une pluie continuelle interrompirent nos ouvrages. cette journée fut suivie d'une nuit aussi pluvieuse que noire et tres froide. Les renards profiterent de l'occasion et sortirent en silence de leurs fort. on s'en apercent aussitôt aux cris des enfants. mais que faire et a quelle marque se reconnaitre dans cette obscurité? on craignoit egalement de tuer nos gens et de laisser eschaper l'ennemi. tout le monde estoit cependant sous les armes et les sauvages s'avancoient sur les deux ailes des renards pour donner des que le jour parvitroit. il parut enfin et chacun se mit a les suivre. Nos sauvages plus frais et plus vigoureux les joignirent bientôt.

Les femmes, les enfans et les viellards marchoient a la teste et les guerriers s'estoient mis derriere pour les couvrir. ils furent d'abord rompus et défaits. le nombre des morts et des prisonniers fut environ de 300 hommes guerrier sans parler des femmes et des enfans. tous conviennent quil n'en est eschapé au plus que 50 ou 60 hommes qui se sont sauvés sans fusil et sans des meubles necessaires a la vie. Les Illinois du rocher, les maskoutins et les quikapous sont actuellement apres ce petit reste de fuiards et les premieres nouvelles nous aprendront la destruction de cette malheureuse nation.

Nous ne scavons pas encore combien les nations du Canada ont tués de guerriers non plus que le nombre d'esclaves quils ont faits. — *Canada, Correspondance Générale, 1732, Vol. CLVII, p. 316.*

[This is the document which Ferland had before him when he wrote the description of the battle; indeed, he made use of the account *in toto*.]

TRANSLATION:

The Foxes, united with the Muscatines and Kickapoos, had carried on open warfare against us and against the savages, our allies. They surprised our detachments; they carried away our travelers; thwarted all our schemes and even came to disturb us in our settlements, which we could only cultivate, our arms in our hands. Their destruction had been undertaken already several times, but the lack of harmony, the temper and the bad leadership of those who were charged at differ-

ent times with this enterprise had always caused it to fail. An event finally caused their disunion and the loss of the Foxes.

In the month of October of the year 1728 a party of Kickapoos and Muscatines captured upon the Mississippi seventeen French who were descending from the Sioux to the Illinois. They deliberated at first whether they should burn them or whether they should give them into the hands of the Foxes, who were asking for them; but Father Guignas, a Jesuit missionary, who was one of the prisoners, gained their confidence and finally succeeded in detaching them from them [Foxes], and induced them to ask us for peace. He himself came with them, at the end of five months' captivity, to Fort de Chartres, where it was concluded according to their wishes.

The Foxes enfeebled and disconcerted by this division, thought about taking refuge (by passing through the territory of the Outanous) among the Iroquois, the friends of the English. The Kickapoos and Muscatines anticipated their designs, and they gave notice of them in all the French posts of Louisiana and of Canada. Their good faith was doubted for some time, and M. de St. Ange, officer commanding at Fort Chartres, could not persuade the French inhabitants to take up arms.

However, the Illinois of the village of Lakokias came in the month of July, 1730, to tell us that the Foxes had taken some prisoners among them, and had burned the son of their great chief near the Rock, upon the Illinois River. This news, joined to information we received from elsewhere, led us to move. The savages are brought together, M. de St. Ange places himself at the head of the French, and the 10th day of August, after having overtaken the three or four hundred savages which had preceded them several days, our army finds itself 500 men strong.

The Kickapoos, Muscatines and Illinois of the Rock had taken possession of the northeast quarter, and it was probably that which constrained the Foxes to build a fort at the Rock a league below them in order to get under cover from their assaults. We had news of the enemy on the 12th from one of our scouts, who informed us where their fort was, and that he had counted there one hundred and eleven cabins. We were

distant from it only two or three days' march. We continued, therefore, our march through covered country, and the 17th, at the break of day, we arrived in sight of the enemy.

We met a party of forty men who had gone out on the hunt, whom we forced to return to their fort.

It was a little thicket of woods enclosed with piles and situated upon a gentle slope which rose in the direction of the west and northwest along a little river; so that in the direction of the south and southeast one saw them plainly; their tepees were small and set in the earth like the dens (holes) of foxes, whose name they bear.

At the noise of the first gunshot the Kickapoos, Muscatines and the Illinois who were often in contact with their bands, and who had been expecting aid for a month, came to join us to the number of 200 men. They divided according to the orders of M. de St. Ange, in order to blockade the Foxes, who made two unfruitful attempts to get out that day. A trench was opened in the following night, and each worked to fortify himself at the post assigned him.

The 19th the enemy asked a parley. They offered to give up the slaves which they had formerly taken from the Illinois, and they returned several, in fact, but it could be seen that they were only seeking to amuse themselves. The firing upon them began again the next morning.

We were joined the following day by fifty to sixty French, and 500 savages, Pottawattamies and Saks, whom M. de Villiers, Commandant of St. Joseph River Outamous and Peauquichias, had led thither. A new conference was held. The Foxes asked for their lives with presents in their hands. M. de Villiers appeared tempted, but his followers were not the strongest, and he could not conclude anything without the consent of the French and the Illinois savages, who would not lend themselves to any agreement.

In the meanwhile we perceived that the Saks were betraying us to the relatives and allies of the Foxes. They were treating underhandedly with them. They were furnishing them with ammunition, and they were taking measures to favor their escape. Our savages, who noticed it the 1st of September, mutinied, and they were upon the point of attacking the Saks when M. de St. Ange at the head of 100 French advanced

so as to close all avenues in the direction of the Saks and re-establish good order.

We feigned not to take notice of this perfidy until the arrival of M. de Noille, Commandant of the Miamis, who came to our camp the same day with ten French and 200 savages. He brought a prohibition from the Governor of Canada to make any treaty with the Foxes. A general council was held. The Saks were humiliated, and all voices joined for the destruction of the enemy.

But we had already suffered a long time from hunger as well as the Foxes. Our savages, reduced to eating their shields, were disheartened. Two hundred Illinois deserted on the 7th of September. This bad example had no result. The Foxes were pressed harder every day. The troops of M. de St. Ange constructed a small fort at two lengths of a pistol-shot, which was to cut them off from communication with the river. Everything appeared to promise a complete victory for us.

But on the 8th of September a violent storm, with frightful thunder and continual rain, interrupted our works. This day was followed by a night quite as rainy, dark, and very cold. The Foxes profited by the occasion and left their forts in silence. It was immediately noticed from the cries of the children. But what could we do, and by what marks could we recognize one another in that darkness? We feared equally killing our own men and letting the enemy escape. Everyone, however, was under arms, and the savages advanced upon the two wings of the Foxes in order to attack them as soon as the day should appear. It finally appeared, and each one began following them. Our savages, fresher and more vigorous, soon overtook them.

The women, the children and the old men were marching at the head, and the warriors had taken their places behind them in order to cover them. They were at first broken and then defeated. The number of the dead and of the prisoners was about 300 warriors, without speaking of the women and the children. All agree that at the most only fifty or sixty men escaped, who ran away without guns or any weapons necessary to life! The Illinois of the Rock, the Muscatines and the Kickapoos are at present after this small remaining number of

runaways, and the first news will bring information of the destruction of that miserable nation.

We do not yet know how many warriors the nations of Canada killed, nor the number of slaves which they have taken.

Defeat of the Fox Savages

[December 18, 1731.]

Le 6 aoust 1730 le Sr. de Villiers commandant à la Riviere St. Joseph apris par deux Maskoutins qui lui furent deputés par leur nation que les Renards qui s'estoient mis en marche pour se rendre chez les Iroquois avoient été poursuivis par les Poutoutamis Maskoutins Kikapous et Illinois et qu'apres avoir essuyé deux differentes attaques de la part de ces nations, ils avoient gagné un bosquet de vois on ils s'estoient fortifiés avec leurs familles.

Il donne aussitôt avis de cette nouvelle au Sr. de Noyelles commandant aux Miamis. il detacha en même temps deux sauvages au Commandant du Detroit pour lui en faire par et le 10 du même mois il partit lui même à la tête de 300 francais ou sauvages alliés pour se rendre au lieu ou étoient les Renards. Il y trouva le Sr. de St. Ange qui y était deja arrivé de la Louisianne avec 100 francais et 400 sauvages. Le Sr. de Noyelles s'y rendit aussi avec des nations de son poste, en sorte que la troupe se trouva composée d'environ 1400 hommes.

Les Renards avoient construit leur fort dans un bouquet de bois situé sur le bord d'une Riviere dans une vaste prairie. Le Sr. St. Ange s'etait campé a la gauche de cette rivière et avait fait faire des redoutes pour couper l'eau aux assiegés; mais ce redoutes devinrent inutiles, les Renards ayant trouvé le moyen de pratiquer des chemins souterrains qui communiquoient a la riviere.

Le Sr. de Villiers se campa a la droite de leur fort pour le battre. Il en fit construire lui même deux avec un cavalier et pour en aprocher de plus près et essayer d'y mettre le feu, il fit ouvrir la tranchée. Les assieges firent d'abord grand feu sur lui, mais ils chercherent bientôt a parlementer; les nations sauvages qui ne vouloient que faire des esclaves, lui proposérent de les écouter, mais il refusa constament; en sorte qu'ils

tournerent leurs tentatives du côté du Sr. de St. Ange qui fit le même refus.

Les assiéges se trouverent par lâ reduits a manger leur couvertures de peaux; malgré cet état violent ils soutinrent pendant 23 jours; mais le 8, 7 bre. il y eut un orage, si furieux et la nuit si obscure, qu'il ne fut pas possible au Sr. de Villiers d'engager les sauvages a garder les passages. Les assiéges profiterent de cet avantage pour sortir de leur fort; mais les cris de leurs enfants, et une femme qui se rendit a la tranchee ayant decouverte leur fuite, on les poursuivit, on les joignit à la pointe du jour, on donna sur eux avec viguer, on les mit en deroute; 200 guerriers furent tués ou brulés; 600 femmes ou enfants eurent le même sort, et cette defaite jointe aux autres pertes que cette nation avoit soufert dans les differentes attaques qu'elle avait assuyé precedemment de la part des sauvages allies, la reduite a 30 cabannes avec quelques vieilles femmes sans enfans erronte sans vivres munitions. les Illinois ont encore frapé sur elle;* et ne trouvant d'azile nulle part, elle a pris le parti d'envoyer deux nouveaux chefs a Mr. le Marquis de Beauharnois pour lui demander la vie.

Dans les paroles que ces 2 chefs lui ont portés de la part du reste de la nation ils se sont representés comme des victimes dignes de la mort et ils lui ont demandé grace que pour reparer par leur soumission les crimes que leur obstination leur a fait commetre. Ils lui ont protesté que si dans la suite il se trouve quelque coupable ils le livreront eux-mêmes pour estre puni; et pour assurance de leur protestation, ils lui ont demandé quelqu'un pour les gouverner. Mr. le Marquis de Beauharnois leur a repondu avec fermeté, il leur a fait voir l'indignité de leur conduite, il leur a reproché leur trahisons, et les tentatives qu'ils avoient faites chès les Sonontouans dans le temps qu'ils lui demandoient la paix. Il leur a dit qu'il voulait d'autres assurances de leur fidelité que leur protestations et leurs paroles; et il a exigé que l'un d'eux restât auprès de lui, et que l'autre allôt chercher 4 des principaux guerriers de la nation pour lui venir demander pardon l'année prochaine a Montreal; sans quoi tout ce reste miserable seroit exterminé

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*Suivant une lettre du Sr. de Boishebert, commandant au Detroit du 15 juillet 1731 les Illinois ont tué dans cette occasion 3 femmes et fait.

sans misericorde, cette condition a este accepté l'un des chefs est parti pour aller faire, par a sa nation de la reponse de Mr. le Marquis de Beauharnois l'autre est reste auprès de lui et on attend le printemps prochain le 4 guerriers. Les sauvages paroissent cependant vouloir en éteindre la race, et M. le Marquis de Beauharnois les entiendra dans cette disposition si cette nation manque a ce qu'elle lui a promis.

Cette defaite a repandu la joye chès les nations et il est venu l'este dernier a Montreal des sauvages de toutes partes pour en marquer leur satisfaction a M. le Marquis de Beauharnois et lui renouveler les assurances de leur fidelité, el y a este d'aulant plus sensible lui même que par la resignation de tous les sauvages il s'est apercu de l'impression que cette guerre a fait sur leurs esprits et quil se trouve par ce moyen en état de travailler a retablir dans les pays d'enhaut la paix qui y était enterrompüe depuis longtemps et d'y continuer nos etablissements. C'est dans cette veu quil a renvoyé cette année chès les Sioux pour y retablir le poste qu'on avait este obligé d'abandonner, a cause de la proximité des Renards et il a renouvellé pour cet effet le traité quil avait fait lors du per etablissement de ce poste.*

Il ne lui a paru moins important de penser au poste de la Baye que la proximité des Renards avait aussi fait abandonner. il y a envoyé le Sr. de Villiers au retour de son expedition pour le retablir comme il etait avant quil fut evacué en cas qu'il trouve les Sakis dans la disposition d'y établir pareallement leur village.

Il a cru devoir d'abord pouvoir au retablissement de ces deux postes d'autant plus que l'empechmens que les Renards aportoient a celui des Scioux ne subsistant plus, on sera en état d'en tirer tous les avantages qu'on s'était proposé. D'un autre côté l'enterprise de Sr. de la Veranderie le demandait, parce quil est absolument necessaire que cette nation soit dans nos interêts, afin de nous mettre a portée d'estre en commerce avec les assiniboils et les Cristenaux chès lesquels il faut passer pour aller a la découverte de la mer de l'Ouest. Les Cristenaux ont eu affaire avec les Sauteurs de la pointe de Chagouamigon et leur ont tué quelques hommes, mais il compte l'affaire acco-

*Ce traite avoit esté fait en 1726, il y en a une copie cy jointe.

modée, et il veillera a ce que ces sauvages vivent en paix a l'avenir, les differens entre ces nations prejudicieroient beaucoup a toutes nos enterprises, pour la reussite desquelles il est besoin de la tranquillité quil tacher d'afermer dans les pays d'en haut.

Mr. De Maurepas, Ministre de la Marine, fonctionnaires divers de la Colonie.—*Canada, Correspondance Générale, 1731, Vol. LVI, p. 336.*

TRANSLATION:

The 6th of August, 1730, M. de Villiers, commandant at the St. Joseph river, learned from two Maskoutins who had been sent to him by their nation that the Foxes, who had started on the march to go to the Iroquois, had been pursued by the Pottawattamies, Mascoutins, Kickapoos and Illinois, and that after having endured two different attacks on the part of these nations, they had gained a thicket [of woods] where they had fortified themselves with their families.

He immediately gave advice of this news to M. de Noyelles, commandant at the Miamis. He sent at the same time two savages to the commandant of Detroit, to notify him of it, and the 10th of the same month he himself departed at the head of 300 French or allied savages to go to the place where the Foxes were. He found there M. de St. Ange, who had arrived from Louisiana with 100 French and 400 savages.

M. de Noyelles also came there with the nations of his post, so that the troop was composed of about 1400 men.

The Foxes had constructed their fort in a thicket situated on the bank of a river in a vast prairie. M. St. Ange had camped at the left of that river and had had redoubts constructed in order to cut off the water from the besieged, but these redoubts became worthless, the Foxes having found the means of contriving subterranean ways which communicated with the river.

M. de Villiers camped at the right of their fort in order to assail it. He also had two of them constructed with a cavalier (a kind of fort to protect advanced positions), and, in order to approach the closest possible to try to set fire to it, he had a trench opened. The besieged at first opened a great fire upon him, but they soon sought to parley; the savage nations, who only wished to make slaves, proposed to him to harken to them,

but he constantly refused, so that they directed their attempts in the direction of M. St. Ange, who made them the same refusal.

The besieged found themselves thereby reduced to eating their skin coverings. In spite of this desperate condition, they held out for twenty-three days; but on the 8th of September there was such a terrible storm and the night was so dark that it was not possible for M. de Villiers to induce the savages to guard the passages.

The besieged profited by this advantage to leave their fort; but the cries of their children and a woman who was going to the trench having made known their flight, they were pursued and overtaken at the break of day. They were attacked with vigor and put to flight; 200 warriors were killed or burned; 600 women and children met the same fate, and this defeat, joined to the other losses which that nation had suffered in the different attacks which it had endured previously from the part of the allied savages, reduced it to thirty cabins, with a few old women without children wandering about without provisions or ammunition. The Illinois attacked them* once more, and finding no refuge anywhere they decided to send two new chiefs to M. le Marquis de Beauharnois in order to ask their lives of him.

In the expressions which these two chiefs brought to him from the rest of the nations, they represented themselves as victims worthy of death, and they only asked grace in order to repair by their submission the crimes which their obstinacy had caused them to commit. They protested to him that if in the future any guilty person was found among them, they would deliver him up themselves to be punished; and for an assurance of their protestations, they asked him for some one to govern them. M. le Marquis de Beauharnois answered them with firmness. He showed them the infamy of their conduct. He reproached them for their treachery and the attempts which they had made among the Sonontouans at the time when they were asking him for peace. He told them that he wished other assurances of their fidelity than their protesta-

*According to a letter from M. de Boishebert, commandant at Detroit, of July 15, 1731, the Illinois killed on that occasion three women and made prisoners of five men and nine women and children.

tions and their words; and he required that one of them should remain with him and the other should go fetch four of the principal warriors of the nation to come and beg his pardon the next year at Montreal; without which all the miserable remainder should be exterminated without mercy. This condition having been accepted, one of the chiefs departed to go and inform his nation of the answer of M. le Marquis de Beauharnois. The other remained with him, and the four warriors were expected the following spring. The savages, however, appear to desire to destroy the race, and M. le Marquis de Beauharnois will keep them in that disposition if that nation fails in what it has promised him.

This defeat has spread joy among the nations, and last summer there came to Montreal savages from all parts to express their satisfaction to M. le Marquis de Beauharnois, and to renew to him the assurance of their fidelity. He has been all the more aware of it himself, as by the resignation of all the savages he perceives the impression which that war has made upon their minds; and as by that means he finds himself in a position to work to reëstablish in the upper country the peace which had been interrupted for so long a time, and to continue our establishment there. It is with that in view that he has sent away this year among the Sioux to reëstablish the post there which had had to be abandoned on account of the proximity of the Foxes, and he renewed to that end the treaty which had been made at the time of the first establishment of that post.*

It seemed none the less important to think of the post at The Bay which the proximity of the Foxes had also caused to be abandoned. He sent there M. de Villiers, upon his return from his expedition, to reëstablish it as it was before it was evacuated, in case he found the Saks in the disposition to also establish their village there.

He believed that he ought first to provide for the reëstablishment of these two posts, the more so as the hindrance which the Foxes had occasioned to the one among the Sioux no longer existing they would be enabled to derive all the advantages which they expected. On the other hand, the enterprise of M.

*This treaty had been made in 1726.

de la Veranderie demanded it, because it is absolutely necessary that that nation should be on our side in order to enable us to be in communication with the Assiniboils and the Cristenaux, through whose territories it will be necessary to pass to discover the Ocean of the West. The Cristenaux had an affair with the Sauteurs* of the point of Chagoumigon, and killed a few men, but he counts the affair as settled, and he will see that the savages live in peace in the future. The differences among these nations hindered all our enterprises exceedingly, for the success of which there is need of tranquillity, which he will undertake to make more secure in the upper country.

M. de Maurepas, Minister of the Marine, divers functionaries of the Colony.

[There is one letter written by Perier to Maurepas in which he refers to the fact that his son had been sent to France to give a personal description of the defeat of the Foxes. It was a most important defeat, for the Foxes were forever opposing the progress of the French.]

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*The Sauteurs inhabited the region around the Sault Ste. Marie, hence the name.

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